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A

LIFE OF ADVENTURE

An Autobiography.

BY COLONEL CORVIN,

R OF "THE EIGHTY YEARS' WAR OF THE NETHERLANDERS AGAINST SPAIN"; "ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WORLD"; SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES," "THE NEW YORK TIMES," AND THE "AUGSBURG ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG."

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MEMOIR OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

The German Legion in Strasburg—Election of a commander—Quarrel—Boernstein elected commander—I am made chief of the general staff—Mission of Mad. Herwegh—Republic in Constance and Offenburg—To Baden—Hecker—August Willich—The Legion starts—Arrival in Bauzenheim—The Legion passes the Rhine, and enters Baden.

On our arrival in Strasburg, Herwegh and I went at once to Mr. Lichtenberger, the commissary of the French government, to hear what instructions he had received with reference to us. Our worst misgivings proved true; he had received no instructions whatever, and we saw now that the government had only detained us by vain promises, and that they had had no object in view but to get rid of some thousand of foreign labourers from Paris. All that the government did was to permit us the use of an empty barrack, in which our men might have starved, if the citizens of Strasburg had not taken friendly care of them.

During the long march from Paris to Strasburg,

the discipline of the legion had by no means improved. Many excesses had been committed on the road, and the men and their leaders were incessantly quarrelling, generally about money matters. The route had been given for a larger number of men than we really had, and this was done (as Flocon told me) for the benefit of our treasury. Most of the people on whom our men were quartered on their march did not take the money which was to have been paid for them. Instead of placing these savings in the common treasury, the chiefs appropriated them to themselves; the men, who became aware of it, wanted to share the booty, and most disgusting quarrels ensued, which ran like a red thread throughout the whole of our foolish expedition.

The members of the committee had done nothing during my absence, and a few officers only drilled the men. Charles Boernstein, who had been an artilleryman, had manufactured two small boxes of cartridges, which formed all our ammunition.

Bornstedt had again been the most active of the party, and was always with the men. He lived with them in their barracks, slept with them on their straw, and eat with them. Of course they were flattered and pleased, and became so attached to him, that to have removed him from his place would, perhaps, have caused an *emeute*, and have endangered our whole undertaking. I, therefore, kept my order in my pocket until the ground had been sounded.

Two captains informed me that an *employé* of the arsenal in Strasburg had secretly offered to procure us a great quantity of ammunition, and even arms. I imagined that this man had been instructed by our friends in the government to do so, and told the two captains to keep the proposal secret, and not to divulge it to any one, especially not to Bornstedt. They were very much astonished, and when they insisted on knowing the reason of my distrust I showed them the order signed by the members of the committee, and asked for their word of honour to be silent about it, as I had reasons for delaying the execution.

These two fellows broke their word of honour, and informed Bornstedt, who at once hurried to Herwegh. I entered the room quite accidentally, and by their manner saw that the murder was out. Herwegh was fidgeting in his chair in the utmost perplexity, and Bornstedt, pale as death, was trembling with excitement. As Herwegh had not had the courage to give him an explanation, I was obliged to do so, and to produce the decree. Bornstedt behaved with unexpected moderation and with far more dignity than Herwegh, who did not attempt to defend his signature, but stammered excuses. Left thus in the lurch by the president of the Society, I felt rather ashamed of my position.

Bornstedt said that he believed in the honesty of those who signed the paper, and that he did

not bear any ill-will against them. He might easily appeal to the legion, and it would not be difficult to produce a majority on his side. However, he would not endanger the success of the whole undertaking, but demanded that no further steps should be taken in the affair. Seeing that Bornstedt was correct in what he said, and that no reliance was to be placed on Herwegh, I agreed to his proposition, and Bornstedt remained in his place.

Herwegh had requested me to take the command of the legion, and on leaving Paris he had promised to arrange this with the military chiefs and the committee before my arrival in Strasburg. Of course he had done nothing of the kind, and I insisted on the election of a commander by all the members of the committee and the captains of the legion.

Boernstein and Loewenfels had during my absence become better acquainted with the officers, most of whom scarcely knew me, and Loewenfels' hope of being elected was tolerably well founded. Reinhardt Schimmelpfenning, however, who was on my side, had canvassed in my favour.

Before we met for the election in the hall of the Hotel Rebstock in Strasburg, Loewenfels was much excited, and began to quarrel with me. I was in a very bad humour about all that was passing, and got into such a passion that I might have committed some act of violence against Loewenfels if the other officers had not interfered.

When the election commenced, Loewenfels spoke, and skilfully pointed to my excited temper, of which I had just now given an instance, and deduced from this that I was not fit to command such a difficult expedition. Herwegh did not say one word in my favour.

The election had not, however, the expected result. As Herwegh did not vote at all, Boernstein got one vote more than I, and was thus elected commander of the legion, whilst I was elected chief of the general staff.

Loewenfels was so much disappointed that he wept! The election of Boernstein was utterly unexpected. He was elected because he was nearly six feet high, had a large mustachio, was very quiet, and seldom spoke. My fit of impatience had lost the day for me, but Loewenfels was utterly discomfited. He tried to annul my election as chief of the general staff, saying that some error had taken place in voting; and though the others objected, I insisted on putting the question a second time to the vote; and was elected unanimously; Loewenfels alone did not vote.

As we had not yet the arms we expected, we had to form our plan of operations in a different manner from that originally intended. The principal difficulty was to cross the Rhine and to enter Baden, where we expected to find arms; for the government of Baden knew our intentions, and had taken military precautions. The whole frontier was guarded by detachments of troops, and

there were many spies in Strasburg, who without any great difficulty got information about our plans, for there were spies even in our committee. Suspecting this, I resolved to keep my plans to myself.

It was necessary to enter into communication with the insurgents in Baden, who had formed three different bands under different leaders. Similar bands, called "Freischaaren," were also being formed amongst the Germans in Switzerland.

At the head of the movement in Baden stood Frederick Hecker, then the most popular man in Germany. He was a lawyer from Mannheim, and had been for years the leader of the liberal party in the Baden House of Representatives. He was a member of the so-called "Vorparlament," which, immediately after the revolutions in Vienna and Berlin, assembled in Frankfort. As the views of the majority were against those of Hecker and his party, he would have nothing at all to do with the German parliament, and went with his friends to Baden, to organize an insurrection, which seemed to him the shorter and more practical way of doing justice to the German people.

Hecker was, however, very much prejudiced against our legion, as he believed that the greatest part of it consisted of Frenchmen, with whom he would have nothing to do. He had assembled a considerable corps, and in concert with him other insurgent corps were to act, under the com-

mand of Gustav Struve, F. Sigel, and several others.

As in Strasburg we heard nothing certain about the movements in Baden, and it was of the highest importance to obtain positive news, it was resolved to send off some person to communicate with Hecker. All those persons who could have been sent on such a mission from our committee were well known to the authorities in Baden, and might therefore expect to be arrested immediately. Under these circumstances, Mad. Herwegh offered to go herself, as a lady would be less suspected, and her proposal was accepted.

She had scarcely left us when we heard that the republic had been proclaimed in Constance, and that the same had been done in the little town of Offenburg, a place situated on the railway between Heidelberg and Basle, and belonging to Baden. Six hundred citizens, we heard, had occupied the station, ready to hold it until we should arrive to support them. Ammunition and arms were said to be ready for us.

We were, of course, willing to assist them, for that was the very purpose of our expedition; but in order to do so, it was important to know the real state of affairs. I resolved, therefore, to go myself to Offenburg, and to look out at the same time for Mad. Herwegh, whose long absence filled us with disquietude.

Kehl, opposite Strasburg, on the right bank of the Rhine, is the first town in Baden, and the

police were always on the look-out near the bridge for some "Frieschaerler." I passed, however, without attracting their notice, and entered a public-house to get some information. Kehl was occupied with troops, and the bar-room was crowded with soldiers. We heard from them that troops had been sent to Offenburg, and that the citizens had made a capitulation. The soldiers from Baden seemed, however, to sympathize with the popular movement in the country, and many said that they would fire in the air if led against the insurgents.

At Appenweier I had the pleasure of arriving at the same time as a battalion of Hesse Darmstadt troops, who did not seem to "snort for the fight." As I had to wait a long time for the train from Heidelberg, I resolved to go on foot to Offenburg, which would afford me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the distribution of troops in that part. A turner from Fribourg and a clerk from the post-office in Offenburg were with me, and as they were at home in this country, I was able to obtain all the requisite information without looking at my maps.

We found troops in all the villages, and met cavalry patrols on the road who let us pass, however, without even asking any questions.

It was already night when we arrived near the town. Close to it a battalion of Hesse Darmstadt troops were drawn up in line of battle, their

right wing resting on the turnpike-road, and protected by a company of dragoons, whilst they had on their left wing four guns.

We passed the right wing of the Hessians without being stopped; their position was not agreeable this wet night, and they did not seem to enjoy it.

On entering Offenburg, I expected to be stopped and examined by the citizens' guard; but there was neither a guard nor any armed men to be seen. The streets were lonely as usual, as though nothing extraordinary had happened, and in the public-houses the Philistines were sitting behind their "shoppen," drinking and bragging as they had done every night for centuries. This idyllic repose surprised me very much under such extraordinary circumstances, and though it ought to have made me angry, it made me smile.

I at once called on the mayor, who was at supper. He was a man of sense and of liberal views. He was extremely sorry for the foolish demonstrations made by the citizens, as it could only be prejudicial to our cause; the citizens having neither the courage nor the means to carry out what they had commenced. The whole number of armed citizens amounted to only one hundred and fifty men, and not one of them knew to whom to look for orders or advice.

Under these circumstances, I was greatly surprised that the Hessian troops were bivouacking

outside in the rain, when they might have slept very comfortably in Offenburg.

I afterwards heard the cause of this ridiculous demonstration in Offenburg. Two captains of our legion (one a native of that town), had visited it without our permission or knowledge. These two had bragged a great deal, and had told the already excited citizens that if they revolted and proclaimed the republic, the whole legion would at once cross the Rhine and support them.

Next morning I went with my companion, the turner, to Fribourg; partly to ascertain the state of feeling in this more important city, partly to make inquiries about Mad. Herwegh. If I should not find her, I intended to try to reach Hecker, who, with his considerable corps of insurgents, was said to be in the neighbourhood of Kandern. I had, however, the good luck to meet Mad. Herwegh in the hotel at which I stopped.

Accompanied by an enthusiastic republican, a young doctor from Fribourg, she had succeeded in passing through the troops who surrounded Kandern, though by very difficult roads and with adventures. Hecker was still very much prejudiced against our legion, and even more against the interference of women in our affairs. However, Mad. Herwegh succeeded in seeing him, and in convincing him of his error with reference to the character of the legion. "Well," said he, at last, "if they choose to come over I cannot prevent it; but, if they wish to be

of any service, they must come soon." Hecker named a village of the name of Bauzenheim as a favourable point for passing the Rhine, and promised to send a scout there, who was to serve as a guide, on Saturday before Easter, at ten a.m.

Hecker was encamped near Kandern with a considerable force, amongst whom were eight hundred men from Constance and the lake district, all armed with rifles, and reputed to be good marksmen. His military commander was August Willich, formerly a Prussian officer, whom I knew well, as he had been with me in the Cadet House of Berlin where he had distinguished himself. When he became an officer, he also became acquainted with the democratic doctrines of the age and with communism. He resigned his commission, and learnt the trade of a cabinet-maker. Though many people thought him somewhat crazy, not a word could be said against the high respectability of his character; besides, he was a very good officer.

As a communist, he was in the habit of addressing every one as "thou;" and when he asked some pompous citizen, "Art thou the mayor of the city?" or "Art thou the parson?" many felt utterly shocked. Besides Willich, Hecker had with him Theodore Moegling, Frederick Doll, and others, whose names afterwards acquired great fame.

On my return to Strasburg I found a messenger of the communist waiting for me, Philip

Becker, who commanded a free corps in Switzerland which was to act in concert with the legion. These combined corps were to form two regiments, of which one was to have been commanded by Becker, the other by Loewenfels. M. Becker, who had, in the Sonderbund-Krieg, been an aide-de-camp to some Swiss general, had (I do not know with what right) expected that we should offer him the command of the legion, and was offended, and did not even send an answer to our proposal.

As it was already Thursday when I returned to Strasburg, and we were to pass the Rhine on Saturday, I had to go at once to Bauzenheim, partly to reconnoitre the ground, partly to prepare for the reception of our men. So far as Bollweiler this might be done by rail, but thence I had to hire a carriage to enable me to catch the last train for Strasburg. For the expenses of this important expedition Herwegh gave the "chief of the general staff" ten francs! The consequence was, that I had not money enough to pay the landlord in Bollweiler for my dinner and conveyance and was obliged to offer him a large seal ring I wore as a pledge until my return. I had, however, to endure the mortification of his refusal to accept it because he believed it to be brass, on account of its yellow colour and of its being enamelled green, which the peasant took for verdigris! and had to pawn my sword! I mention this trifle, as an illustration of Herwegh's

unfitness for his place, and of the peculiar difficulties I had to contend with.

The directors of the railway company had granted us an extra train for that part of the legion which was picked out for our expedition; for as we doubted whether we should find sufficient arms in Baden for us all, only about eight hundred men were to go, for whom we had about two hundred and fifty guns, in rather a dubious state as regarded service, and two very moderate boxes of cartridges. The rest were armed partly with scythes of the Polish make, with pistols and knives, and some not at all.

In order to mislead the spies on both sides of the Rhine, I had spread a report that the legion would enter Baden either at Kehl, or at Hueningen, farther up the river, where there was also a bridge. To give colour to this report, I had sent a corps to Hueningen, with an order to make the suitable demonstrations. I had also kept the place secret at which I meant to stop the train.

On the Saturday before Easter, 1848, we started at four o'clock in the morning. When everything was ready, I took a fancy to convince myself whether our boxes containing the guns were in the train; and indeed they were not; they had been left in the barracks! When I reproached Boernstein, he told me that he had given his orders to Colonel Loewenfels. I convinced him, however, of the necessity, under pre-

vailing circumstances, of himself looking to our arms. The train was stopped, and our commander had to walk to Strasburg to arrange that our arms should come at least by the next train.

Arrived in Bauzenheim, I went at once to the mayor, with whom I had already spoken the day before, and he assembled his elders, to whom I made a speech in the style of the time; and though we had not one line from the government to show, those good people at once offered us hospitality; but on condition that we should leave the neighbourhood before the third day, as the election for the national assembly was to take place then. These over, we might return if we wished, and remain as long as we pleased.

To all the conditions of these kind people I of course readily acceded. Two hundred men were quartered in Bauzenheim, and about six hundred in neighbouring villages. I took up my quarters in Schalampe, a little village close to the Rhine, and directly opposite the town of Neuenburg, belonging to Baden.

We looked out in vain for the messenger or scout whom Hecker had promised to send, and had therefore to act for ourselves. To cross the Rhine at the place designated by Hecker seemed to me impracticable; for I ascertained that five hundred of the Baden infantry were ready in Neuenburg for our reception. Notwithstanding this, it seemed to me expedient to make believe that we intended to attack these troops, in the

hope that reinforcements would be sent there from the neighbourhood, which would facilitate our crossing the Rhine some miles higher up.

For this purpose, I went with some men to an island on the Rhine, reconnoitred in such a manner as to be easily seen from the steeple of the town; and to make my intentions still more evident, I meant to send about fifty men over the Rhine to alarm the outposts during the night. If this proved successful, I purposed to return to Schalampe, and send a great number of unarmed men to the above-named island (French territory), to remain there all day, in order to encourage the opinion that we intended to make a serious attack from the island next night.

My plan could only be carried out in part. The night was very dark and boisterous, and when, after midnight, I came with my picked fifty men to the Rhine, the skipper dared not take them farther than the island. To carry out my purpose of alarming the enemy, so far as circumstances would permit, I fired a volley over the Rhine towards Neuenburg, and had the pleasure of hearing the Baden outposts answer the shots, and their bullets whistling far over our heads.

On this occasion, I had also an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the soldierlike qualities of my men, and though not without a hearty laugh, I felt rather nervous as to the issue of our expedition. Many of my myrmidons were tailors —a most excitable race!—who had never before

handled a gun. When firing at my command, they were so frightened at the dreadful noise they made, that some sank on their knees, and about a dozen ran from the ranks and crouched behind the shrubs. At break of day, my valiant tailors returned to their quarters much admired by their comrades.

Later in the morning, Easter Sunday, a man came over from Neuenburg. He told me that the citizens had been much frightened by our fire in the night, and that many had packed up their things to leave the town; for the government had circulated a report that we were a band of French sansculottes who wanted to plunder and murder in Baden. He told me at the same time that the Badish soldiers in the town showed very little inclination to fight against us. As the man was returning to Neuenburg, I convinced him that we were Germans and friends of Hecker, and I wrote a proclamation to the citizens of Neuenburg to calm their fears, and, at the same time to excite their feelings.

In the afternoon our arms were unpacked and distributed. They had been in their boxes ever since leaving Paris. In vain did I utter warnings against distributing these arms so openly; Boernstein and Loewenfels did it with great ostentation, and the consequence was that our men fired shots in the village and frightened the inhabitants.

My warnings were well-founded; for in the afternoon I received the news, that the gend'ar-

merie of the whole district had been roused and ordered to disarm us, with the aid of the troops quartered in the neighbourhood, and that indeed three thousand men were already in a wood not very far off.

In order to learn more of the intentions of those troops, and to mislead them by the news that we meant to cross the Rhine during the night succeeding the following day, I sent out a certain Colonel Rango von Westerburg, who seemed a proper person for such a mission.

He had been a captain in a Prussian regiment of guards; had entered the service of Prince Reuss as a major, then became lieut.-colonel in the Greek service, and at last commander of a French battalion in Algiers. Being on leave of absence in France when the revolution broke out, he lost his appointment, I do not know why, and offered us his services in Strasburg. As many points were not quite clear in the history of this old officer (who had, however, all the exterior and manners of a gentleman), I attached him to my person, until I should become more acquainted with his abilities and character.

The colonel fulfilled his mission. The troops did not molest us; and when he joined us at a later period, he told me that they had only been ordered to follow us at a distance, to prevent stragglers from committing depredations.

Meanwhile, we had made our preparations for crossing the Rhine higher up, in the neighbour-

hood of Riffern and Grosskembs, which place had been pointed out to us by a well-meaning Frenchman, as the most favourable for our purpose. M. Alfred de Horter, a young Parisian, who accompanied us as a volunteer and for the sake of adventure, did us good service here, and arranged with some shippers, who undertook to convey us over the Rhine in three large vessels for a couple of hundred francs.

We started at nine o'clock p.m., and at the next halt, our stock of cartridges was distributed. We had only two thousand. Besides the two hundred guns which perhaps might go off, we had about sixty which decidedly would not. Some of the men had fowling-pieces. Instead of giving the cartridges only to those who had good guns, they were given away indiscriminately. Another annoyance was that we had no cartridge-boxes, and the cartridges had to be placed in the men's caps or in their trowsers pockets, where many became spoilt by friction and by rain.

As it was moonlight, we were obliged to approach the Rhine with great caution in order not to be seen from the other shore, though it was distant, the river being very wide here.

The vessels were ready, and we were packed into them like herrings, which was the more difficult as we had to conceal our arms for the day had begun to dawn.

Our overloaded vessels sometimes ran on the sands, which caused delay; but when this difficulty

was overcome, we drifted down the rapid river with great swiftness, and at last landed on a long neck of land, reaching far into the river between the Badish villages of Rheinweiler and Kleinkembs. A few men placed on the shore there might have prepared a cold grave for us all, for one shot fired into our overloaded vessels would have caused such confusion that they certainly would have filled and sunk.

The neck of land was covered with bushes, and intersected with swamps. As soon as I had landed with a number of men, I ordered Loewenfels to remain with the legion at a certain spot until my return from a reconnoitring trip, and from placing some outposts who could at once give us warning of any approaching danger.

On my return, I saw, to my dismay, that Loewenfels had marched the whole party in line up to a meadow, where the white blouses could be seen miles off from the heights and villages on the river. It was necessary to speak rather sharply to him, and to remind him that he was not to reason about any order I gave, but to obey implicitly.

I always speak here of what *I* did, for in fact all and everything had to be done by me. Boernstein said not one word, and was very glad that I acted for him.

CHAPTER II.

Bad news—The Battle of Kandern—General von Gagern killed—Willich—Halt at Tannenkirchen—Our first night-quarters—The lame coward—Romantic march in the Muenster valley—Alarm—News of the defeat of Sigel and Struve at Fribourg and Guenthersthal—March to Wieden, in the Black Forest—Boernstein declares the enemy to be a myth—Surrounded by ten thousand men—Hannibal crossing the Alps—Arrival in Zell—Boernstein becomes an enthusiastic believer—The oddest secret march on record—The morning—The enemy pursuing us—Our longing for the Rhine—Arrival in Niederdossenbach—Fatal bacon—"The Wurtembergians are upon us."

THE number of men with whom we crossed the Rhine was only six hundred and fifty, for many had lost courage at the last moment and had absconded. One of the majors, I believe a native of Berlin, had already in Bauzenheim asked me for three days' leave of absence "on highly important family business." He promised on his word of honour to return to our corps, but did not.

These six hundred and fifty men were formed into sixteen companies, which were intended to be increased to a strength of one hundred and ten men each in Baden. Four companies formed a battalion, and four battalions a regiment. Boern-

stein and I directed the military movements of the little corps; Loewenfels was commander of the regiment, and the names of the four majors were Bornstedt (instead of Arndt), Hoerter, Delaporte, and Schimmelpfenning.

Herwegh accompanied the expedition as a kind of political missionary, but *in partibus*, for he had indeed nothing to do, but marched always a-head with his wife, who looked like a half-grown schoolboy. She wore trowsers of black cloth, a blouse of black velvet, with a leather belt which was ornamented with two small pistols and a dagger, probably intended to protect her poetical protector in case of need. On her head she had a broad-brimmed black hat, without cockade or plume.

My wife had arrived a few hours in Strasburg after I had left, with the intention of doing all in her power to persuade me not to take part in such a foolish undertaking. In this she would, however, have failed even if she had not missed me; for though very little was expected by me from our adventurous expedition, I had promised to remain with it to the end; and it seemed to me necessary to show that I not only talked and wrote in favour of liberty, but was also ready to fight for it. My wife did not follow us, but remained in Strasburg.

Our successful passage over the Rhine gave me great pleasure, as a considerable corps of troops had been waiting for us for weeks to pre-

vent it. Partly from the measures we had adopted, and perhaps still more owing to what had happened on Easter Sunday in Baden, the attention of the troops had been divided, and our passage facilitated.

The first news which we received in Baden was that of the unfortunate issue of the fight near Kandern on the previous day. Hecker had very well-founded reasons for believing that the greatest part of the troops arrayed against him would make common cause with him, and this belief was the principal reason of his defeat.

Willich, who commanded in that affair, afterwards explained it to me in a letter, to which was affixed a plan of the position, which justified him in saying that it was "one which the liveliest imagination of a soldier could not have wished more favourable." By the especial desire of Hecker, the troops were permitted to pass a defile in which they would have been annihilated if they had been received as enemies.

Before the fight commenced, the commanding general, von Gagern, wished to speak with Hecker, hoping to persuade him to retire without a fight. The parley led to nothing and Hecker went away, whilst his men still desisted from hostilities, in the hope that the soldiers, who seemed undecided, would keep the promise given to Hecker. To encourage them they called out to the soldiers, "Will you shed the blood of brethren?" When General von Gagern saw that his soldiers wavered,

he called out, "What? brothers' blood? Dogs' blood!" and fired a pistol-shot against the insurgents. Immediately after, he was struck by several bullets; and while he still sat on his horse with outstretched arms, a man of Constance, with whom I spoke afterwards, ran his bayonet through the general's breast, saying, "There is dogs' blood!"

I relate this sad occurrence as it was told me by Hecker himself and by the persons who killed the general.

When the soldiers saw their chief fall, they became furious, and the fight commenced under disadvantage to the insurgents, who were beaten.

On the day of our crossing the Rhine, another fight took place near Fribourg and Guenthersthal, between the regular troops of Baden and the insurgent corps commanded by Sigel and Struve, who were also beaten. Of this fight we had, of course, no news on our arrival in Baden, and were therefore not much discouraged by Hecker's disaster. To join Sigel's corps seemed to me most important; and to do so if possible without having an encounter with the troops. As we had received a promise that we should find ammunition and arms in Todnau or Zell, I resolved to march to Todnau over Tannenkirchen and Kandern.

Though our men were somewhat fatigued by their night march, I thought it too dangerous to let them rest near the low shore, and better to

gain the mountains as soon as possible, where we should be more able to resist a possible attack.

An advanced guard was accordingly formed by me, the command of which I gave to a Captain Graefe, who had fought for nine years in Greece against the Klepths, and who was experienced in guerilla warfare. He led his advanced guard to my greatest satisfaction, and I left him in his place throughout the whole expedition. The name of the man who was in advance of all was "Herrgott," which was considered a good omen.

When we left the valley of the Rhine and marched upwards towards Kleinkembs, it was about six o'clock a.m., and people were already astir and on their way to early mass. They were very much astonished to meet so unexpectedly a regiment of the much-dreaded "Parisian labourers' legion," of which the government had purposely spread such awful reports. However, they very soon became convinced that all these reports were base inventions; that we were *German* patriots, who wished to fight openly and honestly for the liberty of our country. Suspicion was, therefore, very soon changed into the most hearty friendliness. A man from Tannenkirchen invited us all to breakfast in that village, which we of course accepted with pleasure, and he hurried in advance to proclaim our arrival.

We found the large village in a state of pleasurable excitement. Tables were placed everywhere before the doors, supplied with coffee, milk,

wine, and many eatables, which were served to our men by the women and girls of the place, and were discussed with great relish.

On entering Tannenkirchen, which is situated on an eminence, it was discovered that we were observed and followed by a body of Wurtembergian cavalry, who were, however, kept at a distance, and were placed on the outskirts of a wood, whilst we breakfasted. To secure us against interruption, I posted some pickets, and sent patrols in the direction of the cavalry.

As we left the village it began to rain hard, which was very unpleasant for our men, a great number of whom were very indifferently provided with shoes and clothes. Many of them had not even a coat or jacket under their blouses. On entering Kandern, the rain coming down in torrents, we did not find it occupied by any troops, and the inhabitants of the town were extremely well disposed; whilst the men were taken care of in private houses, the higher officers were invited to the Town Hall, and entertained there. We were also presented with a small number of guns, a drum, and about thirty pounds of gunpowder, which were very acceptable.

Our intention was to stay for the night in two villages called Vogelbach and Marzell, where we arrived a little before dark. To march further on that day was not possible, and many of the men were already suffering from sore feet. With difficulty quarters were found in these two little villages.

Colonel Loewenfels remained with part of the men in the first village, while our head-quarters were in the second. We were visited there by an agent of the French government, who followed us to see how we were received by the people, though we only became acquainted with his business afterwards.

I had, perhaps, run more than anybody else on that day, and was awfully tired, and very glad when I could throw myself down upon the straw by the side of our regimental doctor, Dr. Rode.

Just as we were going to sleep, we were disturbed by the arrival of Colonel L. I am sure he felt extremely lonely in his quarters, especially when the report came in that regular troops were not far off. This, however, was not the official cause of his leaving his quarters; he pretended that he had an awful pain in one of his knees, and requested the assistance of the doctor. Long before day this poor man was again summoned to see the sufferer. On his return, I compassionately asked what was the matter with the colonel. "The matter! There is nothing whatever the matter with the fellow's leg," said the doctor, throwing himself down by my side. I rose, and tried to get into my soaked Parisian boots, having no other pair to change, for my things had disappeared in Tannenkirchen, together with Boernstein's carpet-bag.

Whilst I was making convulsive efforts to put on my boots, groaning and perspiring alternately,

the doctor opened one eye, murmured "Tallow," and turned on the other side. Acting on the hint, I laughingly worked hard with the tallow candle inside my boots, and at last succeeded in forcing my stockingless feet into them.

Boernstein had sent a man back to Tannenkirchen for his carpet-bag and had succeeded in getting it, but my things were lost. More than anything I regretted the loss of about eighteen sheets of the French general-staff map of the country on the right and the left banks of the Rhine, which I had bought in Paris for one hundred and twenty francs.

When we started in the morning, the weather had become clear. Our men, refreshed by a good sleep, were in very good spirits, except a number who were footsore, amongst whom Colonel Loewenfels looked the most woe-begone, until he found a place beside the baggage, on a cart which we procured.

I resolved to march over the Muensterhalde to Todnau, passing the villages Mutten, Ober, and Nieder-Muensterthal. Guides who knew the country extremely well led us by very romantic but exceedingly difficult ways, rendered still more so by the snow, which was a foot deep, and by water currents and loose stones.

At last we descended into the large Muenster valley, coming from one of the narrow side valleys. Whilst my skirmishers climbed in advance the hills to the right and the left, and I was my-

self with the advanced-guard, groups of very suspicious figures, were noticed on the tops of several distant hills, which seemed to watch our progress, and disappeared whenever they became aware that they were noticed. As all the towns and villages in the neighbourhood were occupied by troops, I could not, of course, enter the Muenster valley without first examining the woods and valleys before me.

The legion halted, therefore, on the slope of the hill to wait for the news which the scouts would bring. I shall not forget that scene; it was indeed like a picture of Salvator Rosa. A narrow, black forest valley rose before me, formed by rugged rocks covered with pines. A little mountain stream dashed down the gulley, springing over numberless rocks in its bed. On a path winding downwards I saw the head of our column, which presented, indeed, a most striking scene. Their large black-red-and-gold banners, moved by the wind, beat against the scythes, which were carried by tall men with beards reaching to their breasts, dressed in white blouses, and with grey hats and feathers. They looked more like men from the Thirty Years' War.

The "staffage" in the foreground was no less picturesque. I stood on a mighty boulder of rock, leaning on my long, straight sword, worn at a golden belt round a wide, dark paletot; with a white "Frieschaerlerhut," and tricolored feather, while over my right shoulder was a broad

sash of red, black, and gold-coloured silk. At the foot of the rock stood Commander Boernstein, as stiff as a poker, every inch an Austrian sergeant. At his side was Herwegh, with his sinister-looking, Italian brigand's face, wearing a black peaked hat, and wrapped in a wide black cloak. At his side leant his boyish-looking wife, with her pistols and dagger in her belt. At some distance from us stood a group of officers and orderlies. Had I possessed skill enough, a good picture might have been made of this most romantic scene.

When the scouts reported all safe, we marched in excellent order down into the Muenster valley, and entered the village of Mutten, which forms almost one village with Untermuensterthal. We noticed with amazement that all the houses were locked up and all the shutters closed. Only now and then a pale, scared face was to be seen for a moment behind a window. Most of the inhabitants of the valley, and especially all the women and children, had fled into the woods, to escape from the horrors which threatened them from the "French robbers," as announced by the government.

At the open windows of the ground floor of a large inn by the roadside we at last saw some men, who looked with earnest, anxious faces at the head of our approaching column. On addressing these people in good German, and assuring them that they had nothing to fear from us, that we came as friends to support Hecker,

the faces of the men cleared up, and tears of joy filled their eyes. The glad news ran like fire through the whole valley; the houses were opened, and the women returned. To give them no cause for suspicion, I warned my men not to speak French, as many were in the habit of doing, because they had lived for years in Paris. About thirty Frenchmen had succeeded in entering our ranks without my having discovered it. All that could now be done was to request them, if possible, not to speak at all.

The villagers very readily provided dinners for our men, and they were in high spirits, as they always were when they had plenty to eat.

Our scouts brought in a man who came from the battle-field of Gunthersthal, from whom we received the first certain news of the defeat of Sigel and Struve, about which we had until then only heard vague reports. The man told us, also, that Sigel, with 3500 men, was near the Storen, a mountain which we could see from the valley, and which could be reached in two hours. This intelligence caused great joy amongst us, for we had now nearly attained one of the objects of our daring expedition. United with Sigel, with whom we were to find ammunition and arms, we might, in the mountain-passes, resist ten times as large a force and gain time to recruit our corps.

Whilst we were sitting in the inn at dinner, Herwegh received a mysterious message; an invitation to come, but unattended, to a certain

detached house, where important disclosures would be made to him. As he did not like the adventure, I offered to go in his place, and he eagerly accepted.

In a back room of the house which had been indicated I found three men, who announced themselves ardent followers of our cause. They said that their mayor, on the news of our arrival, had hurried off to the town of Stauffen to fetch the regular troops, who were there. This mayor was described as a most zealous friend of the government. He had, they said, ordered some hundreds of long lances to be made, with which all those who had no guns were to be armed to receive us. These lances together with two hundred guns had, however, been concealed on our appearance. The men were just going to indicate to me the place in which these arms had been hidden, when three alarm-shots were fired close to the house, on which our three friends "skedaddled," and left me alone.

Immediately after entering the valley, I had placed a detachment further up, where the street from Obermuensterthal and Stauffen could be watched; for I had received news that six hundred men, Hessians, were expected in this latter place. A Frenchman, who was placed on an advanced post, had seen on a hill not far from him a detachment of troops of about twenty men, who, on noticing him, had at once disappeared, probably to report to their commander; so that we

might expect an attack very soon. This was the cause of the alarm.

Our men were in excellent spirits, and full of courage. The three shots produced an electrifying effect, and were followed by cries of exultation. Every one hurried to his *place d'armes*, and preparations for defence were made. The road running through the narrow valley was at once barred by tolerably strong breastworks, and detachments were placed on the slopes on both sides.

Boernstein would never believe in an enemy, and when after having waited a good while we were not attacked, he looked very wise, and teazed me for seeing "Hessians" everywhere. The Hessians had, however, really advanced against us; but, having reconnoitred and found that we had taken up such an excellent position, they retired towards Stauffen.

When all was again quiet, our men, who had got information of the doings of the mayor, wanted to destroy his house; but, having reasons for forbearing from all such acts of violence, energetic measures to save it were taken. The news we had received somewhat changed our feelings towards the inhabitants; and, as we could not ascertain from them where the two hundred guns had been concealed (our three friends were not to be seen again) all the houses were searched, in which business Bornstedt showed a great deal of activity. All guns and arms of every kind

were confiscated, but no other property was touched. The lances were found, but not the two hundred guns, which would have been the most welcome things imaginable.

The hope of meeting Sigel near the Storen hill proved vain; for we received news that he had left, but none as to the route he had taken. As, however, we had reason to believe that we should find him somewhere in the neighbourhood of Todnau, we resolved to march to the village of Wieden, in the heart of the Black Forest, and stay there for the night to wait for further information.

When we started, and were about entering a side valley, the rear-guard was formed by me with great care, the strictest orders were given to the side-patrols. I remained behind, expecting to be attacked in the rear by the Hessians quartered in Stauffen. Boernstein had done nothing whatever but blow his little horn whenever I told him to order halt or march; Loewenfels was an invalid, and sitting on the cart; I therefore had to do his work as well as my own, and was in no good humour when Boernstein rallied me, asking "Why I was not with the advanced-guard?"

"Because I expect the enemy to attack the rear guard."

"The enemy!" he exclaimed, with a sneer; "you see Hessians everywhere."

His stupidity, and his utter ignorance of our most dangerous position, made me angry; and I

retorted rather sharply, "That I had marched out against the enemy, and if that were not his intention, I could not understand what he had to do here at all. If he wanted a place of safety, he might go to the advanced-guard;" which he did without saying one word more.

It began to rain, and the road was very rough and difficult; again Boernstein's fault, for he had altered my arrangements and had ascended an old forsaken road, whilst I wished to go by the new good turnpike-road. We arrived in Wieden at dark. Troops rarely came to this lonely place which is situated on the slopes of hills, there forming a sort of cauldron. The mayor of the place was, therefore, not very ready with the tickets for quarters; and the men, who were very tired, had to wait nearly an hour in the rain, and then to march on to some farm on some distant hill. Having received the bad news that eight hundred men, regular troops, had arrived in Todnau, I was glad to find a very large inn, capacious enough to accommodate nearly three hundred men, who would thus be at hand in case of a night-attack.

Having reconnoitred the ground as well as was possible in the pitch-dark night, and posted the out-posts, I returned to the inn; where Herwegh and his wife and Boernstein were also quartered. Here I found M. Herwegh in the kitchen, busily assisting the nearly distracted landlady in preparing supper for so many hungry people. By-

the time we got something to eat for ourselves, it was nearly twelve o'clock.

Though Boernstein had promised to make cartridges from the thirty pounds of gunpowder we had received in Kandern, and eight men came to assist him, he said he was too tired, and sent them away. We had plenty of cartridges, he said; though those we really had had been partly destroyed by the rain.

In Wieden we met several men belonging to Sigel's corps. From them we heard the details of the fights of Fribourg and Guenthersthal. Sigel had calculated quite correctly that we could not arrive before Tuesday, and until our union had been accomplished he would not undertake anything. All the military dispositions made by Sigel to secure this union were very sensible, but all were spoilt by the rashness and military ignorance of Struve.

Gustav von Struve was, after Hecker, the most popular man in Baden, and had done a great deal for the development of liberal ideas, both by his writings and speeches. He was a learned but a very unpractical man, moreover a great enthusiast. When he saw a crowd of excited peasants or labourers armed with scythes or pitchforks, he imagined he had an army; and as he had as much courage as enthusiasm, he would with this armed rabble have attacked a regular army of a hundred thousand men. Hecker, who was a practical man, and hated

enthusiasts, could not agree with Struve, who, however, was held in great esteem with enthusiasts like himself.

Whilst Sigel was absent from the three thousand five hundred men whom he had collected, Struve remained with them. At that unhappy moment some young people, students from Fribourg, came and persuaded him to enter that important town, as it was not occupied by troops. Before he reached it, however, he was greeted by the Badish artillery, of whose existence Struve knew nothing. As he had more courage than sense, he ordered the scythe-men to attack the guns. They obeyed the absurd order, but when the ugly little canister shots jumped on the turf and struck down some of the poor peasants, the rest of course could not stand it, and ran away as fast as possible. The fight which ensued was kept up for a time by the sharpshooters, but it ended with the utter defeat and dissolution of Sigel's corps.

The news of this defeat and dissolution of Hecker's and Sigel's corps struck us like a thunderbolt, for with it vanished all hope of getting ammunition and arms. Troubled by these far from pleasant thoughts, I at last laid down for a little rest. I had, however, scarcely slept for an hour or two, when I was awakened by a light in my face. Herwegh, pale as a ghost, stood at my bedside, and handed me a despatch which had just come in from some of our spies. This

despatch only confirmed what I knew already; that we were surrounded by about ten thousand men.

Getting up at once, by the dim light of a rushlight I examined my map, and after an hour's reflection formed my plan. Hecker had gone with his men to Switzerland, and there we must also seek the corps of Philip Becker, and the remainder of Sigel's corps. I resolved, therefore, to recross the Rhine and to go also to Switzerland, where we might all unite and plan a new and better-prepared expedition.

It never entered my mind to attempt a fight with the troops, for our small numbers, our imperfect state of discipline and of arms would have made such an encounter fatal without the least doubt. The task which I set before me, therefore, was to march right across the line of the surrounding enemy without exchanging a shot with them. This task was the more difficult to execute, as the soldiers, knowing our weakness and no longer hindered by other corps of insurgents, could employ larger bodies to cut off our retreat. My plan could only succeed by obtaining the most exact information of the position of the troops, and by marching on a road which was considered to be impracticable for them. After having consulted my map (that part was fortunately not lost) and questioned some of the people of Wieden, who knew every by-path in the mountain, I resolved to march over the top of the lofty Belchenberg, one of

the highest and roughest hills of the Black Forest, and to go from thence to Zell in the Wiesenthal, where circumstances would trace out for us the best road to Switzerland.

My feet were covered with blisters, and it was utterly impossible for me even to get my naked feet into my boots. I should have had to take my place by the side of Colonel Loewenfels, if one of my orderlies had not possessed two pairs of shoes, one of which he gave to me. With set teeth, I put my feet into them, but indeed it required a strong will to run in this state, as I did that day.

I gave orders to the general "beat" at four o'clock a.m., but fully an hour and a half was required to bring together the greater part of the regiment, for even the majors remained in their beds, and had to be fetched by my orderlies.

Perhaps I was the only person among us all who had a full and clear perception of the imminent danger of our situation; and therefore it made me nearly crazy to witness the easy slowness of the officers and men, who did not believe in any danger, as they had not yet seen an enemy.

On entering the large kitchen of the inn, somewhat in a rage, I found it filled with men, who were breakfasting as quietly as if the "assembly" had not already sounded an hour ago. A lawyer from Detmold, who was also a private in our legion, had poured his hot coffee into his saucer, and was blowing it with a most serene face.

Noticing my anger, he said, quite good-naturedly: "Well, well, you had really better take a cup of coffee too." These words contrasted so ludicrously with my feelings, that I could not forbear to laugh aloud.

At last the column was ready to start and we marched for a while on the same road we had passed the evening before. We had to halt several times to give the stragglers time to come up lest they should fall into the hands of the Government troops.

The weather could not have been more favourable for a secret march. Before we had commenced climbing the heights, a dense fog covered all the valleys. But for this we might have been seen many miles off, and the enemy would have had plenty of time to bar the passes and to capture us all.

When we reached the foot of the Belchen mountain, the carts could not follow us and the baggage had to be transported on the shoulders of our men. Mad. Herwegh mounted a horse, but Colonel Loewenfels, who seemed to be afraid of horses, preferred the shoulders of a sturdy legionaire.

I looked with astonishment at this burlesque cavalcade, which excited great merriment amongst our men. Herwegh marched with us. I was with the guide at the head of the advanced guard. The road or path was extremely rough, and became more so the higher we climbed. We sank up to our knees in snow.

The weather cleared up, and we looked down upon a peculiarly wild romantic landscape, in which the dazzling snow contrasted in a striking manner with the dark green valleys. As we had to march in Indian file our line was very long, and the advanced guard was obliged to halt frequently, partly to give the men time to come up with us, partly to recover breath, for the ascent was rather steep.

We passed near the highest top of the Belchen, which was on our right and about one hundred feet above us, and marched on narrow foot-paths on the steep slope of the mountain. The view over Baden was beautiful, but there was not a moment to admire it in the least, for we might easily have been discovered. Schoenau was disagreeably close to us, and there I knew a large detachment of troops were quartered, who might easily have barred our way to the Wiesen valley.

The mountain streams which we had to pass on our way felt warm in comparison with the snow, in which the feet of our poor men became quite stiff, for a great many of them had shoes from which their toes protruded.

The fresh mountain air gave us all a famous appetite, which is a very good thing when you have something to eat; but we had nothing to feed our men with but promises of a breakfast in the next village. When we arrived there, we found very little, and half of our men got nothing

at all. This caused great excitement, and almost a mutiny. In all my life I have never made so many and such energetic speeches; but speeches do not make much impression on hungry men. One battalion refused to march any further, and all my eloquence was thrown away. I assured them that I would rather command a herd of swine than a corps of such blackguards; but, as nothing would avail, I enumerated to them the troops by whom we were surrounded, and told them that they owed it only to the measures adopted by me that they had not yet seen a single soldier. If they remained behind, they would be all cut to pieces. Until then they had, like Boernstein, treated the enemy as a myth; but my earnest words convinced them. They looked rather scared, and made up their minds to follow.

In one of the villages we succeeded in finding something to eat, and I took care that the victuals were properly distributed, though it was a difficult thing, as hungry people are rather selfish. Notwithstanding this general hunger, it must be acknowledged, in justice to my men, that none of them took anything from the houses which was not paid for; and when one fellow came from a detached house with some loaves on his bayonet and bragged of having taken them by force, animating the others to do the same, the men wanted me to shoot the marauder, as had been the lot of thieves during the "Three Days" in Paris.

It was already late in the afternoon when we

arrived at a place about two miles from Zell. As some peasants had told me that this little town was occupied by troops, I halted and sent some proper persons in advance to ascertain the truth, and to look out for those of our men whom we had sent to arrange with the mayor about quarters.

When the scouts returned, they informed us that there were no troops in Zell, but in Schopfheim, a place two miles off, a corps of a thousand or fifteen hundred men was quartered.

Arrived in sight of Zell, we were met by the mayor, with all the elders of the town and our own quarter-masters. He implored us, in the name of all the saints, not to enter the town and not to make it the scene of a bloody fight, which would ensue without doubt, if we remained there the night.

We weighed the danger against our exhaustion and hunger, and resolved to enter the town and to decide on what to do after supper. We therefore advanced in the greatest order, and entered Zell at seven o'clock p.m. Though the houses were not closed, we could see indications that the inhabitants expected a fight, and many people drove their cattle away to more secure places. Their fear was indeed justified, for General Hoffmann, the commander of the troops in Schopfheim, left the town at the moment in which we entered it, to bring up his corps, as it was thought.

As a few hours of rest and some food were absolutely necessary for our men, measures were

taken by me to procure both and to secure the town at least against a surprise. Calling for volunteers, a sufficient number came forward, with whom I erected a very strong barricade on the road coming from Schopfheim, and took other measures for the purpose. In about twenty minutes my *professeurs de barricades* had built a barricade which might have resisted even field artillery. I took similar precautions on the roads to Adelsberg and Schoenau, which occupied about two hours.

Returning to the town, I found the delegates of the officers assembled to consider what was best to be done. On entering the room, my opinion was at once asked for. I told them that it was quite impossible to defend the place in the daytime, as the heights were so close to it; that from them every man of us might be shot in the streets; that we must leave Zell as soon as the men were able to march, and under any circumstances before the break of day, in order to reach the Swiss frontier as soon as possible.

Colonel Loewenfels, whose tongue was not so lame as his knee, valiantly proposed to defend Zell to the last man. Perhaps he had already made out his plan of retreat which he afterwards so successfully executed.

Boernstein heard my proposal to run away with the utmost pleasure, for he had not thought me capable of such nimble wisdom; and he adopted it with such zeal, that he proposed to march at once.

Herwegh showed the same enthusiasm for running away, only he wanted to make a rather large détour round Schopfheim; whilst Boernstein wanted to pass close to that place. Once again we concurred in opinion, especially as Mad. Herwegh had personally asked our men whether they were able to march at once, and had received an answer in the affirmative.

It is true that in Schopfheim there was an enemy three times superior to us in numbers, and a hundred times superior in all other qualities for fighting; but, notwithstanding this, boldness seemed here the wisest plan. The enemy had certainly received the news that we had fortified Zell, and thence believe that we intended to hold that place. If they attacked us in the night, they would labour under a disadvantage, as they could not see our position, therefore it was evident that they would wait for their attack until the next morning, when we could not fail to be an easy prey to them. It was further to be supposed, that they expected nothing less than a night-attack from us, and, if they placed outposts, it would be only in the immediate vicinity of Schopfheim; therefore if we marched with caution, we might, perhaps, go round that place without being discovered. And even if we were discovered, the danger could not be very great, for the night was very dark and it is difficult to attack an enemy who cannot be seen. As the troops would believe that we were going to attack them, they

would remain in the place, and this opinion might be strengthened by a harmless firing from our rear guard. Before they could discover their mistake we should have gained such a start, that they would not be able to come up with us. Our purpose would be gained if we arrived only a few minutes before them at the bridge over the Rhine at Rhinefelden, which is in Switzerland.

The outposts were ordered to be called in as secretly as possible, but before they had come and before half of our men had assembled, Boernstein (who was in the utmost hurry) took hold of a guide who had been furnished with great delight by the mayor, and marched off without waiting for the rest. Arriving at the barricade I had erected at the entrance from Schopfheim, he suddenly lost courage, and listening to the guide, who promised to lead him a safe way over the mountain, he altered his course, and commenced ascending a steep hill, following the rugged bed of a mountain stream. I ran after him, and tried to persuade him to wait at least for the rest of our men and for Herwegh, whom it would be heinous treason to leave in Zell. He would not listen, however, and marched on as if seized by a sudden panic. On returning to Zell it was already eleven o'clock. As we had to unload our baggage-carts, and distribute the contents amongst volunteer porters to carry them up the mountain, it was twelve o'clock before we started. As no horse could pass the road which Boernstein had gone, and which we

were compelled to take also in order not to be separated from nearly one-half of our men, Mad. Herwegh had to walk on foot. Colonel Loewenfels remained in Zell, and found means to escape safely to Strasburg.

As Boernstein was so far in advance of us, and the night was pitch dark, especially in the wooded gorges through which we had to pass, it might perhaps have been difficult to follow him, if this glorious ass had not taken the bright idea of illuminating his secret night-march! It was the most ridiculous secret march I ever heard or read of in the whole history of war, and could only have originated in the brain of an Austrian corporal.

The lights of his numerous lanthorns offered an almost fairy-like spectacle in the wild, wooded mountain gorges. They danced from rock to rock, now appearing like monstrous fiery eyes through the thickets, now stalking between the trees like fiery giants. They were, of course, to be seen throughout the whole country. We saw lights moving to and fro in the villages beneath us, and soon we heard in all of them the sound of the alarm bells.

It was a most fatiguing ascent, and I admired Mad. Herwegh, who was never tired nor lost her courage. Large puddles had been formed everywhere by the recent rains, and we carried her through them in our arms.

All order was at an end. Boernstein's pre-

mature march had loosed all the bands of discipline. Every one looked out for himself.

Boernstein had studied my map in Zell, and might have known that the road ran between Hasel and Schopfheim, past Wehr; but as he probably followed implicitly his guide, who was a traitor, we only arrived late in the morning in Hasel, scarcely six miles from Zell, which we might have reached in two hours. Boernstein understood little of the duties of an officer, and therefore he did not know how to deal with a guide under difficult circumstances. The consequence was that the man slipped away, probably to give notice to his employers that he had led us into a trap.

When we had once reached the crest of the heights the road became very good, and in one of the villages we procured two carts for the luggage, and for Mad. and M. Herwegh.

During a night-march troops rarely become tired, the excitement attending it keeping them alive; but towards morning they relax. Our men had left Wieden on Wednesday morning early; had passed over the Belchen mountains, and had marched until seven o'clock in the evening, when we had arrived in Zell, having all the time eaten but very little. The rest of four hours in Zell could scarcely be called a rest, for one-fourth of the men were on outpost duty, or occupied in fortifying the place. The people in Zell were, moreover, so unwilling to give us anything to eat, that most of the men had only had some bread and cheese, and a

quantity of the execrable sour wine of the country, which excited them for the moment, only to make them feel more weak and faint afterwards.

The poor fellows were so tired that at each halt at a village they fell down asleep on the spot, and were scarcely to be awakened when we started again. We found some stragglers of Boernstein's detachment sound asleep in the ditches by the road side. I was so dreadfully tired myself as to fall asleep whilst walking; this was certain, because I am conscious of having dreamt. No wonder; I had taken more exercise than any of the others, and since leaving Wieden had not eaten anything but two apples and a piece of cake, except in Zell, where I had only had some bread and cheese, and a few glasses of sour wine.

At last, when we came up with Boernstein, it was seven o'clock a.m. But for his stupidity we should by that time have been in Rheinfelden, and in safety. He looked very sheepish, and abused the treacherous guide.

The day before I had placed a guard at the entrance of the public-houses in the villages through which we passed; now it was useless to do so, for the guard could not resist the temptation. In each village some of our men remained behind, and amongst them even one of the majors and some captains. After each halt we had to collect the sleepers, and not rarely those who were sent out to bring them in dropped asleep by their side.

When we arrived in Hasel I received reliable

information that we were followed by three hundred men of the Wurtembergian infantry, all armed with a peculiar kind of excellent firelock, and each man carrying sixty rounds of cartridge with him, with the intention of preventing our retreat into Switzerland.

This news, together with the fine fresh morning air, took all sleep away from me; and even the men seemed to become more alive, especially the advanced-guard, who behaved well to the last.

Since Boernstein had been convinced that the enemy was no chimera, he had become rather quiet, and did not interfere with my orders and measures. As we passed Schopfheim at only a distance of about two miles, we might expect every moment to be attacked; and, in order to avoid this, I took all possible precautions. The unarmed, or ill-armed, men were placed by me in the middle of the column, and the best-armed men were selected for side patrols and rear-guard. It seemed to me that there was but little chance now of reaching the Rhine without a fight; and the less because intelligence had been received by me that a company of Wurtembergian lancers had marched from Wehr towards Niederschwoerstadt, close on our line of retreat.

I, however, kept my fears to myself, that my men might not be discouraged, but Mad. Herwegh was struck by my precautions and by the stern manner in which my strict orders were enforced.

Half jokingly she said to me, "Why, Corvin, you look as if you really expected a battle." "Wait half an hour," I answered, "and you will be certain of it." At the same time I ordered the cart on which she was sitting with her husband to change its place in the rear-guard for one between the advanced-guard and the column.

Boernstein now became very nervous and impatient at my many halts whenever I approached the entrance of a wood, which of course I never entered without having had it examined by my advanced-guard.

It was about nine o'clock a.m., on Thursday after Easter, when we entered the village of Niederdossenbach, which is not far from the Rhine. Instead of exerting themselves now to their utmost to reach that saving river, our men imagining all danger over, dispersed into the village to look out for something to eat, and when I gave orders to beat the "generale" most of them did not like to part from the bacon they had discovered in some of the houses.

I therefore tried the means which had been found most effectual before, and marched off with the advanced-guard, expecting that Boernstein and the rest would follow. Herwegh's cart came at once with me.

Outside the village there was a field studded with fruit-trees, as is the fashion in that country, and having passed it, I entered a wood through which the road led. Here I halted to wait for

our men, who arrived in disorder, and in small parties.

Whilst we were waiting thus, some of the men looking at their sore feet, others trying to have a short nap, we heard some shots from the village, and some of our men came running with the cry: "The Wurtembergians are upon us." "Now we are in for it!" said I, drawing my sword, to Boernstein, who stood there like Lot's wife.

CHAPTER III.

The battle at Niederdossenbach—More courage than sense and gunpowder—Heroic death of Reinhardt von Schimmelpfenning—The chief of the enemy wounded—The effects of a volley—Boernstein carried away by his fanatical belief in the enemy—Success on the right wing—No cartridges—Falstaff-Delaporte—Murder of the wounded—Retreat—In the wood—A reconnoitring expedition—Karsau—An agreeable surprise—The lancers, a dance for life—The gully—The videttes—A comfortable nap—A meeting—The brave blacksmith of Karsau—A tail of a vision—I turn blacksmith's journeyman—Chopping firewood—"The merchant's son"—Going out working—Crossing the Rhine—Saved—Arrival in Rheinfelden—Herwegh's adventures—Other instances—Mad. Corvin and Mad. Struve—My particular friend, the old sutler—Meeting with Mad. Corvin.

THE cry "The Wurtembergians are upon us," made us all only too eager. Every one forgot his sore feet and his lassitude—to run away? No! I am glad to be able to say that in this decisive moment a better spirit animated the men. With a loud cry of exultation they seized their arms, and without waiting for any order or direction, they ran towards Niederdossenbach, in the direction in which the enemy was advancing. My voice was powerless. I had become quite hoarse in consequence of addressing the men the day before. They were so excited and eager for the fight, that

they threatened to kill some of the officers who tried to restrain them and to maintain order and regularity. Herwegh had now a most convincing proof of the necessity of military order on a military expedition.

The advanced-guard, which had remained in order, and were reinforced by a number of men whom I sent defended the edge of the wood, whilst others took up their position as skirmishers behind the fruit-trees in the field, and fired into the flank of the enemy, who were advancing against the wood.

Reinhardt von Schimmelpfenning, who commanded the men armed with scythes and lances, remained near me, together with some unarmed men. He was on the point of hurrying towards the enemy, when I ordered him to stay where he was until sent for by me.

I now regretted very much that I did not take a horse from some one of the villages, but I was always afraid to do anything which might give colour to the reports spread about us, that we had entered Baden only for the purpose of robbing and plundering. On foot I could move but slowly, and had to rely on aides-de-camp and orderlies, who were also tired and not always able to carry my hurried orders to the proper places in time. Followed by some of these, I went to the centre of the fight where our advanced-guard were defending the wood, to obtain a view of the actual state of things.

A captain (a fellow who had always been one of the loudest of the braggarts) came running at full speed from the field, and crying, "Why, our chiefs are not at our head—our chiefs are not at our head," came suddenly upon us. Without saying a word, I gave him half a dozen strokes over his shoulders with the flat of my sword, and drove him to the front in the utmost confusion.

Captain Graefe kept his position well with the advanced-guard; but he informed me that his men had spent nearly all their cartridges and that it was therefore impossible to defend the wood any longer.

Should the Wurtembergians succeed in taking the wood, our retreat to Rheinfelden would be cut off. To oppose this as much as possible, I sent an aide-de-camp for Schimmelpfenning with orders to advance under cover of the wood, and so soon as the enemy should enter it, to attack them with his scythes. The only possibility of success, under existing circumstances, was to bring about a hand-to-hand fight, in which we might have the best of it from our greater number, as those men would then be of service who were only armed with swords, pistols, and daggers. I resolved, therefore, to collect all the men on my left wing, and to let them act in concert with Schimmelpfenning's scythe-men, by attacking the Wurtembergians on their right flank and from behind.

For this purpose I left the wood, and went

over the field towards a hill on our left, where the men were rallied by me. I found them under the command of Bornstedt. It was, however, already too late. The cessation of the fire from the wood encouraged the enemy, and they advanced, their drums beating. These drums sounded clear and joyous; whilst ours, which had been wet, sounded dull and weary. Brave Reinhardt von Schimmelpfenning rushed upon the enemy, but his men slackened their speed considerably on seeing before them a close line of regular troops. Their leader was for a moment uncertain whether he should surrender. He called out to the soldiers that he hoped they would treat them according to the usages of war; but when he was answered by shots, he rushed upon them with his sword, followed, however, only by two or three of his men. He wounded some of the soldiers, and then engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the commander of the Wurtembergians, a Captain Lipp, who lost a finger in the encounter. The captain would have been killed, but Schimmelpfenning received a shot in his left breast, fell, and was killed by a soldier who ran his bayonet into his mouth.

I heard afterwards from the Wurtembergian soldiers themselves that they had been very much afraid of the scythes, of which fabulous things were told amongst them. They would have fled if the scythe-men had attacked them with half the courage shown by their brave leader.

Reinhardt von Schimmelpfenning was a tall, handsome man of about twenty-five, of a well-known noble Prussian family. He wore, during the fight, a blue Polish coat, over his breast the black-red-gold sash, a grey "Freischaerler" hat, and carried a beautiful sabre which had been presented to him in Paris. He was an amiable, kind man, whose loss I regretted the more, as he had always shown great attachment to me. He died like a hero for the liberty of the people, and his name deserves to be remembered whenever the year 1848 is mentioned.

I had just formed my men ready to advance in support of Schimmelpfenning, when half the Wurtembergians returned from the wood to the field, wheeled round so as to present their front to us, and fired a volley. As I stood alone on the hill, and could be easily recognized as a leader by my sash and drawn sword, I was a welcome mark. One bullet passed through my paletot, and another touched my hair close to my ear, producing a sensation as if somebody were blowing into it.

I had placed my men behind me in a kind of hollow, where only their bayonets were to be seen. When the skirmishers in the field saw the Wurtembergians emerge from the wood and prepare to attack my left wing, they ran back as fast as possible to procure some cartridges, or at least gunpowder, which was dealt out by Herwegh and his wife (who were seated on the cart), though

to little purpose, as there was not even paper to carry it in, or to load with. This rushing back of the skirmishers, together with the sight of some wounded men, made these men in the hollow rather uneasy, as they were not able to see what was going on before them in the field; and when the volley of the enemy, which however could not hurt them, rattled against their bayonets, they were seized with a sudden panic. They made to the right-about, and, like a herd in a stampede, ran back about five hundred paces.

This panic was, however, pardonable. Men, tired as they were, who had not eaten anything worth speaking of for two days, and who moreover had no cartridges with which to answer the fire of the enemy, could not feel in very good spirits, especially when hearing one of their commanders cry out loudly to them to run, as Boernstein did when I saw him for a moment. He stood somewhat to my right behind an oak-tree, nominally looking through his glass at the enemy, but his orderly said he looked at the tree and shook awfully. This volley had frightened him out of his wits, though he was safe behind the oak. Running past me, utterly scared, he urged me to run also, which I did not feel inclined to do. Two reliable men, who had carried back a wounded comrade, found Boernstein in a sheltered place some hundred paces in the rear, and on asking him with astonishment what he was doing there, he answered, "You do not imagine that I am

going to let them kill me, do you?" And to an officer who saw him tear off all the signs of his office, he said, "As my plan has not been carried out, I resign my command." He was the first of those who joined his fellow-coward Loewenfels in Strasburg, and took thither the news of our disaster.

The fight on the right wing had at first taken a favourable turn for us. The men stood their ground very well, and the Wurtembergians had to retire. However, these advantages were soon lost, on account of the want of ammunition; and it was only natural that those who had no cartridges should run away. When things turned out thus, Major Delaporte held up his sword and called out, "*Les Français à moi!*" for in his battalion he had all the Frenchmen who had followed us clandestinely from Paris. These brave boys rallied around him, ready to advance, when Delaporte suddenly fell on his face. Believing him to be killed, they cried out, "*Ah, notre pauvre commandant!*" and, discouraged by his death, they retreated. But what was their astonishment when the "*pauvre commandant*" jumped up and ran after them with the nimbleness of a stag. He had only "played the 'possum," as the Americans say. This scene was described to me by some Frenchmen who witnessed it. Certain it is that Delaporte was neither dead, nor wounded, nor a prisoner; and that he had not the courage to show his face any more in Strasburg.

A French drummer showed more pluck. He beat his drum assiduously, though it was riddled by as many holes as his blouse. He remained unwounded, however, stood about ten paces from the Wurtembergians, making faces at them, and calling out, "*Ah, les grédins! ah, les grédins!*" He was taken prisoner.

After Boernstein ran past me, I remained stationary, considering whether there was any possibility of restoring some kind of order in the fight, which had lasted about an hour and a half, for some of our skirmishers were still engaged with the enemy, though their shots were few and far between.

An old soldier who passed me said sadly, "This is the fifteenth time that I have been in battle. I was never wounded before, but now I am done for." He had received one shot in the thick of his leg, and another through his arm, above his wrist; but the bullet seemed to have passed between the two bones, for he was still able to take his aim quite coolly, and to bring down an enemy. This old soldier implored me to order a retreat, as nothing could possibly be done without cartridges. I came to this same conclusion myself with a very sad heart. Some thirty of our men were killed; I do not know how many were wounded. Several of the fugitives who tried to save themselves by swimming were drowned in the Rhine; one was hanged by the Wurtembergians in the wood. They were exas-

perated by their losses which equalled ours, and behaved with a cruelty which I never could have believed possible from "Schwaben," who are said to be so very good-hearted. One of the carts with the wounded fell into their hands: they murdered not only the wounded, but even the innocent peasant-driver, and killed the two horses also! Herwegh was saved by the precaution I had taken of placing his cart with the advanced-guard.

As good luck would have it, in the wood, on the battle-field, I met with a forester who undertook to show us a road by which we might reach the Rhine unperceived by the enemy and perhaps find means to cross into Switzerland.

It was about two o'clock p.m. when we arrived at the opposite skirt of the wood. Before us was the Rhine, and on its bank the village Bingen; to the right of it, on an eminence, the village Karsau. However, between us and these villages was an open field.

The strength of my men was now utterly exhausted. They could not go any further; they sank down under the bushes and slept like dead men. The gun of one young fellow went off by accident as he was holding it between his knees, and never in all my life have I seen a face expressive of so much horror as the face of this poor fellow. He was livid, his mouth opened widely, and his trembling lips were blue. I really believed he was going to die of fear. He was thus frightened because I had told them to take care, as a

single shot might betray our place of concealment, and cause us all to be murdered.

With great difficulty I found some volunteers, who were placed as pickets around us, that at least we might not be surprised whilst quite helpless. The Herweghs were not with us; they had succeeded in reaching a village and in finding kind people who concealed them. The papers of that time abused Herwegh much, and told many untruths of his cowardice. They were all inventions. Herwegh had nothing to do in the battle-field; he and his wife remained on the cart, distributing gunpowder. It was said that he crept under the splash-board, and remained there during the whole fight. A great number of caricatures represented him in this situation, and the name of Herwegh and splash-board became so closely connected, that it will stick to him all his life, though I have done all in my power to contradict the ignominious report. Even if he had felt an inclination to creep under a splash-board, he could not have done so, as the common farmer's cart on which he was seated had none.

I return, however, to my poor dejected troop in the wood near the Rhine. Of all their leaders, none remained but myself and Bornstedt. Had we had ammunition, we would have marched straight to Bingen, notwithstanding the patrols of lancers we saw on the road beneath us. These lancers had arrived on the battle-field at the end of the fight, but fortunately could not pursue us in the

wood. Having, however, no means of defence whatever, Bornstedt and I considered whether it would not be possible to bring our men in some manner or other across the Rhine. Whilst I placed the outposts, Bornstedt had gone alone to Bingen. He had spoken to the ferryman there, and said he hoped to persuade him; he would go again and speak to him. But whilst he was packing up a bundle of things which he wished to carry with him, I laid my hand on his shoulder, looked keenly into his eyes and said, "Bornstedt, you are intending to save yourself only. This must not be. We must remain faithful to our poor men, who are utterly unable to think for themselves."

He did not say a word, but laid down his bundle, and it was arranged that we should go together.

For this purpose I did as Boernstein had done, and plucked off my two bright feathers. I put on a cap, took a double-barrelled gun, which I loaded with bullets, and hung a forester's hatchet at my belt (such as is used for marking trees) that I might be taken for a forester by any patrols meeting us. Bornstedt was not armed.

As we passed the foot of the steep hill on which Karsau is situated, some persons standing on the heights made signs to us not to come up; and when we showed that we noticed them, they came down and told us that we had already been be-

trayed by some rogue; they advised, if we insisted on entering the village, that I should part with my gun, which I therefore confided to their care,' and with which they disappeared. Bornstedt and I climbed the hill and entered the village.

Partly to collect intelligence, partly to refresh ourselves with some milk (for we were nearly fainting with fatigue) we looked out for an inn, which we saw at last at the end of the village. To shorten our way, we followed a path leading across a little meadow. We were struck by the manner of the villagers, whom we saw standing at their doors, all looking at us with anxiety. This anxiety struck us as peculiar, but we could not discover any particular cause for it and dared not ask questions. Arrived, however, at about the middle of the meadow, the cause became evident; for we saw, about three hundred paces from us, a company of Wurtembergian lancers drawn up in line. Bornstedt, who went ahead, started; but I requested him to go on, so as not to create suspicion. We therefore continued our way and entered the inn by its back entrance.

We seemed to be no welcome guests. The old white-haired landlord, with knee-breeches and blue-stockings, wrung his hands. Some milk was reluctantly given to us; but we had scarcely sat down when a maid-servant rushed in, crying that a number of horsemen were coming towards the house. As we had not the slightest inclination to make the acquaintance of the Suabian

soldiers, we went out at the back door. Whilst Bornstedt was talking to an old woman, I looked round the corner of the house and saw a troop of about a dozen lancers advancing on the turnpike road, which passed its front. I called out to Bornstedt to be off, and jumped myself over a hedge, glided down several slopes, and made such good use of the knowledge of the ground which I had acquired in coming, that my pursuers lost sight of me, as they could not follow with their horses.

My plan was to reach the wood as soon as possible. However, between it and the village was a large field on which a man could be seen from a long distance, as it stood rather high. That I might remain concealed as long as possible I ran, like a pursued fox, along a ditch which ended in a deep barren gully. Climbing up one of its rather steep sides to reconnoitre the ground between it and the wood, I discovered in the middle of the field a double post of lancers, who were looking very carefully around. It was, therefore, impossible to cross the field; and not being able to do anything else, I thought it best to refresh myself with some sleep whilst waiting for a better chance of getting off. I therefore recommended myself to my guardian angel, lay down in a little sandy hollow, and slept with a stone for my pillow. There was not even a shrub in the gully or ravine to conceal me, and any one approaching the opposite edge might

have seen me sleeping. Fortunately this edge was somewhat overhanging and overgrown with brambles, which would at least prevent any horseman from approaching too near.

I slept for about two hours, and woke feeling much refreshed, though extremely hungry. The two videttes were still in their old place, and I resolved to wait for the dark to try and reach the wood. My feet pained me most awfully. I therefore sat down on a stone to bathe them in the brackish water which had collected in the hollow of the ravine. My socks were stiff with blood, and I had to throw them away. Whilst occupied in this manner I was startled by the sight of three men, who came up the gully with great caution, and was very glad to recognize in them three men of the legion.

The poor fellows were delighted to meet me, and gave me two apples which they had in their pockets, for I was faint with hunger. They told me they had met the blacksmith of Karsau, who had promised to fetch them at dark from this gully, which he had pointed out to them.

Before it was yet quite dark the brave blacksmith appeared with another man at the edge of the gully, and rolled down a loaf and a small stone bottle of Kirschwasser, which is made in that country. We were shivering with cold, and nothing could have been more welcome.

I agreed that they should call me Muller, for

my name was known, and the price set on me might perhaps have tempted some rogue.

With great precaution the blacksmith brought us into his house, which was only done with some difficulty, as the troops who had fought against us at Niederdossenbach were quartered in Karsau, though none were yet in the house.

The blacksmith dared not close his shutters nor light candles. With the appetite of wolves we devoured the good soup which he put on the table for us. He told us that several people from Karsau had gone to the wood to carry victuals to our men, and that many of the latter were concealed in the houses of the inhabitants.

My strength was at an end now. I fell down, and on again coming to my senses, I rubbed my eyes, not knowing where I was, nor could I make out what was dangling in front of me. I rubbed again, looked more closely, and cried out in amazement, "By Jove! a cow's tail!" The fact was, on my falling down asleep, my comrades had carried me into a dark corner of the cow-stable.

During the day our friend the blacksmith concealed us in the loft of his house, which was close to the road, and which the soldiers frequently passed. A group of them remained standing close to the house, and we could hear every word of their conversation, which interested us very much. From them we heard that the soldiers had seized our money, and amongst it a

roll of gold of which I had had no knowledge; that there had been a traitor amongst us, who had accompanied us from Strasburg and had betrayed all our plans, even what had happened in the committee. The troops had followed us everywhere, and we had not been attacked in the Muenster valley on account of our strong position. On our night march the Wurtembergian troops had accompanied us the whole time over the most difficult roads.

On Saturday morning the blacksmith told us to keep very quiet, as he had soldiers quartered in his house. I was, however, tired of this hide-and-seek play; and, moreover, it seemed to me more dangerous than to try to escape to Switzerland. Whilst the master of the house was gone into the woods to inquire after the fate of our men, who had been provided for in secret by the good people of Karsau, I made his man exchange an old working suit for my clothes, which he did with pleasure. I put on the jacket, torn canvass trousers, and a leather apron, cut off my beard so as to resemble a labourer on Saturday, tore my shirt and soiled it, and also rubbed my face and bare arms with soot, to look like a blacksmith. My name now was "Fritz." I went to the blacksmith's shop and began to work the bellows, and assisted my comrade in mounting the pole of a cart. Many Wurtembergian soldiers entered the shop, having broken something in their firelocks; and, as I understood this kind of

thing very well, I gave my advice about mending them.

When the master came home he was much astonished at his new journeyman, whose name of Fritz had been communicated to him on his return by his good wife.

Whilst sitting at dinner with my master and his wife, and my fellow-workman, three soldiers arrived who had been quartered in the house, and we all felt rather uncomfortable. I went out again soon, therefore, to the workshop; but as it filled with soldiers, the master became seriously afraid lest I should betray myself in some way or other as one belonging to the legion, for he did not yet know my real name and character. To get me out of the workshop he ordered me, therefore, in an authoritative voice to get ready the wood for the mistress. I accordingly left, and began to chop wood with such goodwill, that the pieces were soon flying about, and my hands were blistered.

One of the soldiers quartered in the house followed me, and looked at my work. "Well," he said, "chopping wood seems to be strange work for you. Say, didn't you work in France?" "No," I answered, in a Rhenish dialect, "I was never in France in all my life." "Well, well," he said, "I am a merchant's son from Stuttgart; I do not like to fight against the 'Freischaerlers,' and that I might not be obliged to do so, I managed to be ordered to stay with the baggage."

Though he seemed a very good boy, I did not

think it advisable to confide in him, and when I was able to speak alone with the master, I asked him whether he had not some work to be done near the Rhine? He felt somewhat uneasy, for "the merchant's son" had told him that all was not right with his new journeyman. If he had "Frieschaerlers" concealed, he might get them off secretly; he would invite his two comrades to take a walk at the other end of the village, which he did soon afterwards.

I took a hammer, tongs, and other tools, and followed my master in my working dress and leather apron, imitating the peculiar gait of a blacksmith. The girls of the village looked with some interest at the blacksmith's journeyman, whom they did not know, and I suppose guessed the truth. However, we passed Karsau without interruption, and came to another place lying above Bingen on the Rhine. We (that is my master) spoke, in presence of the soldiers, to several acquaintances and went at last into a public-house, the bar-room of which was filled with Wurtembergian corporals. My master took his place at a table, where we found the ferryman who had promised to carry me across the Rhine. I drank my glass of beer in respectful silence, and listened to the talk of the corporals, who not rarely mentioned my name, but by no means in flattering terms. To confess the truth, I was rather glad to get out of the room, and still more comfortable when we had passed the last post unquestioned.

At last we arrived at the ferry, where we were supposed to have some work to do. The ferryman, however, lost courage and wanted me to wait until dark, as the soldiers would fire at him if they saw that he had some one in his boat whom they did not know. Under these circumstances, I thought it well to tell the brave smith my real character and name, which produced its effect. He persuaded the ferryman, promised to be responsible for all costs and other disagreeable things which might possibly occur to the ferryman, and it was arranged at last that he should take a small skiff, and that the smith and myself should lie down at the bottom of it covered up with some nets, whilst he remained standing.

The *ruse* succeeded perfectly and we landed on the Swiss bank of the Rhine, at a place which could not be seen from the opposite bank. It was indeed with a delightful feeling that I jumped on shore, for the idea of being imprisoned, and dragged from one jail to another like a thief, and maltreated by soldiers, was utterly intolerable, and far worse than that of braving any danger.

When, after a short walk, we arrived in Rheinfelden, I met many of my people in the street, but none of them recognized me at first; they, however, knew my voice, and my arrival produced a very great, and I may say, agreeable excitement. I was led in triumph to the "Ship," an inn near the Rhine bridge, where the Herweghs were living. Neither of them recognized me in my disguise, and

without a beard; nor did I recognize Herwegh, who had also sacrificed his black beard on the altar of fear. We embraced each other with tears, for all had believed me dead. An old suttler-woman, whose husband and son were with the legion, pretended to have seen me dead on the battle-field, pierced by three bullets.

Herwegh and his wife had been concealed in a peasant's house. The lancers were close behind them to earn the promised sum for his capture. They searched the house which they suspected, and the interesting and romantic couple passed a very anxious quarter of an hour in their hiding-place. When the first danger was over, both dressed themselves like peasants, and he cut off his beard. Thus disguised, they went out working in the fields, and at last succeeded in passing the bridge at Rheinfelden, with other market people from Baden.

The adventures of some of our men were amusing. Baron von Langsdorff, from Fribourg, who had commanded the students there, cut off his mustachios and whiskers and put on some clothes belonging to his aunt, a much respected lady, to whom he bore some resemblance. The gend'armes he met on the road were very polite, and the brigadier himself helped him into the omnibus, which was to carry him from Kell over the bridge to Strasburg. All the other passengers believed him to be his aunt, and were much astonished when the venerable lady, on arriving on the

French part of the bridge, uttered a hurrah! of exultation.

Adalbert von Bornstedt succeeded in reaching the wood, whilst the attention of the lancers was drawn off by me. I heard that he managed to bring two parties of our men across the Rhine, but that he was captured in the third attempt.

Sixty-two of our men were betrayed to the enemy by a forester's assistant, for the sake of the two crowns which were given for every legionaire. For an officer one hundred guilders were paid, or at least offered, and for us chiefs several thousands.

M. Alfred de Horter, the young Parisian of whom I was speaking, wandered about for two days and nights in the woods without anything to eat. He was very badly off, as he did not understand one word of German. After a great deal of hardship, he at last joined us in Rheinfelden.

My wife had arrived in Strasburg on the day on which I left. Rumour, ever busy and many-tongued, spread different stories of our fate with every hour; and to put an end to her anxiety, she resolved to go to Switzerland to gain information for herself. Before she set off, Boernstein arrived and confirmed the news of our defeat; and the tidings went round,

"Young Harry's spur is cold!"

In the anguish of her heart Mad. Corvin called on Amalie von Struve, the black-eyed young wife of the enthusiastic hero of the scythes. The hand-

some little lady was standing before the looking-glass curling her hair. Without stopping in her occupation, she said quite cheerfully to my poor wife: "Yes, your husband is dead." This news was generally believed in Strasburg and Paris. There was, however, some room for doubt, as no reliable person had seen my body, neither was I reported amongst the prisoners. Mad. Corvin therefore went to see Fred. Hecker, who had taken up his head-quarters in Muttens, in Baselland-schaft, and who might be supposed to have certain information.

He did not know anything about me and advised her to proceed to Rheinfelden and Baden, to claim my body at least. The men of the legion whom she met on the road could give her no information about me. At last, in Rheinfelden, she was relieved from her anguish. When she saw me alive and well, she sank into my arms, and fainted for the first time in her life.

CHAPTER IV.

Frederick Hecker in Muttens—Theodore Moegling—The "Rebstock," in Strasburg—The "cobbler heroes"—The central committee—The great Charles Heintzen and his pupil—I am made president of the committee of relief—Good understanding with the French authorities—Declaration of Hecker—Jealousy and quarrels amongst the refugees—Droll fellows—Hiob Daniel Backfish, the armourer and poet—Colonel Wurstemberger—Countess Paninska—Dr. Kreutzer, the spy—Telegram from Paris ordering expulsion of "chef de bande Corvin"—Interference of republican club—A lesson given to the spy—Professor Dr. Rauschenblatt—Negotiations—June, 1848, in Paris—Expelled from France—Don't go—Alfred Meister in Wissembourg—Great plans—Gustave Struve—The riot in Frankfort—M. Esselen—The Struvelpeter—Field-marshal Loewenfels' exit—Minister Beck and his agent Zeiler—I leave for Berlin.

THE hotel in Rheinfelden in which we lodged was dangerously close to Baden, from which it was only separated by a short bridge; and our fear of being kidnapped by the Wurtembergians was not without foundation. Several thousand guilders were offered to the landlord of the "Ship" if he would deliver us into the hands of the Philistines, but he was an honest "Swiss republican."

One day we all visited Hecker in Muttens, and I was very anxious to make the acquaintance

of our acknowledged chief, then the most popular man in Germany.

Hecker was a tall, handsome man, with a noble face, though he did not resemble the pictures of him which were to be seen on nearly all the bowls of the tobacco-pipes and elsewhere. It is true he wore always a blue blouse; but he had parted with his romantic locks and cropped his beard to a decent length. His hair was fair and his keen eyes blue. When in the company of his friends, his face wore an agreeable expression, and impressed you with love and confidence; but at this time I noticed more frequently a sneering, almost diabolical expression, especially when he spoke of the cowardice of the German democrats, and of the talkative "Professors" who were then sitting in the German Parliament in Frankfort.

He was driven nearly crazy by the numerous visitors who came on Sundays from Germany and Switzerland to Muttens to see the popular hero. He called that day the "menagerie-day;" and it was amusing to hear him "explain," after the manner of a showman, all about himself and his friends. The peasants who came from Baden or Wurtemberg to stare at him had to swallow many of his most energetic speeches. He was even more enraged by unpractical enthusiasts, who maddened him with their republican jargon and their fanatical admiration.

In his walks he had a habit of whittling somewhat like a Yankee. He would cut off a

rough cudgel, and give it some fancy knob, generally representing a grotesque head. One of these "civilized cudgels," which had a camel's head, he christened "Gervinus," after the learned professor of that name.

He lived at the "Golden Key," in Muttens (kept by a member of the government of Basel-landschaft) surrounded by friends who acted as a kind of body-guard. A precaution indeed rendered necessary, as enthusiasts of the opposite party formed plans for kidnapping this dangerous man. The government of Basellandschaft, however, took good care to protect their honoured guest, and his friends in Germany established a kind of democratic police, from whom he received information of all schemes against him.

The brother of the Bavarian secretary of state, Captain Abel, once came to Muttens to see what the democrats were doing there; but a report of his intention was sent there, and the captain, frightened out of his wits on his arrival, was glad to get off safely. As a warning to other spies, Dr. Mesmer, the son of the landlord, painted the captain, life-size, on the door of the rural "*beste kamer*," as the Dutchen call it.

Hecker's most intimate friend in Muttens was Theodore Moegling, member of the Wurtembergian chambers, a very popular man in his own country. He was rather stout, more than six feet high, and his phlegmatic temperament contrasted wonderfully with the petulance of many

others of the democrats. He was with Hecker in the fight at Kandern and distinguished himself by his coolness and courage. A poor old woman, who by chance found herself on the battle-field, was nearly frightened to death by the bullets; and Moegling told her to hide herself behind him, which she did. From this incident his friends called him the "living barricade."

As Herwegh did not feel at ease in Rheinfelden, we all resolved to go to Strasburg. Though Herwegh was a citizen of Basellandschaft, we had been informed that the city of Basel had offered the princely authorities its assistance in capturing him, and therefore he avoided this treacherous republican city.

We took up our quarters in the "Rebstock," in Strasburg, which acquired some fame as the head-quarters of the German democrats, and became the rendezvous of all the spies sent by the several German governments. On my arrival, Sigel was in the hotel, whom I there saw for the first time. He had been a lieutenant in the army of Baden, and had been compelled to resign, it was believed, on account of his political views. Persons who were better acquainted with him said that he possessed great ambition. I had a conversation with him in reference to the fights near Fribourg and Guenthersthal, about which he told me the details above related. I did not become intimate with him then, as he left Strasburg; but shall have occasion to speak of him at a later period.

During the expedition in Baden, many people from all parts of Germany arrived in Strasburg, who had fled on account of the persecutions which were going on in that country against the democrats. The dangerous position of the legion, after the defeats of Hecker, Struve, and Sigel, was a subject of anxiety, and many measures were discussed amongst them for enabling them to come to our assistance. The result of their consultations was, that a number of them occupied an island on the Rhine, near Huningen, called Cobbler's Island (Schusterinsel), for the purpose of covering our retreat. They had no arms, and did nothing whatever except make themselves ridiculous, and we called them the "cobbler heroes."

However, they thought a great deal of themselves, and some twenty of them formed a "central committee" for the direction of all the affairs of the German democrats in France. At the head of this committee stood Gustav Struve and Charles Heintzen. Hecker and Moegling, whom they wanted to draw into it also, refused the honour. Of Herwegh and myself no mention is made, though we had had more to do with the German democrats in France than anybody else.

Struve had fallen into the hands of the enemy and was a prisoner in Seckingen, but had the good luck to be rescued by a *ruse de guerre* of Moegling.

Amongst the followers of Heintzen, the politi-

cal martyr, was of course brave Loewenfels, and a young man of the name of Charles Blind. When Herwegh and I arrived in Strasburg from Paris, we could scarcely move anywhere without seeing at our elbow rather a stout boy, of nineteen or twenty. We asked each other, "Who can he be, and what does he want?" and heard, at last, that he was a young student from Mannheim, who had spoken big sounding words at a kind of riot in that town and had been in prison for a short time, and had in this way acquired some local notoriety and influence amongst his countrymen—I mean the people of Baden, and especially of Mannheim. He was a respectable young man, and, if he somewhat overrated his importance, this was pardonable enough. He was a great admirer of Heintzen, who became his pattern in everything, even in his style of speaking and writing, and in the art of winning a sham reputation without doing anything, especially never bringing their own dear selves into any danger, lest an unreasoning bullet might deprive the nations struggling for liberty of their main pillars.

The men of my legion, who formed the greatest part of the refugees in Strasburg, did not know either the great Heintzen or his pupil Blind, but always considered me as their chief; and this was the case also with the French government, who always applied to me in reference to German affairs.

Heintzen, who saw the influence I exerted, behaved most condescendingly to me and tried to win me over; but as his person and manners were repulsive to me, I treated him rather coldly, especially as he agitated against Hecker, whom I with pleasure acknowledged as my chief.

In order to regulate the affairs of the refugees in Strasburg, which became more difficult and complicated every day, I requested Hecker to convoke, under his authority, a general meeting of refugees in Strasburg, where all pending questions might be settled.

Hecker complied with the request, and sent Theodore Moegling. Heintzen and his party came also, and he had to answer many heavy charges. One of them was, that he had received from America three thousand dollars for the support of the refugees, but that he had never given a penny to one of them, though the general penury was very great. Heintzen did not deny the receipt of the money, but said he had received it in bills not yet due; moreover, he denied that the refugees had any right to control him, as he was responsible to the Americans only. As this was indeed the case, I took his part, only regretting that the Americans, as it appeared to me, had misplaced their confidence in such a manner.

As, however, the number of refugees in Strasburg increased every day, and most of them arrived quite destitute, it was urgently necessary

to make some arrangements for their support, and it was resolved to elect a committee of relief of three, to whom were to be delivered all contributions in money, clothes, and other things sent in from Baden and other German countries. This election did not turn out as Heintzen and his party expected. I was elected president, and my colleagues in the commission were Dr. Hammer, from Mannheim, a friend of Hecker, and M. Weber, from Mannheim, head man in a printing-office there.

I hired a room, which served as an office, and which was made known to be such by a black-red-gold flag. I had indeed a great deal to do, for there were then more than a thousand refugees in Strasburg, though many had been sent to Chalons or Besançon, where August Willich stood at their head and kept them in military order. All the business fell on my shoulders, as Dr. Hammer departed for America, and Weber found employment in a printing-office, and could not assist me.

All the refugees arriving from Germany had to report themselves at my office, as I possessed the only authority in their affairs recognized by the Government. The aid of the Government, half a franc a day to each man, railroad tickets and routes, were given only on my signature. I kept an account of all the contributions paid in from different parts of Germany, and had to provide for the most judicious employment of them;

taking, however, good care to have a voucher for every penny paid, knowing only too well the meanness of my democratic brethren. I corresponded also with the different political clubs, and with influential democrats, and received the numerous visitors from Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, etc., negotiated in secret with the troops in Baden, received and sent off and instructed spies; in a word, had to work from morning till night with scarcely a moment's rest.

Care was taken to alleviate the lot of the refugees as much as possible. Every one who called received advice and assistance, according to the means at my disposal. I had quartered the men in different hotels and inns, the landlords of which took them in on my credit, as there was not always money enough in the treasury to pay cash. I did not take one penny for myself—nay, some trinkets and even my clothes were once sold by me when instantaneous help was required. I was, however, poor myself, and though now and then earning some trifling sums for articles in newspapers (which I had scarcely time to write), I should have been very badly off had not the brave landlord of the "Rebstock," M. Schrot, who did much for all refugees, given me credit.

The refugees were a very troublesome body, and as most of them had nothing to do, they quarrelled in true German fashion amongst themselves. Nearly every day it was necessary to go to the prefecture to make excuses for their stupidity,

or to arrange their affairs. Not that all the democrats of that time were blackguards, but nearly all blackguards were democrats, or professed to be such, and we had a very large allowance of them in Strasburg.

The better part of the refugees felt grateful for the great trouble taken by me, and I was really affected when they once gave me a serenade, for which they had practised in secret for weeks. The citizens of Strasburg also acknowledged my services, and I had a great many warm friends amongst them. It was the same with the Government authorities; and the prefect of the Alsace, Dr. Eyssen, who had been near us during the fight at Niederdossenbach, was very friendly to me. He told me that it was the intention of the Government to place me at the head of the German emigration office in France, and to treat with me alone in all affairs referring to them. Even the Poles had confidence in me, and three hundred of them who were at Hagenau sent their chief to me to offer me the command of them and their services for "any eventualities."

The great influence exercised by me was wormwood to Heintzen and his party, and in opposition to the duly elected committee they elected a counter-committee, which created great confusion, and had a very bad influence on the emigrants in Strasburg. This committee had their office nearer to the German gate, and they placed there, and even at the bridge of Kehl, some

of their men, who kidnapped all persons who were coming over from Germany with money for us. The consequence was that the people in Baden did not know whom to pay, and therefore kept back their contributions.

To put an end to this, I applied again to Hecker, requesting him to throw his popularity into the balance in our favour. Accordingly he issued a proclamation, in which he and some of his friends declared that they had no connection whatever with Charles Heintzen and his party. This broke the neck of this great charlatan in Strasburg, and he left that city to live in Birsfelden, in Switzerland, not far from Muttens, where he continued his intrigues against Hecker, whilst his partisans carried on those against me with the utmost meanness and perfidy. These intrigues were of course eagerly nursed by the Government agents in Baden, and the state of things amongst the German emigrants in Strasburg presented a picture of the meanest roguery and treachery.

My position was an extremely difficult one, requiring much caution and tact, for snares were everywhere laid for me, both by Heintzen's party and by the agents of the different governments.

Were it not from fear of becoming too diffuse, I would give the reader a whole gallery of democrats of that time. A few will suffice.

Daniel Backfish was an armourer from a little place on the Neckar, and a poet into the

bargain. He was young, not only well known for his verses, but also for his roughness and enthusiasm; he exerted a great influence in his part of the country. As a smith he had a kind of right to his roughness, and everybody pardoned it, though he never showed it to me, for he liked me and was quite angry that I was not the author of Herwegh's poems, which he said were better suited to my face. He confessed himself to be a coward, and I believe he was, for he never told a falsehood He was an ultra-Republican of the reddest hue, though a very honest fellow, who would not have harmed a fly. An enthusiastic worshipper of Hecker, it was his highest desire to see his idol. Therefore once when an important letter had to be sent by me to Hecker, I confided it to him, and he was in a fever of excitement. I was very much astonished to see him return on the next day, and asked him how he had found Hecker. He looked angry, and cried, "How did I find him? D— rude I found him." On the whole journey Backfish had studied how he would address Hecker, and the longer he reflected the more poetical became his speeches. He arrived at an unlucky time, on a "menagerie day," when Hecker had been driven nearly crazy by a number of deputations, by numerous admirers, and by a serenade. When Backfish handed Hecker my letter, and commenced with a glowing face, and in a theatrical attitude, "Great man!" the German agitator could not stand it, and ex-

claimed, "Ei! Herrgott's Himmel Donnerwetter! are all the professors, fools, and enthusiasts let loose to-day!" and turned abruptly round, leaving the poor poetical armourer quite petrified. When Hecker had read my letter and learnt from it the character of its bearer, he sent for him, but the scared poet had already fled.

I have already mentioned Colonel Range von Westerburg, whom our men called Colonel Wurstenberger. He had not taken part in our expedition, and had returned to Strasburg. On my arrival he received me with some very well-meant but horrid verses. His title, age, and manner procured him some influence amongst my men, and though very humble to me, he intrigued in secret. He instituted amongst the refugees a secret association, the real purpose of which I never understood but which could not have been for any good end, as he concealed it from me, and made every newly-accepted member swear not to reveal any of the doings of the association. The colonel had intimated that he acted only as my agent, and some members were much astonished to hear from me that I did not know anything of the association. When I spoke to him he was much perplexed, but said he had intended to report the whole affair to me as soon as it should have reached a certain point.

From that time I had my eye upon him, and it seemed to me that he was acting as an agent

for some Italian recruiting officers, of whom there were several in Strasburg, and one of whom I arrested when he was trying to win over some of our men.

Money seemed the Colonel's principal aim, and when he could not get it by publishing a paper, for which he had not the least talent, he adopted more crooked ways, as I soon became aware, through a Countess Paninska, who was also a refugee in Strasburg.

I could never get any satisfactory information about this lady from any of the Poles, who seemed inclined to believe her an adventurer, if not a Russian spy. I should not be surprised if she were the same Countess Paninska who was taken up in London for swindling some eight years ago, and only recently for the same offence in Berlin.

With this suspicious character I became acquainted in the "Rebstock." She treated me with the most marked respect, paid me many compliments, and insisted on calling me "general."

She was a lady between thirty and forty years of age, and still rather handsome. She had a stately figure, and must have been charming when young. She was fair, and her beautiful blue eyes sparkled with a peculiar lustre when she became excited in conversation.

Her appearance was graceful, though her toilet was neither of fine material nor fresh. She was by birth a German, daughter of a Brunswick general, and sister-in-law to Baron von Sierstorpf, a very

rich nobleman: She was so well acquainted with the relations of all noble families, and with those of various courts, that I had no particular reason to distrust her, yet I did. It may be that this distrust was caused by the strange adventures she told, or by the strange-looking young Poles who were always around her.

The countess expressed a desire to give a large sum to our cause, if any real advantage could be gained by her doing so, and she told me that she had concealed, somewhere outside the city, a large amount of gold in an iron pot. At the same time, she told me that she had already given money to Colonel Wurstenberger, who had applied to her, and who wanted two thousand guilders more "to form a regiment." I told her my mind. The colonel did not get the money; but she did not give any to "our cause" either.

Some of her adventures are so interesting, that I cannot forbear telling a few of them, without, however, undertaking to be responsible for their veracity.

Count Paninska, her husband, had been engaged in a conspiracy in Poland, and when it was discovered, he was sentenced to transportation to Siberia. The count was, however, a Prussian subject from Posen, though he generally lived in Krakow, where he owned a house. The countess, who had the highest recommendations from the Prussian court, resolved to go to

St. Petersburg, to plead for her husband with the Emperor Nicholas. She found that her husband was in prison in Warsaw, and when she requested permission to see him on her way, she was refused in the most brutal manner by a policemaster.

On her arrival in St. Petersburg, she succeeded in getting an audience for ten o'clock a.m. next day. At the proper time she drove to the palace, taking with her her little boy, whom she told on the way that she was going to see the Russian emperor who had imprisoned his father. As she arrived too soon, she had to wait. Two officers, watch in hand, stood at the entrance of the audience-room, which they opened when the clocks struck ten. At the same moment the emperor entered through the opposite door.

On seeing this dreaded man whom she hated so bitterly, the countess fainted. The emperor led her very politely to a sofa, went away, and sent a female attendant to assist her.

When the countess had recovered, the emperor returned. I regret that I have forgotten the whole of their interesting conversation; but the emperor made the remark, "It is well, countess, that only the walls hear you." He was pleased with her handsome boy, drew him nearer, and asked him to kiss him; but the boy broke from him, and cried, "I do not kiss a Russian!" and fled to his frightened mother. The emperor, though somewhat annoyed, lifted the boy on the table, stroked his cheeks, and

said, "Well, no doubt, yours is true Polish blood."

The emperor pardoned the count, but assured him that his head would be the forfeit if he ever again took part in any conspiracy. When the countess left, after thanking the emperor, he said, "Well, countess, this pardon has not cost you much trouble—not even the usual prostration." She answered, "Your majesty, I only kneel before my God." And with that the audience terminated.

The countess was the bearer of a letter to the uncivil policemaster in Warsaw, who was reprimanded for his rudeness, and ordered to set the count at liberty. The couple left that city after their happiness had been increased by the birth of another child.

The count afterwards took part in the insurrection in Krakow, and was killed there. His eldest son had died, and his youngest child was killed in Krakow by a bullet. The countess was at the time I speak of quite alone.

She told me of some adventures she had had in Berlin with the police; but suspecting them to be more or less apocryphal, I will dismiss the countess, of whom I did not hear anything more after leaving Strasburg.

Strasburg was in those days teeming with spies, and it was said that one of the most dangerous was a German, a Dr. Kraetzer, employed in the Foreign Office in Paris, but who, notwith-

standing this, became a member of our committee. He rendered us many services, was very zealous in our behalf, and we had no secrets from him.

After a time, he received orders from the secretary to go to Strasburg, and to make preparations there for the establishment of a statistical bureau. He treated this, his principal business, however, rather lightly, and spent all his time with the refugees, whom he treated with wine, etc., and amongst whom he won many friends. He even went to Switzerland, with the intention of seeing Hecker, but did not succeed in being admitted to Muttens, though he stayed several days in Basel with that object.

I had long suspected him, and my suspicions were increased in Strasburg, on my ascertaining that he now and then visited Carlsruhe, and under an assumed name. Asking him point-blank if this were true, he said these journeys were connected with his statistical bureau, for which purpose he had much to arrange with the French minister in Baden, moreover, as none of the French gentlemen of the legation in Carlsruhe had the least knowledge of German affairs, he had to assist them. This sounded plausible enough. I kept my suspicions to myself. He therefore always believed that I remained his dupe, until by chance he learned differently.

Travelling with Kraetzer from Basel to Strasburg, we met on the road a refugee whom I had sent over to Baden on a secret mission. As he

had no idea of my suspicions of Dr. Kraetzer, he commenced his report in his presence, to which the spy listened with all his ears. When my messenger touched on dangerous matter, I stopped him suddenly by a pressure of his arm and a significant look.

On our arrival in Strasburg, Dr. Kraetzer kept close to my side, so that no explanation could be given by me to my messenger, who went away quite perplexed, and told the occurrence to another refugee, who was very intimate with Kraetzer.

The discovered spy then came pale with rage to the Rebstock, and asked for an explanation in the presence of some of the refugees, especially of the party opposing me. I was very angry at the awkwardness of my agent; but not liking to make a scene, I told Kraetzer I had no suspicions whatever, but thought it proper to warn my messenger to stop when he touched on matters which he, as an *employé* of the French government, might perhaps not be permitted to know.

Though he seemed satisfied with my explanation, he felt by no means easy; for my suspicions were very prejudicial to his trade as a spy. He resolved, therefore, to do all he could to ruin my credit with the French government, especially with Dr. Eyssen, the prefect of the Alsace, in which he succeeded.

One of the refugees had started a little paper, which he called the "Freischaerler;" and, as he importuned me with requests for contributions, I

wrote an article now and then. Once, on my calling on the prefect, he showed me a number of this paper, and with an air of regret pointed to an article on Lamartine, which was not laudatory, telling me that I had been mentioned as its author. I would not deny it, and he dismissed me with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

The government of Baden, probably informed by Kraetzer of my activity, had written many urgent letters on my behalf to the French government; and this, in combination with Kraetzer's denunciations, took effect. A telegraphic despatch from M. Sénard, the secretary of the interior, ordered the "chef de bande Corvin" to leave Strasburg in twenty-four hours. With the exception of Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, and Rouen, I was, however, permitted to live in any other city of France.

I declared to the prefect that I would not obey this order. Nothing had been done by me contrary to the French laws; and being in possession of French patents, which had been paid for by me, and which would expire if I did not make use of them, I would apply to the law and claim my right to stay where I pleased in France. The prefect then threatened to give me up to the German governments. At this I laughed in his face, saying I should like to see the French republic dishonour itself by such an infamous act, especially as the government of that republic had encouraged us in our enterprise, and had even furnished us with means for it. The

prefect gave me three days for reflection. These three days were employed by those who were my friends among the citizens of Strasburg in making interest with the republican club in my favour. I was present at the interesting session of the club in which my affairs were discussed. Its result was that a deputation went to the prefect and protested against my expulsion; on which I was permitted to stay.

On the evening of this session, an event took place which produced very great excitement, not only amongst the refugees, but still more amongst the citizens of Strasburg. I had arranged this little scene in order to give a good lesson to the spies, whom the German governments sent over to watch our movements.

I had been informed that Professor Dr. Rauschenblatt came sometimes to Strasburg and stayed there for a day or two. This Rauschenblatt, while yet a student, had taken part in the Frankfort disturbances of 1833, which has been already spoken of. For a time he lived in Paris, with Eduard Desor and his friends, but then went to Strasburg, where he was received in the most hospitable manner by all the inhabitants, which pleased him so much, that he remained in Strasburg until 1848, when he went away leaving a great many debts. Having made his peace with the government, he became so zealous in its service that he even took an active part in the hostilities against the democrats, rendering his services as an aide-

de-camp to General Gagern in the fight at Kandern. The citizens of Strasburg were indignant, and those amongst them who were most excited vowed vengeance.

Having given instructions to that effect beforehand, one evening, just as I was going to the session of the republican club, a note was delivered to me informing me that Doctor Rauschenblatt was in a certain room in a certain house. Having reasons for not mixing up the refugees in this affair, I advised them to keep in the background, and to let our Strasburg friends act. To one of them I sent the token agreed upon, and the preconcerted machinery was set working.

A deputation of citizens went to the prefect, and demanded that the traitor should be arrested. The prefect replied that he could not order his arrest except on some lawful ground; but, as Rauschenblatt had plenty of creditors, a reason was soon found.

The news of what was going on spread through Strasburg like a running fire, and the house where "the traitor" was concealed was surrounded by a dense crowd, while some fanatical refugees watched his door, and citizens armed with daggers to kill him if he should try to escape, stood on a dark back staircase.

The crowd around the house became more and more dense and more excited every moment. They roared out threatening words, and demanded the head of the vile traitor. Even the gend'armes

who were ordered out for the protection of Rauschenblatt took, in an underhand way, the part of the people; and when the soldiers arrived, and heard the cause of the riot they came to suppress, they took off their bayonets. Rauschenblatt was frightened nearly to death, though a courageous man; and indeed he had some cause for fear. On coming from the session, I was astonished at the storm which had been conjured up by me.

The prefect and chief of the police at last succeeded in calming the people by an assurance that Rauschenblatt should be arrested; for which purpose a carriage was brought, to which the frightened spy was led through a lane formed by gend'armes and soldiers.

Some of the refugees were, however, afraid lest he should be brought over the bridge into Baden at night, and they therefore bivouacked near the bridge, intending, in that case, to throw the traitor into the Rhine. They waited, however, in vain; it was not until the following night that Rauschenblatt was taken over the bridge protected by a strong escort.

This example was, however, of no great use, for we discovered several more spies, one of whom succeeded so well with Struve, that he was made a captain in another absurd expedition in the autumn, of which hereafter.

The revolutionary agitation in Baden, however, was by no means at an end. A monster meeting was to take place in Ettlingen, where all the demo-

cratic clubs were to be represented. I therefore sent some agents to the meeting, with letters, in which I advised them to pay the utmost attention to the army, as a revolution without its concurrence had little hope of success in Germany. I had good reasons to expect that, at a fresh outbreak, the Baden army would be on the side of the people. The soldiers generally corresponded with me by means of their sweethearts, who carried the letters to Strasburg and took verbal answers back with them. Not rarely soldiers in disguise came over, and once a whole detachment of about thirty men, who wanted to stay with me; at another time a company of cavalry offered to join us. I persuaded them, however, to return to their garrison, to be fed by the grand-duke, for we had but little money; telling them that when the right moment should come, they would receive notice; and meanwhile they might win over the rest of their comrades.

One of my autograph letters fell into the hands of the Baden minister, Beck, who made a skilful use of the accident. The prohibition of all democratic clubs in Baden was the consequence.

Meanwhile, the revolt in Paris in June had been suppressed by Cavaignac; the clubs lost their power, and a new despatch from Paris ordered my expulsion from France. I was desired to leave by the half-past four p.m. train for Switzerland, and a French passport was offered, which, however, I declined.

The quarrels between the two committees had now reached its highest point, and at the head of my opponents stood the young student before-named, Charles Blind. My repeated offers of a reconciliation had been rejected with disdain; but when the money contributions from Germany were kept back and friends from Mannheim advised them to make peace, Blind and his party at last gave in. On the very day on which I was ordered to leave Strasburg we had made an appointment, at which a new committee was to be elected; as very able men had arrived from Germany, amongst whom I will only name the president of the association of artizans in Cologne, M. Jansen, and M. Boening, from Wiesbaden, who were my devoted friends and of whom I shall have to speak at some other time.

The new organization of our society and other things took much time, and it was past four p.m. when I returned to my hotel, where the Countess Paninska was waiting for me. Whilst conversing with her the time allowed me passed away without my being aware of it.

About five o'clock a waiter entered and told me that the whole hotel was surrounded by gend'armes and policemen. So it was, indeed; when the police saw that I had not gone by the train, they came to the hotel, probably with the intention of arresting me when I left it; for they would not, or dared not enter the house of Mr. Schrot, who was a captain in the national

guard, and a mg respected citizen. The gen-
d'armes and pol hen could, however, through
the open window, s me talking with the Countess.

Towards evening I went to a room on the first floor, took my supper, and began to make my toilet, for I had resolved to give the police the slip. For this purpose I dressed as a carrier. The gentle hands of the landlord's pretty daughter led me through various passages, through the ironing rooms and kitchen into the yard, where the ostler gave me a lanthorn and a whip, and then went out with me through a back-door leading to a narrow lane. The policemen on guard had no idea that the loutish carrier who followed the ostler was the "chef de bande Corvin," whom they had, however, seen and known for months. Maybe they did not want to see me, for the Prefect of Police, M. Pfister, was by no means my enemy. In another street I met three of my most reliable men, who accompanied me to the Ruppertsau. This is a district between Strasburg and the Rhine, in which are many farms and cottages, where I soon found a secluded retreat, and assumed another name.

The Prefect of Police had told me that I was only prohibited from living in France, not from visiting it, and that I might perhaps live in Kehl. He knew very well that I could not live in this place which belonged to Baden, but I understood his hint, and took up my residence in the Ruppertsau, from whence I now and then s

visited the Rebstock, whilst so[illegible] my confidants came to see me. After ten [illegible] I arrived openly in Strasburg for a visit. T[illegible] prefect, however, only permitted me a sojourn[illegible] of three days, and giving me to understand th[illegible]t my living in Ruppertsau had been denounce[illegible]d to him by some of my German friends, he desire[illegible]d me not to vanish again through the chimney, but to depart in such a manner as that he could r[illegible]eport it. I, therefore, announced my intention to set off for Germany, and some thirty of my f[illegible]iends accompanied me to the diligence going to Landau. My purpose was, however, only to go to Weissenburg, the last French town, and to return secretly to the Ruppertsau.

I alighted i[illegible] Weissenburg at the Angel hotel, kept by the bro[illegible]her of the owner of the Rebstock, and lived there for several months in a small back room under th[illegible]e name of Alfred Meister. In order to get some m[illegible]oney (for I had not even enough to return to S[illegible]trasburg), I wrote articles for the "Morgenbla[illegible]tt" and other papers, and killed my time by wri[illegible]ting letters and reading.

Prepara[illegible]tions were made to seize on a certain day the cit[illegible]ies of Mannheim, Heidelberg, Rastatt, Carlsruhe, Friburg, and Constance, and other operation[illegible]s were planned, but all was spoilt by events w[illegible]th which neither Hecker, nor his friends, nor my[illegible]self had anything to do.

W[illegible]rned by experience, Struve had not been [illegible]de[illegible]cquainted with our designs, and he worked

on his own account, together with Loewenfels, and other men of the same kind. I heard something of their plans, but hoped they would have no result. When I was still in Strasburg, Loewenfels had called on me and requested me to give him a certificate that he did not run away from the legion, but had been compelled by sickness to leave it!

All that passed in Vienna and Berlin was watched by me with great attention. I was in communication with both cities and, expecting that a new outbreak would shortly take place in Vienna, I caused some of my friends to go there, intending to follow them as soon as I could procure means for the journey. One of these friends was a former Austrian officer, M. Albert, who was afterwards engaged in the Hungarian revolution, then went to Turkey, was received with other Hungarian refugees in Asia Minor, and was obliged to become a Turk! I have forgotten his Turkish name; the rank affixed to it corresponded with that of major. Many years later I met M. Albert in the United States, as colonel and chief of Fremont's staff.

I had never expected anything from the Parliament in Frankfort, nor from that dummy of a regent, the Archduke John. Revolutions are not to be carried on with words only, but these were all they gave in Frankfort and Berlin. The republican party in Frankfort got tired, and excited a riot, I suppose to "purify" the national parlia-

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ment of its reactionary elements. The murders of Prince Lichnowoski and General Auerswald in this riot, which was suppressed by Prussian soldiers, had very bad results; for they afforded the governments a pretext to send troops where none had been before, and where we did not want them at all; for instance, in Mannheim.

One day a friend from the Palatinate came to Wissembourg, and presented to me one of the chief originators of this Frankfort riot, M. Esselen. He was a young man of about twenty-two years of age. He gave me the impression of "ambitious mediocrity." He might, however, serve as a type of nine-tenths of the republican fire-eaters of that time.

M. Esselen complained much of Germain Metternich, another of the principal actors in this riot, whom he accused of cowardice; stating that at the most critical moment he had run away to Hanau, under pretext of bringing assistance from there. This was the same Metternich who had acted as second to my adversary in a pistol-duel I had had in Mayence. I gave Esselen a letter of recommendation to M. Jansen, in Strasburg, and did the same to M. von Diepenbrock, who was also, a few days later, smuggled over the frontier by a friend from Landau.

Some time afterwards, Struve's expedition took place. The wit of the people called it the "Struvelpeter," as the "Regierungs-Director" of the lake district, M. Peter, took part in it, and

the children's book, "Struvelpeter," was then still fresh in memory.

This undertaking of Struve appeared to me especially untimely and silly; and the whole affair proved that Struve, though a most excellent revolutionary agitator, was utterly unfit to be a leader.

This insurrection took place with the knowledge of the Baden minister, Beck; at least it was provoked by his agents. This line of conduct was like that of Beck, and was, indeed judicious at that time, when the government was fully prepared to meet such a "putsch," and thus obtained a pretext for taking measures which prevented the execution of greater and more matured undertakings, of which mention has been previously made, and of which the secretary might have had some vague forebodings.

An agent of Minister Beck, a certain Frederick Zeiler, from Ladenburg, went to Chalons, and there gained the confidence of the credulous Struve, and of other refugees. Confidential letters and messages to Baden were intrusted to him, and could not be placed in better hands! He was even made acquainted with different places where arms had been concealed, and the names of all persons with whom Struve was in connection were given to him. The consequence was that many persons were arrested, and examined about things which could only have been known through Struve himself, for Zeiler took good care not to appear.

This able spy had procured specimens of the handwriting of all chiefs of the emigration, which were lithographed and sent to every post-office, with orders to stop all letters addressed in such writing.

Besides this, many persons in Baden were induced to write letters to Struve, in which they gave most exaggerated accounts of the favourable disposition of the people towards his plans, and said that all were eagerly waiting for the signal from him to rise, and that money, arms, and ammunition were ready for him. Struve, always too sanguine in his hopes, took it all for truth, and fell at once into the trap set for him.

My inactive life in Wissembourg made me very impatient, and much inclined to jump at any revolutionary bait; and in spite of my better judgment, I thought for a moment of taking part in this "putsch," and even of using some of our own machinery. But on hearing that Struve had made Loewenfels military leader of his expedition, I changed my mind.

My distrust was perfectly justified by the result. In the fight which took place at Stauffen, in Baden, Loewenfels behaved in so cowardly a manner, that he never dared to show his face afterwards. What became of him I know not. Struve and Blind were taken prisoners.

The government would have liked to take Loewenfels, and a certain Nief, who lived then on the French frontier. For this purpose Zeiler

made the acquaintance of the younger brother of Blind, who was in the military school at Carlsruhe and to whom his epaulettes were promised if he would lend his hand in capturing these two men. Young Blind feigned to enter into Zeiler's proposal, but made use of this intimacy to become acquainted with many measures of the government, in order to warn persons who were threatened. Young Blind told me all this himself.

Zeiler had even the assurance to propose to Minister Beck to murder Loewenfels and Nief, by way of getting rid of them! When this proposal was rejected, he urged young Blind to do something decisive; and the latter made for that purpose a journey to Strasburg, where however he cautioned the refugees against Zeiler, whose arrival he announced. When the spy came to Strasburg, he was captured by the refugees, who took from him his papers, which contained, amongst other interesting disclosures, the proofs that the insurrection led by Struve had been provoked by the government. Struve had made the spy Zeiler captain and leader of his advanced-guard! Willich narrowly escaped falling into a trap set for him by this confidential agent of Struve.

I saw that for the moment all hope of undertaking anything advantageous for our cause in Baden was over; nor did things in Vienna advance as I expected. I agreed therefore to

the proposal of Mad. Corvin (who had left Strasburg some months before), to join her in Berlin.

In that city Held had now attained an eminent position; he was, as it were, the dictator of Berlin, and the idol of the people. On inquiry, he heard that the Prussian government would not prosecute any of those persons who had been involved in the insurrection in Baden in the spring of 1848, and that I should not be molested in Berlin if I did not make myself disagreeable and prominent. As our publisher insisted on the continuation of our "Universal History," and Held moreover offered me the co-editorship of the "Locomotive," which had been resuscitated as a daily paper, I resolved to accede to the wish of my wife, arrived in Berlin on October 15th, 1848, and took lodgings in the same house with Held.

CHAPTER V.

State of affairs in Berlin during the revolutionary period—Held—His rivals—"My idea"—Intrigues of the government—Its effects—Political clubs—The second Democratic Congress—Resolution to support the besieged Vienna—Arnold Ruge—Popular meeting—The so-called Storm Petition to the National Assembly—The committee of the Democratic Congress sitting in permanence—Scene in the socialistic club—The government orders the transfer of the National Assembly to Brandenburg — Passive resistance—General von Wrangel re-enters Berlin with the guards—End of the revolution—State of siege and martial law—A conversation with Baron von Manteuffel—The attempted monster meeting in Zehlendorf—Departure.

I ARRIVED in Berlin at a very interesting time. The whole city had caught the democratic fever; when listening to the high-sounding speeches in the different clubs, and if one believed in the assertions made there, not a half-penny would have been given for monarchy in Prussia.

Instead of the proud guard-officers who at other times strutted complacently in the streets, only the "Buergerwehr" militia were to be seen. Now and then some soldier of a regiment of the line stole nervously through the crowd. All the gates and public buildings were guarded by the militia.

The "Linden" had altogether changed their appearance. Most of the palaces were empty, and a handsome carriage was a rarity, for the king and the court, with all connected with it, had forsaken this city so tainted with democracy. I did not miss it, for the life and the doings of the people in the streets were far more interesting to me than what was then called the "noble mob."

Everywhere crowds were assembled in the streets, to whom popular democrats expounded the true principles of democracy, and if they did not understand them themselves, they were satisfied with repeating certain democratic phrases which never failed to produce their effect. "Flying booksellers," as the newspaper boys were called, cried new "placards" with most original titles. At that time the leaders of the popular movement in Berlin spoke to the people not only in the clubs and by the newspapers, but generally by monstrous placards which covered the walls, or were the chief article of sale of the "flying booksellers."

The place of the court in Berlin was then occupied by the National Assembly, which held their sessions in the Theatre Royal, I suppose to indicate that the government considered the whole affair as a comedy. His Majesty's regular comedians had holidays, and, instead of admiring their performances, the people assembled in the evening in the many different clubs, and listened to the

high-sounding phrases of would-be Marats and Robespierres. In a word, Berlin was altogether changed, and it was everywhere evident that it had passed through a revolution.

The most prominent and most talented democratic leader in the city at that time was without doubt Held.

Whilst I witnessed the revolution in Paris and took part in the popular demonstrations in Baden, Held mixed in the revolution in Berlin, and his eminent oratorical talent soon procured for him the first place amongst the popular leaders. All the men were enthusiastic about him, still more so their wives and daughters, who showered love-letters and laurel crowns upon him. His portrait was to be seen in every house, and his bust in every restaurant, or public-house. The people did everything he wished, and his influence was so great at that time, that ministers stayed in office or resigned at his will.

Held's exterior had much improved with age. He was then a tall, rather stout man, with a short bull neck. His fair, slightly-curled hair was combed back, by which his forehead, which indicated thought, was displayed to advantage The lower part of his face was entirely covered by an extremely full red beard reaching half-way down his chest. When Held stood on the tribune his appearance was classic. He possessed a powerful and sonorous voice, which enabled him to speak so as to be plainly understood by thousands.

He did not make use of the hackneyed phrases of the democrats, but carried his audience away by his logical arguments and his wit. Nor did he flatter the people, but told them bitter truths, yet without offending them. His language was never vulgar, often poetical, and his wit was as keen and sharp as lightning.

Held had of course many enemies amongst the envious would-be leaders of the democracy, not one of whom was worthy to untie his shoe-strings, so far as talent was concerned; but he gave them too many advantages by his careless conduct.

Moreover, he soon became disgusted with his common-place fellow democrats, and was convinced that the whole revolution would end in nothing under their impotent leadership. In order to secure at least some beneficial results from it, he conceived an idea, which he announced to the astonished people in a placard entitled, "My idea."

This idea was nothing less than to compel Frederick William IV. to abdicate in favour of his brother, the present king, who would have to sign a constitution drawn up by Held, and then be proclaimed German emperor.

The present king, however, was then unpopular, and Held's "idea" was premature. His enemies amongst the democratic leaders made a very good use of this "idea," and Held became not only less popular, but was even suspected, especially because, in reference to this idea, he was obliged to

confer with Baron von Katte, the president of the Prussian association, in which the "Junker" party were represented. Traps were laid for Held; conversations held by him with von Katte were overheard by spies, and purposely misunderstood, published, and commented upon in the most malicious manner. Thus even many of his most zealous admirers became doubtful. False reports were spread and believed to the effect that he had received large sums from the monarchical party.

I arrived in Berlin on the 15th October, and lived with Held. The government had by that time nearly recovered from their panic and were rather ashamed of having withdrawn the guards from Berlin. They dared not yet, however, send these troops back to the city for fear of a new outbreak, which might prove dangerous, so long as the citizens and the *proletaires* remained on good terms. To create disunion, and if possible to bring about a conflict between these two classes was therefore the aim of the government agents, in the hope that this might furnish a plausible pretext for the return of the guards. For this purpose the government won over some low fellows, promising them a large sum if they would stir up the labourers to commit excesses, and if possible cause the erection of some barricades. In consequence of these machinations an ill-feeling sprung up between the proletarate and the citizens, who formed the militia; and when, on the 16th of October, the report was spread in Berlin that

outside one of the gates the militia had fired on some disorderly labourers, the whole population was much excited. It was said that barricades were erected in some part of the city, and a bloody encounter was expected.

Held and I resolved to proceed to the supposed battle-field. Held's appearance in the street caused the greatest excitement. All the passers-by cheered him, and from all windows voices called out: "There is Held!" Men, women, and children, came running from their houses to greet him, and to shake hands with him.

A crowd of nearly a thousand persons followed us to our great annoyance. As we could not get rid of our cortège, I requested Held to remain behind with his admirers, whilst I would advance to the barricades and see what was going on. This, indeed, was not much. In the Rosstreet, some persons had upset a cart, had added to it a few boards and beams, and had barred the street by this impediment, which did not offer protection even against a bullet. Behind this sham barricade stood five or six drunken, dirty fellows, two or three of whom carried dilapidated guns. The people standing about looked on in wonder, but were otherwise quite indifferent; and I saw at once that it was an affair prearranged by government agents.

Held was of the same opinion; but as we could not tell what might result from it, we

resolved to be on our guard. To get rid of our noisy cortège, we jumped into a cab, and drove to the place of meeting of the machine-labourers, who for the most part belonged to the establishment of M. Borsig, who formed a well-organized and well-armed corps of four thousand men, and who were considered as Held's body-guard. These working men were much devoted to him. His laurel-crowned bust was placed in their assembly hall, and they implicitly followed his bidding. This body-guard was an object of great envy to Held's rivals, who did all they could to prejudice the devoted labourers against their idol, and not without success.

On this day, the measures of the government had not fully the desired effect. A conflict was indeed brought about between the militia and the proletariat, and a few persons were killed; but the riot was not such as to cause the citizens to call for the assistance of the regular army, as was expected.

Held introduced me to several political clubs, and I became a member of Buergewehr, and of the "Socialistic Club." The latter had been founded by Held, and he was its president. There his whole political family was assembled around him, and thousands of persons were to be seen every evening, especially when it was known that Held would be in the chair. Round his tribune there was always a dense circle of women, who listened with great attention to the clear speeches of their hero, which were intelli-

gible to the most simple understanding. These were not only women belonging to the demi-monde (such as were to be found in many of the other clubs) but the wives and daughters of respectable tradesmen. It was quite amusing to see them sitting there, industriously knitting and listening. It reminded me of the *tricoteuses* of the first French revolution.

It would take up too much time to relate all the intrigues of his jealous rivals against Held: it may be sufficient to say that they met with success, because Held treated them with imprudent indifference and contempt, cared more for his amusements than for politics, and even neglected his "Locomotive," which had been revived as a daily paper.

As I had formerly exerted a great influence over Held, his wife and mine earnestly desired my presence in Berlin, hoping that I might succeed in setting him right. The first thing was to take care of the much-neglected "Locomotive;" but in other respects it was difficult to influence him, for he had become rather conceited.

At that time the "second democratic congress" assembled in Berlin, and all the German cities and democratic clubs sent their delegates there. Held was elected by the Buergewehr Club, and I represented the Socialistic Club.

Held's enemies were very much afraid lest, by his eminent oratorical talent, he might take the leadership in this congress, and they did all in

their power to prejudice the foreign members against him. Nay, they went so far as to propose his expulsion from the congress, though he had been elected by the most respectable club in Berlin. They did not succeed in this however; but when Held began to speak in his defence, they were so much afraid of his eloquence that they prevented him from proceeding, by hissing, laughing, and stamping with their feet. This was disgraceful, and the congress was altogether a farce. It professed to represent the whole democratic party in Germany; but against this I must protest, in the name both of that party and of common sense. There were indeed several of the most respectable, most talented democrats of Germany present; but the commonplace, insolent mediocrity were absolutely in the majority. This circumstance is easily to be explained. The people had not become acquainted with the wretched cowardice and worthlessness of this mediocrity, for the democrats had not had yet any opportunity of showing their true colours in action. Hitherto they had only spoken bravely, and the inexperienced people took all they said for sterling coin. Hollow phrases were everywhere dominant, and those who best understood the use of the revolutionary jargon, were elected in the different committees, and also as delegates for this ridiculous congress. The less said about it the better.

It was the duty of the delegates of the different

German states to report on the position of the democratic party in their respective countries, and as Baden had sent no representative, I undertook to describe the state of things in that part of Germany. When I told the congress that we might expect a revolution in Baden within six months and that the whole of the regular army in Baden would side with the people, my statement was doubted by many and was ridiculed by Held's enemies, who extended their animosity to me, as they saw us always together. Though as unequivocal proofs had been given by me of my democratic feelings, as any member of the congress, the democratic Mannheim "Evening Gazette" had the impudence to write: "Baden suffered in being represented by an equivocal refugee, Corvin!"

At that time Vienna was besieged by the Prince of Windishgraetz. A runaway from that city described the precarious position of the democratic party there, and the congress resolved to take measures for its support. A manifesto to the German people was to be issued, and a petition in reference to this affair was to be presented to the Prussian National Assembly by all the democrats of Berlin next day. Arnold Ruge had the manifesto already printed in his pocket, and it was accepted.

The congress resolved also to hold a great popular meeting in the "Thiergarten," previous to the delivery of the "Storm Petition," and as the people of Berlin had heard sufficient from

their own orators, delegates (members of the congress) from other parts of Germany were requested to address the people.

This meeting was a most ridiculous farce. It was not attended by a thousand persons, women, servant-girls, and hucksters included. Professor Bayerhofer of Marburg, and M. Braklow of Altona, spoke very well. A crazy fellow from Dresden, whose name I have forgotten, acted as clown, and Arnold Ruge, who meant very well, and took the farce in good earnest, increased its absurdity by making the people, nursery-girls and waiters included, swear all kinds of solemn oaths with uplifted hands.

The "Storm Petition" next day was an utter failure. The whole procession consisted of about six hundred persons, whose number was of course increased by a mob as it approached the theatre where the "National Assembly" was in session.

The petition demanded nothing less than that Prussian troops should be ordered to assist the besieged Vienna democrats. This demand was so childishly naïf, that its originator ought to have been transferred immediately to a lunatic asylum.

When the petition had been delivered to the assembly, the armed corps of the machine-labourers appeared on the Gend'arme market (Theatre-place). Though the democratic congress had ordered that that place should be evacuated by the people after the delivery of the petition, they would not go, but waited for the

decision of the assembly. Ruge, who had raised this ghost, was now in the position of Goethe's "Zauber-lehrling;" the enchanted broom would not become a broom again. He harangued the people from the steps of the great staircase. In vain; he was not Held, and he was not heard. Then he engaged two street democrats, Lindenmueller and Karbe.

The former was a man of the name of Mueller, who had formed a kind of street-club, which met unter den Linden, wherefore its president was called Lindenmueller, a name which he kept until he died in exile in New York. Old Karbe was a confectioner. The nonsense talked by these two democratic worthies did not seem likely to disperse the people; but a good shower, which cooled the enthusiasm of the Berliners, was more effectual and sent them home.

The petition was to be discussed in the National Assembly the same evening, and everybody was anxious about the result. A ticket to the tribunes was sold for five thalers. I got one; but hearing nothing worth a sixpence, I left and amused myself with observing the crowd outside. The excitement seemed to be really dangerous, for even the rain had no effect. The popular leaders (the two lunatics above-mentioned) and some other not much more sensible people, harangued the crowd, and tried to convince them of the necessity of a new revolution. The entrances to the theatre were guarded, and torches were

provided for the purpose of recognizing the members who voted against the petition, that no friend of the people might be hung by mistake; for such was the fate reserved for the "traitors," and it was said that a number of ragamuffins had ropes ready for the purpose.

I drove with Held to the Socialistic Club, where we found about two thousand persons assembled, who were very much excited, for a boldly-talking young Israelitish member had tried his best to convince them that a revolution was necessary that very night. Moreover, "a committee of the democratic congress, sitting in permanence," had sent in a note, asking the club whether it was prepared to support the revolution with all the means in its power on the same night. The expressions of this note were, however, by no means very plain, and there were differences in regard to its real meaning.

When Held took the chair the meeting became a little more composed. The first thing he did was to read the exciting note, and he reduced its confused words to the simple question: "Will the Socialistic Club support the revolution with an armed band to-night?" This plain explanation was opposed by some members, and in order to be certain as to the exact meaning of the note, the meeting resolved to send a deputation to the "committee sitting in permanence." As, however, some hot-blooded democrats cried out that too much time would

be lost by such a proceeding, since it was already past nine o'clock, Held proposed, during the absence of the deputation, to take a vote on the question "Whether a revolution were to be begun that night or not?" This question was, however, at once answered in the affirmative by acclamation. "Well," said Held, who knew with whom he had to deal, "I also vote for it on this condition, that every one who is resolved to take part in the fight shall put down his name on this list. But every one of such subscribers who shall be missing at the meeting this night shall lose his head as soon as he is discovered. For this I give you my word."

Held, myself, and a third gentleman had been elected to form the deputation, and we drove to the café in the Jaegerstrasse, from which the note was dated. On inquiring for the "committee of the democratic congress sitting in permanence," we were shown into a room, where we found about a dozen boys, who were eating their supper and drinking beer. It was with difficulty that we kept our countenances, and Held asked with earnest dignity for the president. An agreeable-looking young man of the name of Dortu, from Potsdam, rose from his supper, and looked very red and embarrassed, when Held required an explanation of the note directed to the Socialistic Club, and informed him of the version that had been put upon it. Young democrats are not at all fond of plain and intelligible expres-

sions, and all present were very much perplexed, stammered excuses, and abused the Berlin democrats, who had misrepresented the feelings of the Berlin people. These brave boys were much ashamed of their presumption when they found themselves face to face with men, and declared that they were not indeed able to act as leaders, but that they were ready to fight and die for the cause of the people.

I believed this the more readily as I immediately afterwards had an evidence of their courage and zeal. Opposite the café in the street were some empty barrels, and some street boys were amusing themselves with throwing stones against them, which produced a sound very similar to the report of guns. All present jumped up in the greatest confusion from their seats, and laughing most heartily, we left these "in permanence" beer-drinking youths.

On our way back, as we passed the Gens-d'arme market, we found a great crowd there. The machine-labourers' corps had appeared there against the advice of Held. A conflict took place with the militia, who advanced with fixed bayonets and drums beating against the crowd, who dispersed on all sides. We expected a volley; but no serious fight occurred, though one of the machine-labourers was killed by a bayonet.

When we returned to our club the numbers present had considerably diminished. Only *seven*

persons had entered their names on the list, and most of these were known to us as government spies. After proclaiming this brilliant result to the meeting, Held burnt the papers without naming the seven heroes.

The night passed without any disturbances; the leaders of the Berlin democracy had, however, served the purposes of the government as well as if they had been paid for it. A pretext was now found for transferring the seat of the National Assembly to Brandenbourg, in order to protect it against the violence of the people. As a great number of members refused obedience to this measure, General von Wrangel entered Berlin with his guards.

Everybody, even the soldiers themselves, expected a fight, for nobody could imagine that the fifty thousand militia (every one of whom had served for several years in the regular army!) would surrender the capital without a shot, and permit the forcible dissolution of the National Assembly. General Rimpler, the commander of the militia of Berlin, was, however, in concert with General Wrangel. This old worthy was received at the gates by the Vestales of Berlin, who rejoiced at the return of their best customers, and showered flowers upon the soldiers.

I saw the advanced guard pass under my windows, for I lived quite close to the Gens-d'arme market. They were perfectly prepared for a battle, but no resistance being offered,

they occupied the Gensd'arme market, and placed a battery opposite the theatre. Before this building stood the militia who had sworn to defend the National Assembly with their lives. As I wanted to see how the affairs would end I went to the place. It was impossible to help smiling on looking at the poor militiamen, who stared with dismay at the mouths of the guns right before them. The most miserable object, however, was the militia general who stood on foot before Wrangel (who remained in his saddle), like a schoolboy who expects a good flogging. "Well," said Wrangel, "you may now go home with your militia; you are no longer required." General Rimpler said he would remain on his post for eight days at least, on which Wrangel retorted that he would remain there a fortnight. The end of this whole pre-arranged affair was that the militia surrendered all the guard-houses and public buildings to the regular troops, and the old order of things was restored.

Next morning, at the time when the National Assembly usually commenced its session, I went to the theatre. I found the president and several members standing before the locked door. The soldiers inside the house refused to open, and told the representatives of the people to go home. The president sent for a locksmith, but as the soldiers still resisted, the gentlemen remained outside.

A most ridiculous game at hide and seek now began between the National Assembly and the

soldiers. The representatives of the Prussian nation were driven from one locality to another, and when the president would not leave the place, the soldiers carried him down stairs in his chair and placed him outside the door. Big words were spoken, but little was done, for all Berlin was enthusiastic for "passive resistance!"

Berlin was now declared in a state of siege, and the military authorities governed everything according to martial law. All persons who were not citizens of Berlin received orders to leave the place within twenty-four hours. An order was sent to me, but not to Held, for he was born in Berlin, and at home there. All democratic papers were suppressed and amongst them, of course, "The Locomotive." General Wrangel seemed to intend to force the democratic authors into submission by starving them. Held and myself each lost several hundreds a month; and if I were to leave Berlin, I should also lose my income derived from my "Universal History," which I was writing together with Held, and be reduced to poverty.

Not really knowing where to go and wanting to work with Held at our Universal History, I remonstrated with Wrangel against my expulsion. He, however, left the decision to the chief of the police, M. von Hinkeldey, who insisted on my leaving Berlin. There were, however, amongst the higher police officers some who had served us formerly, and who had reason to make themselves agreeable to us; for were we to inform against them they would

lose their places. One of them told me that if I were only reported as gone I might stay in Berlin. On this advice I acted, kept at home in the daytime, and only took an airing at night. This was, however, a most uncomfortable life, and I wanted to alter it in some way or other. One of my acquaintances was an intimate friend of the Prussian Prime Minister, Baron von Manteuffel, and I got him to inquire whether my stay in Berlin might be permitted under the promise not to meddle with politics, but to occupy myself only with my historical works. In consequence of this the secretary desired to see me. He received me with great politeness, and I had a conversation with him of about an hour. Baron von Manteuffel was a man who reminded me at the same time of MM. Thiers and Guizot.

We spoke of the insurrection in Baden in the spring, and my description of our adventures seemed to interest him much. Then our conversation turned on the state of things in Berlin, and the suppression of the "Locomotive." When I requested his permission to stay in Berlin, he told me to send in a written petition and to remain until I should receive an answer. He did not enforce any conditions, but asked one question, which, however, need not be answered if I did not wish; whether I had any connections with Arnold Ruge? I told him that I had never spoken with M. Ruge, and only knew him by sight.

Baron von Manteuffel expressed his regret at seeing me engaged in these democratic affairs. Turning the inside of my glove outside, I said, shrugging my shoulders, "Your Excellency, though many of the persons who are engaged with me in the same cause are not liked by me, I cannot turn my political creed like this glove."

The Prime Minister saw me very politely to the door, and before closing it, said, "Whenever you require anything, address yourself always personally to me." I made a low bow, and answered that I had no wish but that which he had granted. My petition remained unanswered, and I did not leave Berlin.

The history of the events in 1848 and 1849 is already generally known.

The news of the occurrences in the Palatinate and Baden filled me with delight, for I expected that the other twenty-seven German States which had accepted the German Constitution, or at least Wurtemburg and the two Hesses, would join in the most righteous fight for that constitution.

I was in a fever of excitement, but not in a position to leave Berlin at once. I was watched and suspected, and might expect to be arrested on the journey to Baden, if I travelled without a passport. I tried, therefore, my best to procure such a document, but before I had succeeded, the chief of police helped me out of the difficulty by sending me a paper, in which I was

ordered to leave Berlin within twenty-four hours. Declaring my intention to go to Paris, the paper received a visa for that city, and thus I could at least reach Mayence without difficulty.

I left Berlin early in June, and felt like a bird escaping from its cage.

CHAPTER VI.

On the road—Mayence—Journey to Mannheim—The "fleanut"—Arrival in Worms—Lewis Blenker—Attack against Worms—Arrival in Mannheim—Franz Raveaux and Sigel—Suspicion of me—Carlsruhe—Philip Becker and Dortu—Charles Heintzen again—The old Boening out "a colonelling"—The assistant secretary of war—Froebel—Goegg—A lecture at the dinner-table—Sigel's defeat at Hemsbach—Struve's foolish bulletin—Theodore Moegling—Sigel appointed secretary of war—His views of the situation—Heintzen crossing my way—Gustav von Struve as head of the military committee—Mr. Schloeffel—The Grand-Duke looks out for help, and how he gets it—I am on the point of leaving Baden—Jansen—Baron von Truetzschler—I become colonel of the Mannheim brigade—Business—Lieutenant-Colonel Mercy—At the head-quarters in Heidelberg—Major Tiedemann—Germain Metternich—Old Schloeffel and his views about Mannheim—The enemy advancing—The fight commencing—Our success at Ladenburg.

On the road to Cologne, I had to pass Dortmund, where the train stopped for a few minutes. Near the station I saw my dear old mother, but I did not speak to her, for fear that she might dissuade me from going to Baden.

When I went on board the steamer for Mayence at Cologne, we had to take with us a company of Prussian soldiers, some guns, and several Mecklenburg officers, all bound for the army assembling for the suppression of the revolution in the Palatinate and Baden.

One of the ship's officers told me that the regiment to which the Prussian company belonged was democratic, and not trusted by the government. I therefore entered into conversation with the soldiers and was very much astonished at the unqualified manner in which they expressed themselves.

"Look," said they; "we know very well how matters are, but we cannot act as we should like. We must indeed be stupid if we could not see that we are made to fight as it were, against ourselves, for if we take off our soldiers' jackets, we belong to the people."

The landlord and landlady of the hotel at which I alighted in Mayence were very wrathful against the Prussians.

The steamer to Mannheim did not then run, and not daring to go by rail (as I was afraid of being arrested in Darmstadt), I took a carriage, and left Mayence about two o'clock in the afternoon. I could not help smiling as I passed through the "Neuthor," remembering that some years ago I had looked down from the citadel on that very gate, ready to mow down the Hambach pilgrims with my guns if they should refuse to take off their red-black-gold cockades. Any one who had then prophesied that one day the Prussian king and his whole army would wear these colours in their helmets, would have been declared fit for a lunatic asylum.

We passed Weissenau, Laubenheim, and Nier-

stein, the yellow house, and Oppenheim, and arrived at a place called by the people "the flea-hut." Having left it about a hundred paces behind, I heard some people calling after us, "Halt! halt! fire!" Much astonished, I looked round and saw a Bavarian soldier and other people running towards us. The coachman stopped; they arrived quite out of breath, and the soldièr (a sentinel, who was refreshing himself in the flea-hut while we drove past!) asked, "Have you writings?" I showed him my "writings," and the soldier became very polite; from which I became aware that a soldier of the insurgent army of the Palatinate was before me, and not a royal Bavarian bluecoat.

The weather was splendid, and it was a pleasure to travel in the beautiful country which lay extended before me so bright and calm and so richly abounding in all the gifts of Nature that no one could have supposed it to be a country in a state of revolution. Near Oppenheim, however, signs of war appeared. The boys had armed themselves with sticks, wooden swords, and similar arms, and played at "Freischaerler." At their head they had a black-red-gold flag, and one of the boys represented "the Hecker." The elders looked on complacently at the games of their children.

About half-past nine I arrived in Worms. When the landlord of the hotel heard my name, he brought a bottle of Liebfrauenmilch (the wine which is grown in Worms) from the most sacred

recess of his cellar, and insisted on my seeing Colonel Blenker, who held this Hessian town with eight hundred insurgents; why and for what purpose, if not for the Liebfrauenmilch, I could not discover.

I went with the landlord to Blenker's head-quarters. The colonel was out inspecting the out-posts and I waited for him. Many persons were there who knew me, but whom I did not remember to have seen before. Amongst them was Enno Sander. Mad. Colonel Blenker was also there. She was an interesting blonde, and on that evening wore a lady's dress, though she generally wore trowsers and boots and a brown blouse with a leather belt, and rode, man-fashion, beside her husband at the head of his legion.

All present looked at me with some astonishment when I declared the advance of this corps without any reserve to be foolish; and were quite indignant on my adding that I would sweep the insurgents from the whole Palatinate up to Germersheim with two thousand regular troops. They proudly asserted that they were able to defend Worms against ten thousand men. They informed me, also, that they expected an attack that very night. I told them that, in such a case, I could not understand their carelessness and the absence of all military precautions, of which not the least trace could be discovered on my approaching Worms—except at the flea-hut!

Blenker arrived at last. He was a handsome,

military-looking man, of about forty. He had served in the army, and had been in Greece. After his return, he became a wine-merchant. He wore his arm in a sling, for he had been slightly wounded in an attempt to take the fortress of Landau. The inhabitants of that place and also the soldiers had invited him to take possession of it, promising to open one of the gates for him. Some officers of the garrison, however, who heard of the plan, were of a different opinion. Placing themselves, therefore, at a gun pointed at the gate, they fired when Blenker appeared according to appointment; and he was wounded by a splinter from a beam which was struck by a cannon-shot. It was very natural that he should make a hurried retreat, for of course he could not think of storming a defended fortress *brevi manu*.

Blenker received me very politely, and gave me a pass for Mannheim, that I might not be detained by troops on the road.

I left Worms about midnight, and did not imagine that my prophecy, which had displeased the gentlemen of Blenker's staff so much, would be fulfilled so soon as really was the case. At about three o'clock in the morning, a Hessian regiment of infantry, some cavalry and artillery, crossed the Rhine and advanced against Worms without meeting with any serious resistance. Blenker's troops had waited for the enemy until after midnight and then went to bed. When the Hessians awoke them by a number of grenades thrown into

the town, they ran away in such a hurry, that most of them even left their knapsacks behind. After the exchange of a few harmless shots, Blenker's corps retired to Frankenthal in the Bavarian Palatinate, where the Hessians did not follow, as they only wanted to take possession of the town belonging to them. Many citizens of Worms were arrested and had cause to repent their confidence in the courage of Blenker's corps.

Next morning, after my arrival in Mannheim, I went to the hotel where Sigel had taken up his quarters, but he had already gone out. I therefore called on Franz Raveaux, a distinguished member of the National Assembly in Frankfort, to whom I had written from Berlin to announce my arrival. He denied the receipt of the letter; but I heard later that he had received it, and heard also the reason why he would not acknowledge it.

On its arrival, the question had been discussed amongst the leaders of the revolution in Baden, whether a high command should be given to me, and the result had been unfavourable. Some Berlin democrats, who had seen me always with Held, gave warnings against me. I excuse them now; for it appeared to them suspicious that I should live in Berlin, though I had taken a prominent part in the insurrection in Baden, in the spring of 1848. They knew nothing about the resolution of the Prussian government in reference to that insurrection. As there were so many scamps amongst the democrats, it was pardonable that a

former Prussian officer and nobleman should be distrusted. If Raveaux or any one else had spoken openly to me, I should have dispelled this distrust more quickly.

At last I found Sigel in the palace. He did not recognize me; but on telling him my name, he forced a friendly smile and promised to come to my hotel and have a long conversation with me. He did not come, however.

Sigel was then a young man of about twenty-eight, and looked much younger, on account of his small features and beardless face. He was, in 1848, the first officer of the Baden army who went over to Hecker. Owing to this, and to his having succeeded in collecting about five thousand men, of which I have spoken before, he became very popular in Baden; and civilians, who did not understand much about military matters, thought him a military genius. It was very natural that he should take a prominent place at the commencement of the revolution of 1849. The same would have been the case with me, if I had remained in Wissembourg and had come over directly after the declaration of the garrison of Rastatt.

When I arrived in Mannheim, Sigel only held the rank of major, but he in fact commanded the "Neckar army," consisting of all the regular troops of Baden, though it was commanded nominally by a Colonel Eichfeld, the Secretary of War.

I have no reason for not respecting Sigel personally, and am very willing to acknowledge his many good qualities; but it is my conviction (which has not altered, even in America) that he had not sufficient talent for the position which his ambition urged him to accept.

I stayed two days in Mannheim without seeing Sigel again, and was not much pleased with what I saw in that city. The democrats, who flocked there from all parts of Germany, only tried to obtain profitable places, and all behaved as though the existence of the state of which they dreamed was already a reality, and not dependant on the issue of a very doubtful and dangerous contest.

And how did the government of Baden prepare for war? During three most precious weeks they had done little more than quarrel about theories and principles, and scarcely anything had yet been done for the organization of the first levy of the "Volkswehr." Sigel had at his disposal only the regular troops, of which the battalions were by no means complete, and a few free corps or legions, whose discipline was as deficient as their value on the battle-field was doubtful.

Most of the officers of the regular army had gone with the grand-duke; and those elected by the men, chiefly because they were good talkers, were very little fitted to replace them. The government was well aware of this, and therefore published in the papers an invitation to educated

officers who wished to fight for the constitution. It seemed to me quite wonderful that I should have such trouble to get a suitable appointment where there was so much to be done, and in order to come to some result or other, I went to Carlsruhe.

Philip Becker, from Biel, in Switzerland, with whom I had had some transactions before passing the Rhine in April, 1848, had been made commander of all the Volkswehr in Baden. His office was in the Town-hall, where I went to see him. In the ante-room I met one of his many aides-de-camp, and was much surprised to recognize in him young Dortu (the president of the committee of the democratic congress mentioned in the previous chapter); but still more so when he returned from Philip Becker, telling me that the great man was too busy to receive me.

In my hotel I met, in the dining-room, a great many interesting persons of the democratic party from all parts of Germany. There were members of those left of the National Assembly in Frankfort and Berlin; leaders of the insurrections in Saxony and Thuringia, and refugees returned from Switzerland and France. Opposite me at the table was the great Charles Heintzen. We looked coldly at each other, and neither bowed nor spoke.

When it grew dark, unarmed troops, returning from drill, came down the street, and halted before the hotel, where they cheered Philip Becker, who appeared at a window, and

promised that they should have muskets next day. I clapped my hands with surprise, and laughed aloud, on seeing at the head of this stately troop, as their colonel, my good old Boening, a democratic watchmaker, from Wiesbaden. Until then I had never suspected the old man of any military ambition. He looked very stately and venerable, as if cut out of an old picture, and was without doubt the most picturesque figure of the whole revolution in Baden. Boening was about sixty-five, tall and strong, but he stooped a little. His head was such as painters like for a model, and as such he would have had a better chance of success than as a colonel. His face had an expression of great kindness, but also one of weakness of character. His long grey beard, and equally grey elf-locks, looked very well with his black Hecker hat. He wore a black blouse, with a leather belt, high boots, and was armed with a mighty sabre and a pair of pistols. He rode a splendid bay horse, with a skin as thin and smooth as satin, which probably came from the stable of the grand-duke.

I liked the good old man very much, though he was utterly unfit for his place, which he probably owed to his picturesque appearance. He greeted me with great cordiality, though with a little embarrassment, and if I had required it, he would have dismounted and have given me his place, for all his men belonged to the legion which was still under my command. When the men

recognized me, they reclaimed their old chief, but I told them that, in the great dearth of real officers, it was proper for me to take some other appointment, where I could be of more general use than in the command of a legion.

As the ruling powers in Carlsruhe did not take any notice of me, it was necessary to exert myself to find a suitable field for my activity. Sigel was with the Neckar army, and so was the Secretary of War, Eichfeld; but his assistant was in Carlsruhe, and I resolved to see him.

He was a Captain Meierhofer, and the democrats in the hotel expressed themselves about him with republican freedom. Some called him a "camel," whilst others asserted that he was a "rhinoceros;" and those that seemed to be the most knowing called him simply an "ass."

Of course I was curious to see this distinguished Secretary of War. Though my name was pretty well known in Baden, he had never heard it. I was therefore compelled to give my own biography, and having done that, offered myself for a place on the great general staff; upon which he told me (probably the camel spoke) to inscribe my name in the list of the battalion of engineers which was forming. It was impossible to explain to him the difference between the functions of the great general staff and those of the engineers, and the rhinoceros remained firm in his assertion, that both were one and the same. On my remarking, however, that in the scarcity of really

good officers, I claimed a higher position than that of a private in a battalion of engineers, the third animal in him answered, "Well, you do not expect to be made chief of the general staff?" my reply was, that such a thing would not be any very great mistake under existing circumstances, when captains were made Secretaries of War. On this, all the three animals in him answered at once, that he had no time; and I went away as wise as before.

Coming from the Assistant-Secretary of War, I met at the hotel Colonel Annecke, the commander of the artillery of the Palatinate, which had been declared to be one country with Baden —in military matters. Baden, which had Rastatt, with its hundreds of guns, besides a numerous and excellent field artillery, was requested by the government of the Palatinate, who had very few guns, to let them have some. The answer of the revolutionary government of Baden to this request was characteristic. Annecke had the utmost trouble to persuade them to *sell* a battery of four old twelve-pounders for fifteen thousand guilders! He was furious with the Assistant-Secretary of War, who had also hurt his vanity by asking him whether "he had served in the army," in which Annecke had been a Prussian officer of artillery and had become famous on account of the proceedings against him for the crime of entertaining liberal political ideas. He called Meierhofer a goose. Indeed, this Secretary

of War seemed the personification of a whole zoological garden! Annecke wanted to persuade me to come to the Palatinate where the government had more sense than that in Baden, and I promised to think of it.

Whilst walking in the park I could not forbear laughing aloud at my tragi-comic position. It seemed to me absolutely absurd that after working for this revolution for nine years, doing so much to prepare the soldiers in Baden for the steps they had taken, and feeling that I might be of great service in these critical circumstances, when every moment was precious, I was left to saunter about and treated by notorious dunces like an importunate place-hunter! In the promenade I met Julius Froebel, the able member of the National Assembly of Frankfort, who had been condemned to be hanged in Vienna, together with Robert Blum who was shot. He had once written a pamphlet in which he took the part of Austria and that little book saved him. He told me that on the night after his pardon, an officer belonging to the court-martial which condemned him and Blum, had visited him in secret in his prison. This officer was most unhappy about the execution of Blum, or rather about the consequences which he feared it would bring upon his country, and he implored Froebel "to pray for unhappy Austria if he should come to Frankfort!"

At the *table d'hôte* in the Parisian hotel I sat

between Froebel and Mr. Goegg, the Secretary of Finance in the Revolutionary Government. Goegg had been a clerk in the Treasury, and the world knew nothing of him before. He was a good-looking young man, with more ambition than talent.

The conversation at dinner, where all the influential persons were assembled, turned on the present state of things and the measures which had been taken to meet the threatening dangers, especially on the part of Prussia. I was quite indignant at the trash and the puerile ideas which were put forward, and thought proper to express my opinion rather freely, in hope that some of my advice might perhaps bear fruit.

I censured, above all, the unpardonable, foolish neglect with which the Palatinate was treated by Baden, and said that if measures were not at once taken to assist that country, the enemy would be in the heart of Baden in a surprisingly short time. I told them that the two fortresses of Landau and Germersheim must be secured before anything, and that it would be easy to do this. Landau had only a very small garrison, part of which and all the citizens were on the side of the revolution; and that a few shells thrown into the city would be sufficient to stir up the citizens to energetic measures. If the government was not in a position to besiege Germersheim, it ought at least to take care to secure the *tête-de-pont* on the Baden side of the Rhine, which was not even armed, and was waiting as it were to be occupied by troops from Baden.

"The Prussians," I said, "must be fools if they would run their heads against the passes of the Odenwald, instead of marching through the almost undefended Palatinate to Germersheim, and under the protection of that fortress crossing the Rhine, by which movement they would be on the flank and in the rear of the army of Baden occupied in the North, and would take Carlsruhe.

The measures taken in the Odenwald were also quite insufficient. Without leaving the enemy time to approach leisurely, our army ought to advance and threaten Darmstadt, and at the same time strengthen the line from Heidelberg to Mannheim and put these two cities in a state of defence. If this were done, the enemy would either be obliged to try to pass the Rhine, which was much swollen, or to attempt to force the passage over the Neckar, which would be a dangerous undertaking with our army threatening them on their left flank.

If compelled to give up the flat country, it would be urgently necessary to put Rastatt in a state of defence, and also to fortify the principal passes leading into the Black Forest, in order to gain time to revolutionize Wurtemberg and concentrate the Volkswehr. It was most urgent to organize them in the Oberland and lake district, in order to have a good reserve in case of a disaster on the Neckar.

Though my audience acknowledged my views to be right, I am sure they understood as much

of what had been said by me as if I had spoken Sanscrit. A minute afterwards they began quarrelling again about places in the administration, and about theories which could only be carried out if the revolution should prove successful against the armies of the princes. All present seemed to be very sanguine about Sigel's success on the Neckar, for it had been decided to give a lesson to the Hessians, who had dared to prevent a popular meeting at the frontier by force of arms, *à la* Wrangel.

The consternation, therefore, was great when, in the afternoon, news arrived of a battle, "in which Sigel had been beaten by the Hessians!" A short time after, news was received that a number of soldiers of the Neckar army, mostly dragoons, who had run from the battle-field, had arrived per rail in Carlsruhe. Instead of arresting these cowards at once, they were permitted to run about the city and to spread dismay by their report of the battle, which they painted in the most bloody colours to excuse themselves the better for having run away.

Theodore Moegling, Hecker's friend, acted as aide-de-camp to Sigel in the affair, and he told me in Carlsruhe of the whole "Schweinerei," as he called this first fight of the revolution which took place at Hemsbach.

Sigel crossed the Hesse-Darmstadt frontier with the intention of attacking the Hessian army. He had, however, no definite idea where it was,

nor did he take any measures to ascertain. He advanced without any military precautions, and all at once saw the army close before him.

"*Wollen wir eimal ein Bischen?*" said he to Moegling; and without any plan whatever, or forming his troops, he placed himself at the head of a regiment of dragoons and rode against the enemy unaware of what the Americans would call "a masked battery," because its presence was not made known by any signboard, but only by an unexpected volley of canister, which produced a wonderful effect at a distance of about one hundred yards. One of the bullets pierced Sigel's helmet, without however hurting him. The dragoons turned to the right-about, and ran over the infantry, who scarcely required such an inducement to run away, for some bullets had made havoc amongst the band at their head, and had even destroyed the big drum.

The frightened Baden troops, who were much dissatisfied with their self-elected officers, ran as far as Weinheim, and some even to Heidelberg. Had the Hessians followed, they would have totally routed them; but, fortunately, the Hessians were nearly as much frightened as the Baden troops believed they were beaten, and retired also in haste.

This fight was in itself of no importance whatever, but it became important by the moral impression it produced in the country and the errors which resulted from it. Sigel, whose utter incapacity for his position became evident from this

occurrence, excused himself on the plea of the cowardice of the dragoons who would have taken the battery if they had not turned about. Young soldiers, especially young cavalry soldiers, who have never been under fire, may be excused for running away, when greeted, without any warning, by canister shots at a distance of a hundred paces. It was, therefore, as unjust as it was imprudent that Struve, who also held a place in the War Office, should issue a bulletin, posted everywhere, in which the disaster was laid to the charge of the coward dragoons, who thus were pilloried before all Germany. On reading this bulletin, a cold chill crept over my heart; for I saw at once that the deadly-offended dragoons (of whom we had two regiments) would become very disaffected, and that a door had been opened to treason.

Next morning I was much astonished by a summons to appear directly before the "committee of security." A person, perfectly unknown to me, had denounced me as a traitor and spy, and heaven knows what else. I sent for Philip Reuter, who had been with Hecker in Muttenz, and who had now some office under the Government. I had by chance met him on entering the city hall. The committee excused themselves, but I felt rather humiliated that such a thing should happen to me in Baden.

After the fight of Hemsbach, the report was spread that many higher officers of the army had deserted to the enemy; amongst them was the

Secretary of War, Colonel Eichfeld. Though these gentlemen had not acted honestly, they at least proved their sound judgment by their desertion. The first-fruits of Sigel's generalship foreboded nothing good.

Sigel returned to Carlsruhe, not to be arraigned before a court-martial, as would have been just, but to take the place of the Secretary of War, who had deserted, and of whose functions Sigel had still less idea than of those of a commanding general.

I went to see Sigel, and found him more communicative than at our first interview. We spoke about the present state of things, and I explained my ideas mentioned before, and drew his notice especially to the danger arising from the neglect of the Palatinate. "What does it matter?" the Secretary of War answered, "*If the enemy is on our flank, we are also on his.*"

When I inquired the strength of the whole force that Baden and the Palatinate could muster and bring in the field, he confessed that he did not know. I expressed myself in strong terms about the carelessness and disorder I discovered everywhere, and called it criminal, under present circumstances, when Prussia was preparing to invade Baden.

"Well," said he, "let them send fifteen thousand, nay, twenty thousand men."

"Depend on it, they will send an army of one hundred thousand," I answered, but he poohpoohed such an assertion.

On hearing that nothing had yet been done to

organize the Volkswehr in South Baden, in the lake district, which was estimated at eighty thousand men, I offered my services for this organization, and seeing by this offer that it was not my intention to set up as a rival, he at once accepted it and sat down to write an authority for me as Inspector-General of the army. He had scarcely commenced writing when worthy Charles Heintzen entered the room. He saw at once what was going on and requested a few moments' conversation with Sigel, for which purpose both went into an adjoining room, in which was M. Schloeffel the elder, a liberal member of the Prussian Parliament, and M. Reuter, not Philip, also a member of the same house.

M. Reuter afterwards related to me the conversation between Sigel and Heintzen. The latter implored Sigel not to give me such an important position, as I was a spy of the Prussian government, and altogether a suspicious character. Sigel did not return to me, and the authority remained unfinished! When I afterwards spoke to Schloeffel, who also held a high post, he treated me in a very strange manner, of which I complained in a letter to Sigel, and requested him to explain the annoyances to which I was subjected by the insinuations of obscure persons who dared not act openly against me.

Having to wait for hours in the War Office, I passed the time in observing everything, and though very sorry for all I saw, it was impossible

not to feel amused. With a democratic government ceremonies of any kind seemed to be incompatible, and nowhere were they dispensed with more entirely than in the War Office. There was no order, no regular reception hours. Whoever wanted anything ran into Sigel's room, and not one went away satisfied, for he never finished with one, but broke off the conversation as soon as another entered. Nobody, therefore, knew who was "Koch oder Kellner," as they say in Germany, in the War Department.

Struve, who knew me very well, feigned not to see me, and Sigel did the same when he passed the room; in a word, I was in disgrace and had little chance of making a fortune in Baden.

M. Schloeffel, to whom Sigel had given my letter, came to see me. He was head commissary of war, and spoke to me on military matters. After a long conversation he said I must have a high command in the Neckar army, and recommended to me his son, who was with that army. He was a very brave young fellow, but at present inexperienced, and he wished to place him under my protection. Before we came to a decision, however, Schloeffel was called off, and I did not see him again in Carlsruhe, and was not appointed.

Moegling, who was a Wurtemburger, and had much influence in his country, went there to persuade his countrymen to join in the defence of the constitution, which was the great hope of all patriots. Wurtemburg, Baden, and the Palatinate

would be able to resist even Prussia for a time, and other countries would take courage to join in the contest.

The Grand-duke Leopold of Baden had requested the assistance of Prussia and the central power in Frankfort against his rebellious subjects. Though Baden professed to take arms in defence of the constitution emanating from this central power, it commenced by violating this constitution by driving away the Grand-duke who had accepted it and whose government was guaranteed by it. For this reason the insurrection in Baden was looked upon as a revolt. These arguments were nothing but sophistry, but despots love to give their actions the colour of right. As soon as assistance was formally granted, the government of Baden might have seen that its cause was lost and that it would be crushed, and it would have been wise to have made peace on the best conditions to be had. The sanguine republicans, however, and at their head the most sanguine Struve, thought of nothing less than of this and entertained the most foolish hopes, and they prevailed at that time.

I had taken part in the contest in 1848, under still less promising circumstances and would not retire now. I, therefore, continued my endeavours to get a suitable appointment. When once again I danced attendance on the War Department, Sigel escaped by a back-stair ; but I ran after him and stopped him, requesting a decisive answer. I told

him I had come here on the general invitation of the government to all officers, and had neither time nor money to spare to be fooled any longer. After some attempts to escape, Sigel said, "Well, take the command of a battalion; I myself had to take one." "All right," said I, "then give me one." "Well, but I have none," he answered. My patience was at an end now; I turned away angrily and went off with by no means a polite exclamation.

Disgusted with my countrymen, and especially with the democrats, I resolved to return to Mannheim, and go from thence to Paris. On going to say good-bye to Froebel, whose wife had arrived meanwhile, I met with them a Mad. Cohen, from Mannheim, now Mrs. Blind, whom I had seen in Strasburg, and who was a great democrat. When I took leave, she said, "Well, good-bye, *au revoir* in Strasburg." She was wiser than the men.

Blind was not in Carlsruhe. To get rid of his pretensions the government had sent him on some mission to Paris where he was put into prison, and prevented from doing great things in Baden. When M. Cohen, who had been paralyzed for years, died and left his second wife a happy young and tolerably wealthy widow, she married M. Blind.

I would not go away without calling on Struve, for though in consequence of Heintzen's instigations, we stood as it were, on a war footing, I ac-

knowledged his great abilities, and respected his well-meant honesty and disinterestedness. Struve and his Amalia, who had the most splendid eyes one could see, received me very stiffly and coolly. Struve repeated my own phrases and shook hands with me, but still mistrusted me. Amalia remained silent, and only reluctantly asked after the health of Mad. Corvin.

On my arrival in Mannheim, I packed up my things and was on my way to the station in Ludwigshafen, when I met M. Janssen, from Cologne, whom I had not seen since leaving Strasburg, and of whom I only know that he had joined Willich in Besançon, who had formed there a very efficient corps of refugees. Willich was, however, a communist, and his fooleries had disgusted Janssen and many others so much, that he separated from him with eighty men who followed him to Baden. He spoke extremely well of Willich's character, but laughed much at his conceit. Willich was said to be now with his corps before Landau, blockading that fortress. Janssen, who had been one of my most faithful followers in Strasburg, implored me not to go away without having seen M. von Truetzschler.

Baron von Truetzschler was a wealthy nobleman from Gotha, and member of the parliament in Frankfort. When the central power (that is, the Archduke John) appointed reactionary ministers, the members, Truetzschler, Raveaux, and Erbe, asked the protection of Baden against the

German princes united for the abolition of the German constitution. Their motto was, "Death to the united tyrants! A *vivat* to a great, united, and free Germany!"

Truetzschler had left Frankfort and had accepted the place of director of the Lower Rhenish district of Baden. He was one of the best men of the whole revolution, and I could not resist the temptation of making his acquaintance. He was a man of about thirty-three years of age, with fair, smooth hair, a fine, open, aristocratic face, and blue eyes; of medium height, and slight figure. His dialect betrayed slightly his Saxon origin. He received me with great cordiality and insisted on my staying with him in Mannheim, as all business devolved on him alone (even the military affairs) since there was nobody there who understood anything about them.

I was very much pleased with Truetzschler, and liked him the better the more I observed his actions. He was a decided republican, and entered into all the democratic fooleries; but he did it like a perfect gentleman, and did not believe that long, uncombed hair, dirty linen and hands, were necessary requisites for a good democrat. He, however, always wore the democratic blue blouse, and mixed freely in the beer-houses with all kinds of people, without injuring his character as a gentleman. He was busy from morning till night; yet his activity was not fussy and noisy, like that of other democrats, but whatever he did was done

quietly, and with judgment. The amount that Von Truetzschler accomplished was scarcely credible. and, to all appearance, without great exertion. Though generally very calm and quiet, he could be very energetic and even rough, if it were necessary. Of all the democrats in Baden, he was, without any doubt, the most able.

At dinner, he requested me to inspect with him a battery for four guns, which had been erected at great expense at the Neckarpoint, but which he did not like. It had been constructed by a young engineer, who had arrived from the head-quarters in Heidelberg with unrestricted powers to fortify the line from Heidelberg to Mannheim. The battery was a miserable thing, and the young civil engineer was rather ashamed when I pointed out his mistakes. Alterations were made according to my advice, but the thing remained a failure.

Truetzschler, who knew all about me shrugged his shoulders at the stupid suspicions of me, and insisted on my being appointed colonel of the Volkswehr of the district. Only one battalion of five companies had yet been formed, and I was presented to them as their commander in the name of the government. The first thing I did was to drive their democratic follies out of the heads of the soldiers; and to introduce strict military discipline, without which troops are worth nothing, I told my officers and men that I was not now the democrat Corvin, but their Colonel Corvin, and explained

to them the necessity of discipline in the interest of democracy itself. The men were intelligent enough to understand me perfectly.

I had scarcely held the command a few days, when an aide-de-camp of Sigel delivered me an order to form as many battalions as possible, without regard to the district to which the men belonged, and also brought a new plan for the organization of the troops—the third within these few days. At the same time, I was ordered to send my first battalion, remodelled already according to the new plan, to the advanced-guard of the Neckar army at six o'clock p.m. This was accomplished as well as was possible, and I gave the command to a former Prussian first lieutenant, Baron von Bernigau, whom Janssen accompanied as aide-de-camp.

I wished to have gone myself with the battalion, but had to organize new battalions; and moreover, Truetzschler would not let me go, as an attack on Mannheim was shortly expected. To protect and fortify the place against such an attack was rather the business of the commandant of the city, but he was utterly unfit for it, being a popular lance-corporal, who had become lieutenant, and who constituted himself commandant of Mannheim.

I did not take any notice of him, and provided with the most ample power, I commenced my measures for the defence of Mannheim. As some Mecklenburg cavalry were already roaming in the neighbouring villages, I placed picquets

at different places, mixing for that purpose regular soldiers with Volkswehr with the view of teaching the latter. Whilst I made all these preparations, which kept me busy from morning till night, I left the business in the bureau of the Volkswehr mostly in the hands of my first aide-de-camp, Captain Lindemann, a thoroughbred democrat from Saxony, who had been editor of the "Sun" paper in Chemnitz; whilst M. Hauff, who had been a lieutenant of artillery in the Wurtemburg army, acted as my second aide-de-camp. As the bureau of the Volkswehr was in the palace, I took up my quarters in the rooms adjoining it. Great was my astonishment at recognizing in them the same rooms in which, many years ago, I had visited General von Stockhorn with Colonel von Schultze, and where I had passed a pleasant evening with the general's pretty daughters and equally pretty nieces, the descendants of Goetz von Berlichingen, the knight with the iron hand.

From the duty of looking to the fortifications around Mannheim, I was somewhat relieved by the appointment of Lieut.-colonel Mercy as commandant of the city, whilst Lieutenant Haas became town-major.

Mercy had been, before the revolution, first lieutenant and adjutant in the 3rd regiment in the Baden army. At the revolt of the soldiers in Rastatt, he stood against them sword in hand. He was the object of their particular hatred for his strict-

ness as an adjutant; indeed, the soldiers threatened to kill him, and he had to hide himself, at last escaping in citizen's dress. When the revolution succeeded, he changed his mind and became (for a few days only) Assistant-Secretary of War.

I had my hands full with the organization of the Volkswehr, and had many difficulties to overcome. The men of the first levy from the neighbouring places frequently deserted and were concealed by the mayors themselves. One of these was the mayor of Neckarau. As Truetzschler once reproached me for not being strict enough, I wrote to this mayor, "If you do not know how to find the deserters, I will come with a company of dragoons and look for them. If any are found, I will bring you by your ears to Mannheim. For this take the word of the citizen Colonel Corvin."

I will mention under what circumstances this letter turned up again.

Things in the War Department were very badly arranged. None of my men had yet received a penny, often as I had asked for money. I went, therefore, myself to Heidelberg, and asked Sigel for a cheque for the monthly pay for at least one thousand men. All I could get out of him were four hundred guilders; and eight hundred more were sent some days later to Major von Bernigau. The chief of the staff of the Neckar army was a Major Tiedemann, the son of an eminent physician of Heidelberg. I saw him there for the first time, and shall have to speak of him more

at length in a subsequent chapter. He consulted me about many military affairs, and treated me with great consideration.

The head-quarters were at the hotel "Prince Charles," well-known to all tourists, and the life in the hotel was then very varied and peculiar. Heidelberg was crammed with troops, and little fights had taken place with the Hessians near Weinheim and at other places.

The advanced-guard there was commanded by an acquaintance of mine of olden times, Germain Metternich. He passed for a thorough-going republican and a great hero, and was so, to judge from his martial appearance. I did not wish to renew the acquaintance, and did not hear of him during the time of the revolution. He escaped in time to America, where he became colonel during the war, and was killed by one of his own soldiers in South Carolina.

I also saw at head-quarters old M. Schloeffel. In the name of Truetzschler I requested him to prevent Sigel from sending so many young fellows with unlimited powers to Mannheim, where we required men, as fighting would soon commence there. Besides a Vienna student, whom he had sent us as a chief engineer, he sent a Heidelberg student, a Swiss, of the name of Stoeck, whom he made captain, to command the artillery in Mannheim. This young man had just been made a Swiss second lieutenant, and always wore his uniform. He was very inexperienced.

When I urged Schloeffel to take care that Mannheim should be well provided for, he said, "Oh! you cannot hold Mannheim, and no matter, for Mannheim is not an important military point." Whereupon he went away, leaving me quite amazed. He was no soldier, and what he said was only the echo of the opinion prevailing in the war department. The Neckar and the Rhine were the most important impediments in the way of the hostile armies: if Mannheim were left open to them, both would be lost, as it is situated on both rivers. Mannheim was at that period the most important place in all Baden.

All the events here spoken of took place in the first half of the month of June, 1849. War commenced now in good earnest. The Prussian army, under the command of the present king, who was assisted by the commanding-generals, Count von der Groeben and Von Hirschfeld, advanced from the Rhenish provinces against the Palatinate; whilst the troops of the German Confederation, summoned by the regent Archduke John, and consisting of the contingents of Hesse, Mecklenburg, Nassau, Bavaria, etc., under the command of Lieut.-General von Peucker, advanced on the left bank of the Rhine, through Hesse-Darmstadt, against the Northern frontier of Baden.

The latter tried to pass the Neckar at Ladenburg, between Heidelberg and Mannheim, but

were repulsed, on which occasion my first battalion distinguished itself. It made a number of Mecklenburgers prisoners, and a Prussian major of the great general staff, Von Hindersen, was also captured while reconnoitring from the steeple of the church. He is now a lieutenant-general in the Prussian army. I praised my battalion very much, and as Major von Bernigau fell sick and had to remain in Heidelberg, my friend Janssen became its commander.

CHAPTER VII.

Mieroslawski made commander-in-chief—Colonel Turr—Review—Adam Mieroslawski—The Prussians advancing—Ludwigshafen fortified—Combined attack of Mannheim from the Rhine and Neckar side — The Hessians repulsed at Kaeferthal — Meet Mieroslawski on the battle-field—Turr's retreat from Ludwigshafen —Critical Moment—The command on the Rhine taken by me—The Prussians repulsed—Thanks of the General—Strange misunderstanding with him—Attempt to carry off the bridge—The fight of the next day—Incidents—Ludwigshafen in flames—Sharp fight on the subsequent day—Strange missiles—Bombardment in the evening—My lucky shot—The Prussians are silenced and retire —Alarm in the night—A strange fish—Lieutenant Boer and twenty-four comrades—The bridge is fired—Danger of cotton ramparts—Bavarians in Ludwigshafen—Dare not renew the fight—News of the lost battle of Waaghaeusel—Retreat—Counter-revolution in Mannheim—In a fix—Glorious scene—My brave aide-de-camp Lieutenant Hauff—Departure from Mannheim.

The insufficiency of Sigel had now induced the Government of Baden to invite the well-known Pole Mieroslawski to take the command of its army, paying him, I believe, twenty thousand guilders. The choice of a hired commander-in-chief, who was utterly unacquainted with our relations in Germany, and who did not even understand our language, was a decided blunder, and the more so as his antecedents did not promise well. In the Polish insurrection, headed by

him, it is true, he had had some successes at the commencement, but was beaten afterwards, and had a peculiar talent for being made prisoner. His last campaign in Sicily had been a failure also. Indeed he had no luck anywhere, and I am somewhat of the opinion of Cardinal Richelieu, that it is best not to employ people who have no luck.

As he had, however, had more experience than any of the people on whom the choice of the Government could have fallen, I expected at least a little more energy in the conduct of the war, and hoped for the best.

Mercy invited me and Colonel Turr one afternoon to ride with him to the village of Kaeferthal, not far from Mannheim, to pay our respects to the general, who had arrived there with Sigel and some Polish officers.

Colonel Turr, who has since that time acquired fame and high rank, was then a very young, handsome man. It was said that he had been an officer in the Austrian army, but nothing else was known of him; and it was rather surprising that the Government of Baden should give him the command of a regiment of Volkswehr.

On our way to Kaeferthal, Turr proposed to ride a race with me; and, as it was muddy, we arrived splashed all over, to the astonishment of Mieroslawski, who, perhaps, expected to see us "*en grande tenue.*"

We met him in the quarters of Colonel Kap-

ferer, who occupied the village with his regiment.

Mieroslawski was a young man of about thirty years of age, middle-sized, and slightly stooping. He wore his fair, curled hair somewhat long, but his beard short. His face was agreeable, as was also the sound of his voice. He wore a citizen's dress, and so did his aide-de-camp, Dr. Zurkowski, whom I had known in Strasburg, and who presented me to the general.

Mieroslawski made us a speech in French, in which he promised to do all in his power for the sake of liberty, but urgently insisted on the restoration of discipline in the army. It was his intention, he said, to finish the affair by one great blow, and for that purpose to collect all his forces, and fight a great battle. Finally, he referred us to Sigel, who had been made his adjutant-general, through whom we should receive all his orders, and whom he called his *alter ego*.

After I had translated his speech to those who did not understand French, Sigel stammered a few words, repeating about the same that the general had said. This latter impressed me rather favourably.

He had more correct views with respect to the importance of Mannheim, and took up his head-quarters in the palace of that city. As I am not in the habit of making advances to my chiefs, but prefer waiting until sent for, I had

no opportunity of forming any idea of his merit as a man. Besides, he seemed to prefer the company of Poles.

One or two days later he assembled the troops on the drill-ground near Mannheim, and put them through some evolutions, especially attacks in column, which succeeded much better than I had expected.

After the review, Mieroslawski, Mercy, and myself rode over to Ludwigshafen, a town belonging to the Bavarian Palatinate, opposite Mannheim, and connected with it by a long pontoon bridge. Here a report came in that Prussian hussars had been seen in Frankenthal, which is only about four miles distant. We might, therefore, expect to be attacked next morning, and the general inspected the position of the artillery on the other side of the Rhine, and ordered them to fire, that our horses might become used to the report. The general was satisfied with the position of the guns, which was by no means the case with me. They stood quite unprotected, and the artillerymen were exposed to the infantry fire from the Ludwigshafen bank.

Having returned to my quarters in the palace, the general requested me to assist his brother, Colonel Adam Mieroslawski, in fortifying Ludwigshafen. This brother was a fine young man with a long, thin, flowing beard, who was said to have served in the navy. I did not like his

hasty manner, nor did I like his arrangements, which showed very little military judgment. He promised to alter his disposition according to my suggestion, but did not.

He requested me to look to the construction of some barricades, for which purpose I called for volunteers from Ludwigshafen. Plenty of railway material and a great number of cotton bales, found in the large storehouse of the port, afforded good and welcome material for these barricades, which were finished by dawn of day.

I was, however, awakened by the drums beating the *generale*, and was soon in the saddle. The two companies of recruits, the only troops of my brigade in the city, were in the market-place under command of their instructors. I ordered them to remain there until further orders, and rode with Captain Lindemann towards Kaeferthal, which had been attacked by the Hessians. They had been repulsed before my arrival, and only skirmishing was going on. Puddles of blood indicated that lives had been lost, and I felt sad at the thought that Germans were fighting here against Germans for faithless princes and against their own interest.

Microslawski had a whole host of aides-de-camp, but when I met him on the battle-field he was quite alone. On that day he did not wear the Baden uniform, but a fancy uniform; a blue coat with gold embroidered collar and very large

gold epaulettes, French red trowsers, a gold lace cap, and a gold sword-belt.

As no aide-de-camp was near, he requested me to take an order to Colonel Tobian (a Pole), who commanded in front. At the same moment we heard a cannonade in the direction of Ludwigshafen. The general ordered me first to take the order to Colonel Tobian, and then to join him on the Rhine. The Polish colonel was a very good soldier, and I regretted much that immediately after leaving him, he was struck in his mouth by a bullet, of which wound he died a few days afterwards.

I overtook the general near the Mannheim port, behind the large, solidly-built storehouse, at a critical moment. Colonel Turr had orders to defend Ludwigshafen with his regiment, but, disinclined to do so without artillery, he brought a twelve-pounder and a howitzer from the Mannheim side, which he could not make use of for the barricades, and about which he had a quarrel with Captain Stoeck, who asserted that he had received orders from the general to send no guns over the Rhine. Turr seemed to think it hopeless to defend the barricades without artillery, and, although he was supported from the other bank, he retired in great disorder over the bridge. The Prussians were close upon him, and time was scarcely left to remove one pontoon, in order to check their progress, without which they would have crossed the bridge together with our troops; and the news,

published next day in their papers, of their having captured Mannheim, would have been no falsehood.

When Mieroslawski and I rode towards the bridge, and were on the open road between the storehouse and the European hotel, two guns loaded with grape were fired at us. The shots struck to our right and left, but neither of us, nor our horses, was hit. The general turned round at once, and rode again behind the building, at the corner of which two guns were placed, which answered the fire from Ludwigshafen. The two guns were instantly fired at, both by artillery and infantry.

The general seemed rather excited, and afraid that the Prussians would find means to get over the gap in the bridge. I promised him, however, that no Prussian should pass the bridge if the guns were better placed, and were protected by breastworks of cotton bales. He requested me to look to this, and to take the command on the Rhine, and returned at full gallop to Kaeferthal. He only stayed ten minutes in all near the Rhine.

I placed my guns in a better manner, and protected them by a breastwork of cotton bales, of which there were plenty in the magazine. Our fire proved so effective, that the Prussians gave up the idea of crossing the bridge, and ceased firing about noon.

The enemy was repulsed at Kaeferthal also, and the combined attack from the Rhine

and Neckar-side against Mannheim proved a failure.

The general sent Adam Mieroslawski to express his great satisfaction with my measures, "by which Mannheim had been saved," and also to thank my artillerymen, who had, indeed, behaved splendidly. Captain Stoeck was not present in this action, and my first aide-de-camp, Captain Lindemann, who was a very indifferent rider, was separated from me at Kaeferthal.

When the fire from Ludwigshafen ceased, I returned to my quarters in the palace to attend to the business in my bureau. On the staircase I met Mieroslawski.

"What are you doing here?" said he, "why are you not with your troops? I will bring you to a court-martial!" Without listening to my answer, he went away. I had not reached the foot of the staircase before I heard somebody coming after me. Turning round, I saw a dirty-looking Polack, who asked for my sword! I tore it off with the belt, put my right hand to the hilt, and said, "Take it." The Polack did not like my look, became confused, stammered some soothing words, and went away.

I was very angry, and mounted my horse to ride to the Rhine, which is only about a hundred paces from the palace. The officer of the guard informed me that the general had sent for me, but I told him I had seen him already, and rode on at a walk. At this moment I was overtaken

by an orderly from the general, who desired my presence immediately.

I found him, his brother, and other Poles at dinner. He seemed to be much excited, and would not acknowledge that he had sent for me. His brother whispered eagerly into his ear, and I left. Outside the door I was joined by Adam Mieroslawski, who requested me to forget the occurrence, to return to the Rhine, and make all such arrangements as I should deem proper. I never could obtain any explanation of this strange incident.

As a new attack was to be expected from the Prussians, I took up my quarters in a little hotel close behind the storehouse, and improved the construction of my batteries at dusk, and prepared everything for the fight.

When night came, Adam Mieroslawski requested my help in carrying the bridge, which was strewn with cotton bales. We approached it as stealthily as possible, at the head of a company of pontooners, with the intention of advancing under protection of the cotton bales to the end of the bridge, which was only twenty paces distant from the entrance to Ludwigshafen. We were just going to commence our work, congratulating ourselves that we had found the Prussians napping, when we were taught better by a volley from behind the barricade before us. The bullets did no harm, but the pioneers, who were unarmed, scrambled off like a herd of deer, or crouched behind the cotton bales.

Adam Mieroslawski jumped over the bales, and I followed him more leisurely, for under such circumstances a removal of the bridge was utterly impossible. Before he went away, he told me very hurriedly to collect all kind of combustible matters, and to set fire to the bridge. As, however, he was to me only a man in citizen's dress, though his brother called him colonel, I would not take the responsibility of destroying a valuable bridge, and waited for an order from the general, which did not come. I was not in the least afraid that the Prussians would attempt to pass the bridge, which was several hundred feet long, under the fire of my twelve-pounders. The Poles were altogether too fond of arson!

The firing commenced next morning very early. Prussian infantry occupied a stone house next to the bridge, with a small yard in front, protected by a stone breast-wall, the foot of which was washed by the Rhine; whence they kept up a brisk fire. In order to dislodge the Prussians from this house, the fire of my artillery was directed against it. The first shell fell through the roof, and many others followed, but they did not light on anything combustible. The battering of my twelve-pounders was of no use against the stone walls, but firing with shrapnel and canister shot against the little yard in front proved more effective. It was nearly evacuated, but three brave men, whose faces were brought right before my eye by my glass, remained there at least half

an hour longer than the rest. One of our shells fell into a hotel standing at a distance behind, and created great confusion, but the fire was put out.

Other Prussian infantry placed themselves behind the cotton bales in the yard of the storehouse. Either from their own shots or our shells these cotton bales caught fire, and the whole immense building, filled with merchandise of all kinds, was soon enveloped in flames. I was extremely sorry for this wanton destruction of property, but it was not my fault. As the Prussians did not seem inclined to attempt the passage over the bridge, why did they recommence firing that morning? They did so, however, with a very good will, and with the intention of destroying property; for they not only fired with shells and shrapnel, but generally with *red-hot* balls, which have no other object than to cause ignition.

None of these fire-balls, however, took any effect, though many went through the Mannheim storehouses. Two entered rooms in the European hotel, standing close to the Rhine. One of them, after having rebounded from one wall to the other, was found on the carpet, into which it had burnt a hole; another remained just as harmless on the deal flooring.

A Mannheim Philistine, who by chance came near the storehouse, saw a six-pound ball in a pool of water, and wanted to take it with him as a keepsake. He dropped it, however, very quickly,

with a cry and a perplexed face, for the thing was still hot.

Ludwigshafen on fire offered at night a sad but a magnificent spectacle, similar to that which I saw about ten years later in London, when the warehouses near London Bridge took fire. The whole of the burning buildings were reflected in the calm mirror of the Rhine. As the flames illuminated all the country around, firing was continued throughout the night, and the assertion was afterwards made that I had spent that day about ten thousand florins' worth of ammunition. This may be true, but it was for the protection of Mannheim. One house destroyed in that city would have cost more.

The Mannheim citizens were much frightened, especially when they became aware that the Prussians intended less to harm their opponents than to fire the city. Proper measures were taken by me that a good supply of water was kept in and outside every house. In consequence of this, not one house in Mannheim was burnt down.

Next morning the Prussians commenced a very brisk fire, which was directed against the palace-garden, and especially against the corner of the store-building, where behind a cotton battery, I had one twelve-pounder and one howitzer. They showered all kinds of missiles upon us, red-hot balls, grenades, grape-shot, and shrapnels,

but without doing any harm, which was indeed wonderful.

Two bullets from a shrapnel struck my breast, but remained on the uniform. From their flattened shape it appeared that they had first struck against some harder object.

One grenade fell between me and my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Hauff, who stood about ten paces from me. I must say I looked with great interest at the ugly thing, which however was kind enough to burst without doing any more harm than wounding a gunner in the breast, of which he took scarcely any notice.

One of the red-hot balls was, however, very well aimed. It passed through an embrasure, and struck the edge of the wheel of the twelve-pounder, and would have killed three men, if the gun had been served with the regularity of the drill-ground. All this time my gunners and soldiers, whom I animated by harmless jokes, were themselves laughing and joking, and seemed to consider the whole affair good fun. When this red-hot ball struck the wheel, however, they became a little scared, and the young lieutenant, who ought to have commanded the two guns, turned rather pale. But the heightened key of my voice, and a jocular remark, soon restored the former gay humour.

We were superior to the Prussians, both in number of guns and in their calibre. They had only a six-pounder battery, but we had four six-pounders,

six twelve-pounders, and two howitzers, of which, however, one howitzer and one twelve-pounder became unserviceable for a time, the carriage of the one breaking, and the other becoming rent, but not from the shots of the Prussians.

I changed the position of my guns frequently during the fight, for which purpose I had at different places thrown up batteries, which did not give much trouble in erecting, as they were made of cotton bales. I also made two embankments behind the Rhine dyke at the Ludwigsbad, which is on an island, by which we were nearer to the Prussians by about a hundred yards, and could better reach the railroad station, and the entrance thence to Ludwigshafen.

Cotton bales, however, form dangerous batteries, because they easily catch fire. To prevent this, water was always kept near them. At the above-mentioned battery at the corner of the stone-building, a shoemaker's boy volunteered his services to put out the fire. During the whole fight he was on the top of the battery, pouring one bucketful of water after another on the smoking bales. This brave boy remained unharmed.

The infantry also took part, but as the men were mostly protected, little harm was done. We had about three or four killed, and not more wounded.

At last the Prussians had expended all their ammunition. Of this I became aware in a peculiar manner. Something struck the ground at my feet,

and looking down, my curiosity was attracted by the green colour of the thing. It was a piece of a round iron bar, about an inch and a half long, evidently belonging to some railing, as it still had on it the oil paint. How the Prussians managed to break it so nicely, surprised me. One of my artillerymen, his name was Orth, picked up something else from the ground, and, reddening with indignation, he held it out to me, saying, "Look, colonel, what those fellows are firing with." It was a piece of iron ore!

As I could well imagine that the Prussians would soon obtain a fresh supply of ammunition, I took advantage of the pause in the fire to complete my arrangements; and, not knowing what the enemy might intend, I caused Truetzschler, who visited me sometimes with Mercy, to order from Rastatt two mortars and shells.

Towards evening, the store-building in Ludwigshafen was burnt down, and there were only smouldering heaps, from which now and then flames burst out, which lighted up some of the standing door-arches.

When the first stars appeared, the Prussians recommenced, and with renewed force, the bombardment of the city with shells and red-hot balls, which caused great excitement among the citizens. The city council remained in session all the time to provide for any emergencies.

As the guns of the enemy were masked by the smoke of the smouldering heaps near the Rhine,

my artillerymen were at a loss where to fire. On examining the position very attentively, and by little tokens too long to explain, I discovered the exact places where the Prussian guns were placed. I, therefore, pointed my guns myself, after the gunners had given them the proper elevation according to the distance, which we knew by that time exactly enough. The result of the fire was brilliant. The firing of the Prussian guns ceased at once, for they were dismounted. I ascertained later from the Prussians themselves the effect of my shots. Two of their gun-carriages were smashed, and one of my twelve-pounder balls struck right against the mouth of a six-pounder, bursting the gun, and killing three men. The Prussians retired to the village of Mandenheim, that they might no longer be exposed to our fire.

In the gladness of my heart I wrote a little note to the city council, informing them of my success in dismounting the Prussian guns, and that no danger need be apprehended for the night, and they, therefore, might go to bed.

After all, the bridge which I wanted to save was destroyed. One of the red-hot balls of the Prussians lodged in a cotton bale and ignited it, and the whole bridge was burnt down to the water's edge.

I was, of course, very tired at the end of this day, and after having made proper arrangements for the night, I went to bed. Scarcely had I slept

two hours, however, before some one suddenly entered my unlocked room, crying, "The Prussians are attacking the Muhlau." Though this news seemed to me very unlikely, firing had indeed been heard from that direction. The Muhlau is a garden field somewhat lower down the Rhine, and on it stood a building called the "Muhlau Schloesschen," which was a summer resort of the people of Mannheim. As I was dressed, and my horse ready, I was directly in the saddle. Truetzschler and Mercy, who had not yet been in bed, were at my door, and very glad to find me ready. I at once ordered one battalion of Turr's regiment, and a battery to hasten with all speed to the Muhlau, to protect the city from that side, whilst I intended to go there over the Ludwigsbad.

At the Ludwigsbad I was met by a patrol who had with them a man with a soldier's cap on his head. As the man was shaking with cold, a soldier threw a cloak over him. He had been fished out of the Rhine when attempting to land, and I was much inclined to take him for a spy, especially as he feigned not to understand German. I frightened him nearly to death by pointing my pistol at his head, but as that grammar did not teach him German, I did not know what to make of him. He handed me a paper which he took from his cap. By the light of a lantern I read, "Dear brethren! For three days we have been sitting in a pontoon under the bridge. At the retreat from Ludwigshafen we were belated, and could not get over

the bridge. Save us, or we shall be starved to death or surrender. Seven of us intend to drift down the Rhine lying in a boat, which will be made known to you by a white and red flag. Lieutenant Baer and twenty-four comrades." The prisoner, a Hungarian, who was a good swimmer, undertook to deliver this paper, which filled me with horror, for I pictured to myself the situation of the twenty-four brave men, huddled together in a pontoon directly under the nose of the Prussians, and bullets flying from both sides, and now the bridge in flames, though these could not reach them for the gap between. I sent the man to Truetzschler, and continued my way. The night was so dark that I could not see my own hand, when I galloped down the road between the trees, but trusted to my horse, which came from the stable of the grand-duchess Stephanie, and had certainly gone thither hundreds of times.

The troops at the Muhlauer Schloesschen were much alarmed; they had fired at something which approached on the river, and were only certain of the effect of one of their shots, which pierced the arm of one of their comrades! I restored order, and returned to my quarters, where I found Truetzschler, Mercy, and Turr, examining the brave Hungarian, of whom they took good care. We heard from him the details of the fate of the twenty-four men, of whom two were already dead, and the rest not far from it.

Whilst consulting about means to save them,

Truetzschler, excited by the events of the day, said he also wished to distinguish himself, and proposed to go over with a boat and release the poor sufferers. I dissuaded him strongly, for it was nearly impossible. The attempt was, however, made by some brave volunteers under the lead of Truetzschler. I heard that all were saved except seven, of whose fate I shall speak afterwards.

I left the troops at Muhlauer Schloesschen, and placed a twelve-pounder behind the Rhine dyke. A lively fire was exchanged from both sides, but the Prussians made no attempt to cross.

In the evening (when it was very windy), while most of my tired-out gunners were asleep in the hall of the store-building, and I was attending to some business with Truetzschler in the city, our cotton batteries took fire. I was sent for at once, and hurried to the burning batteries. In order to quench the fire, the soldiers had torn the bales asunder, and the wind was carrying burning flakes in all directions. The first thing I saw on my arrival nearly curdled my blood. An open ammunition car stood close to the battery at the store-building! One of the burning flakes, driven into it by the wind, would have sent us all into eternity. Without saying a word, I jumped on the wheel, and having convinced myself by one hurried look, that no glittering cotton was inside, threw the heavy cover down, ordering the immediate removal of the dangerous car.

All the batteries were burned, but I took ener-

getic measures, and the fire was extinguished throughout the whole line in half an hour.

I wondered that the Prussians did not profit by our calamity; but next morning I found the explanation in an enormous blue and white flag waving on the roof of one of the highest houses opposite, with some fair-haired faces at its side. The smart Prussians had given up this hot place to the Bavarians, who claimed it as their property.

It was impossible to ascertain the loss of the Prussians, for the Prussian government imitates the Russian, which, in all encounters with so-called rebels, only acknowledges *one* killed. However, from citizens of Ludwigshafen we heard a different account. According to them, the Prussians sustained very considerable losses; and the commanders, who had expected an easy task, were utterly perplexed at the resistance they met with. One twelve-pounder shot, and a shrapnel following it immediately, entered Wolf's coffee-house, which was crowded with soldiers, and were said to have killed and wounded twenty persons.

The Bavarians, with the evidence of the efficiency of our guns before and around them, did not feel inclined to commence hostilities. I was perfectly satisfied at this, for my task was to defend Mannheim, not to destroy Ludwigshafen. To show the Bavarians my neutral intentions, I rode in full uniform along the crest of the Rhine-dyke, and they resisted the temptation of greeting

my epaulettes with a bullet. They acted wisely, for the guns were placed so unskilfully, that they would have been dismounted by the excellent gunners of the Baden army in no time.

Negociations with the Bavarian general were commenced in reference to the poor men who were still under the bridge. They became prisoners of war.

The Prussians now advanced from the Neckar-side against Mannheim, and their hussars were already quenching their thirst in the beer-houses not far from the city. For the defence on that side I gave up one of my twelve-pounder batteries. All troops, with the exception of two companies of recruits, had left Mannheim; and I was rather afraid of the result if the Bavarians from one side, and the Prussians from the other, should again attack the city. I longed, therefore, for the arrival of mortars and ammunition from Rastatt, and urged Mercy to ask Mieroslawski for at least one battalion of infantry.

On hearing that ammunition, etc., had arrived, I rode to the railroad station. My horse became somewhat restless, and put its forefeet on the steps leading to the ticket-hall, where a great crowd was assembled. I suppose that some one, to keep him off, touched his nose with a burning cigar; for without any warning he threw himself down, and lay on his back on the ground. I fell fortunately to the right, and my epaulette protected my shoulder, but my right knee was much

hurt, for the sharp gravel took off the skin to the bone. Grateful that I had not broken a limb, I tied my handkerchief round my knee, mounted again, and rode back to the Rhine. On my way I passed the Casino, or Club, the ground-floor windows of which were open. When I looked in I saw a great many old citizens, who, on perceiving my face so close to them, became silent and terror-stricken. Like lightning the thought passed through my head: "These men are brewing treason," and had I been Truetzschler, I would have had them all arrested and examined, simply for their guilty faces.

When, as a soldier, I have to fulfil a task, my sole endeavour is to try to do it as well as I can, not caring for aught else. Therefore I took little notice about the reports in the city in reference to the rest of our army. I was told, however, that Mieroslawski had captured two thousand Prussians, with sixteen guns, and then that he had purposely permitted ten thousand Prussians to cross the Rhine at Phillipsburg, with the intention of attacking them in the flank, and annihilating them. This was considered as certain.

Towards evening Mercy called on me whilst I was attending to my wound. He was very thoughtful and silent, and spoke through the corners of his mouth, as if he was afraid of being overheard. Shortly after he had gone I received a note from him, requesting me to inspect with him the defences on the Neckar-side, and to sleep that night

in my quarters in the palace, without telling me his reason for this.

The defences seemed to me to be very indifferent. However, the chain bridge was lowered, and mines were arranged in the pillars, to blow them up, if required.

Accordingly I slept in the palace; but nothing happened that night. The day passed in negociations with the Bavarians about some ships which wished to pass down the Rhine. I gave to a major of dragoons, Thomas, a letter addressed to Mieroslawski, in which I repeated my request for a battalion.

When I saw Mercy next morning, he told me that Mieroslawski had lost a battle at Waaghaeusel, a place higher up the country, therefore already in our rear. Things had happened exactly as I had predicted at the *table-d'hôte* in Carlsruhe, and to Sigel. The Prussians swept the ill-defended Palatinate, and crossed the Rhine on our flank. The battle of Waaghaeusel took at first a very favourable turn. The Prussians were already beaten, and, as they had the Rhine behind them, they would have been compelled to surrender if they had been pressed harder: so they themselves told me afterwards. The general commanding the troops of the Palatinate, an old Pole of the name of Sznaida, did not obey the order of Mieroslawski, which would have placed the Prussians between two fires; and it was reported that he had been bribed by the Prussians.

Besides, the dragoons behaved badly. At the decisive moment they refused to attack, and the battle was lost. These details were told me by Count Kawiecki, whom I had known in Hanau, and who acted in the battle as aide-de-camp to Mieroslawski, and whom I found at breakfast with Mercy.

The necessity of evacuating Mannheim now became evident, though I really did not see how we could make good our retreat, as the Prussians and other royal troops were already near Linsheim, a place in our rear, in the eastern part of Baden.

Mercy requested me to prepare everything for our march in the afternoon, but as secretly as possible, and to be at the station at four o'clock p.m., to go to head-quarters in Heidelberg, as the general wished for my presence at a council of war. I therefore gave my orders to the respective commanders, and whilst my orderlies went with my things across the city, I rode on horseback outside it. On my way I had to pass the barracks of the dragoons, who had returned there, and who were just saddling. I inquired for their major, to hear what he had done with my letter, but he was not there, and I passed on without noticing anything peculiar in the behaviour of the dragoons.

At the station I met Lieut.-Colonel Mercy and Colonel Freund, and also a Pole, Major Kawiecki, two Polish captains, and a Dr. Eisenhardt, a democrat from Mannheim.

Mercy requested me to send my horse back to

the stable of the Grand-Duchess Stephanie, under promise of procuring another for me in Heidelberg. I therefore sent it back by my orderly, Hermann of Villingen, retaining, however, my saddle and my pistol holsters, which latter I held in my hand.

A special train was ready for us, and Mercy hurried us on. Mercy, Freund, Kawiecki, Dr. Eisenhardt, and myself entered a first-class *coupé*. I sat in a corner next the *perron*, and laid my pistols on the table in the middle of the *coupé*. As the train delayed to start, Mercy asked impatiently what was the matter, and was answered they were waiting for a telegram to say whether the road was clear. I, however, saw a gentleman (I supposed the inspector) speak to the engineer on the locomotive and then re-enter the building, casting a look at our *coupé* which I did not at all like. I was just going to express my suspicion, when the door from the building opened, and a number of the Mannheim militia rushed with their bayonets upon our *coupé*, declaring us their prisoners.

The first thing I did was to seize my pistol, cock it, and hold it at the head of the foremost; but Mercy and Dr. Eisenhardt took hold of my arm, exclaiming, "Corvin, do not be rash!" Had the others been as rash as myself, what followed would not have happened. Well, we had to descend, and our swords were taken from us. None of our troops (my two companies of recruits

and the artillery) appeared at the station as ordered, and we were led into the telegraph-room, which had two glass doors, which were guarded by militia. It was said that nothing was wanted of us but the district treasure, which was supposed to be either with us or with Treutzschler. Our luggage was examined, and six hundred guilders were taken from Mercy's trunk.

Before we had recovered from our surprise, the treacherous dragoons arrived. An officer placed some of them with cocked pistols at the doors and windows. We were all furious; but this was of little avail. Some citizens entered and assailed those who had captured us with bitter reproaches; but these excused themselves on the ground of the orders they had received from their superiors.

I observed everything that was going on, and was by no means in despair, though I was afraid the treacherous dragoons would bring in the Bavarians or Prussians standing outside, in which case all hope would have been vain. I built my hopes on the appearance of my artillery and Volkswehr, and wondered that they had not yet arrived. At that moment I caught the eye of Hermann, my orderly, who had returned from the stable of the grand-duchess, and looked in at the door. I nodded to him significantly, and he darted off.

Our little defeated company presented a queer sight, and one that would have been interesting to any who study the characters of men. Mercy had thrown himself on a sofa, and assumed all kinds

of attitudes expressive of composure, whilst in fact tears filled his eyes. Count Kawiecki was talking and gesticulating, though no one paid any attention to him. "I know nothing of the money; I came here on the invitation of the government to foreign officers; I am quite innocent of the whole business; I have not taken any money; I do not know anything of money; I despise money; I never have money," etc. The rest said nothing and looked scared.

I was leaning on the table on which the citizen who took my sword had laid my holsters, probably not knowing what they were. I was glad to have them near me for any emergency, and notwithstanding the rather serious position in which we were, I enjoyed the exquisite humour of the whole scene.

How brave the coward dragoons were now against us five unarmed men! The room was filled with armed citizens who had no clear ideas of the significance of what they had done, and on whose faces I read a mixture of all kinds of feelings. I addressed them; representing to them the vileness of their behaviour, and how by this act of treachery they had made their city infamous in the eyes of all Germany, delivering us up to our most bitter enemies, who might enter the city at any moment! I called to their mind their ingratitude towards myself, without whom their houses would now have been in ashes. I spoke rather bitterly and impressively, and

produced some effect; nay, some of my audience even shed tears.

Mercy said to me in French, "For Heaven's sake, Corvin, keep still; you will only make them more angry."

I turned my back on him, and instead of ceasing to speak, I commenced to frighten the Philistines by asking them whether they really believed my gunners and Volkswehrmen, who were in the rear, would keep quiet on hearing that I was a prisoner. "Take care," said I; "in a few minutes they will be upon you and will fire on you."

The Philistines became very uneasy, and the dragoons made threatening motions with their pistols, so that I drew Mercy to a place in the room where they could not reach us with their treacherous bullets.

My prophecies, made on rather uncertain ground, were however to be fulfilled sooner than I could possibly have expected. There was a movement at the door. Throwing the armed Philistines to the right and left, my brave aide-de-camp Lieutenant Hauff, stood with drawn sword before me, saying, "Colonel, I am here with two hundred men. What are your orders?"

The scene was worth painting; it was gloriously rich! Hauff, a young man, in uniform, with hair and beard as black as a coal, a face burnt brown by the sun, and his sword drawn, standing in the middle of the room; the laughing

faces of some of the lookers-on, and the sheepish faces of the frightened Philistines and dragoons! I shall never forget it!

"Ah," said I, smiling, "our turn seems to have come again!"

An officious militiaman buckled my sword round my waist, and I took a pistol in each hand. Thus I went out. I saw in the road about a company of perplexed dragoons. I gave orders to close the railing, and placing my two companies, one on the right, and the other on the left of the traitors, I ordered my men to shoot every one of them who should stir.

All this had come about in the following manner. My orderly, Hermann, on the sign I made to him, hurried back to the city and went directly to the City Hall, where he found the mayor (I believe it was the present minister of Baden, Jolly) in session with the city council. With great indignation he told the assembled fathers of the city that I had been taken prisoner! "We know it," said the mayor; "it has been done by our orders."

One of the gentlemen, noticing the rifle of my orderly, which was taken from the militia, said, "Ah, there is one of our rifles! you may leave it here." Hermann, however, cocked it and went out into the street, where he had the good fortune to meet Lieutenant Hauff, who at once hurried with my two companies of recruits to our timely rescue.

I intended to take the dragoons with me as prisoners, but Mercy urged our departure. I would not, however, go without Truetzschler, about whose fate I was very uneasy; but Mercy told me repeatedly that he had left an hour ago in a carriage, and that he probably had the district treasure with him. "Are you sure of it?" I asked, for the third time; and he answered, "Quite sure!" "Well," I said, "then let us be off!"

Noticing, however, embarrassed faces, I asked, in much astonishment, what was the matter; and Mercy stammered that a detachment of dragoons was guarding and detaining the locomotive, which was detached and a little in advance of the train.

I lost all patience with Mercy, and as there was *periculum in mora*, since the Prussians might appear at any moment, I took a cocked pistol in each hand and, followed by Hermann and a certain Lenz from Wiesbaden, with their rifles ready, I went up to the twenty dragoons at the locomotive. "I have here two hundred men," said I. "If you do not take yourselves off immediately, I will have you all shot. Be off. I permit you to join your comrades."

The sergeant in command rode off, and his dragoons, very much scared, followed him, through the hooting and laughing crowd of bystanders.

When we entered the carriage, my two companions cried out, "We want to go with you!"

"Of course," I said; and they jumped in exultingly.

What perplexed the remaining dragoons and militia still more at the last moment was a telegraphic despatch, which came in during the scene just related, and reported the arrival of insurgents near the railroad and their march towards Mannheim.

These men were my first battalion, with their commander, Jansen, on horseback. On passing, I called to him to turn to the right about, and to follow us to Heidelberg.

I hope Mercy did not deceive me willingly in reference to Truetzschler. He had *not* left Mannheim, and was captured there. My aide-de-camp, Lindemann, met a similar fate, as did Captain Stoeck, who did not know anything about the "counter revolution" in the city until the citizens, whom he supposed to be friends, took him prisoner, and cut the traces from the guns. On the same evening (I think it was the 22nd June) Mannheim was occupied by the Prussians.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mieroslawski's celebrated "flank march"—Ride to Neckargemund—Three angels of light—Sinsheim—A disagreeable loss—March to Waldangelloch—Kawiecki throwing up the sponge—From Eppingen to Bretten—Confusion—"Les beaux tourneurs de Hanau"—Durlach—Blenker in Carlsruhe—Mercy and Gorgy—Mieroslawski's inflammatory orders—Ettlingen—General longing for Rastatt—A new Christ and his strange apostles—Rastatt—I am taken in by an old lady—On an equine excursion—The line of the Murg—Gernsbach—Return to Rastatt—Lynching a spy—One of the many Alexanders of the Weil tribe—Utterly disgusted—The fights on St. Peter and Paul's day—Gernsbach taken—I am wanted—Everybody arrests everybody—Rastatt and surroundings—Philip Reuter—An after dinner party—A peep at the Prussian army—A timely pistol-shot—At last off—Unexpected impediment—Shut up in the Imperial mousetrap.

On our arrival in Heidelberg, we found it already evacuated by our troops, but its inhabitants did not act so treacherously as those of Mannheim. The head-quarters had been removed to Neckargemund, and there our army was to assemble. Mercy could not make good his promise, and Hauff and myself were without horses. I had, however, an authority in my pocket to make a requisition for seventy horses, and after great trouble I got from the riding-master of the University, paying

by a cheque on our treasury, a black horse with a shabby head, and a most peculiar and ridiculous movement of its underlip; Hauff had been more fortunate. He visited his countryman, Theodore Moegling, who had been severely wounded at Waaghaeusel, and who gave him his splendid horse, which was no longer of use to him. It was late at night when Hauff and myself followed our retreating troops to Neckargemund, but poor Hauff, who was a very indifferent rider, was in agony, for he was no match for Moegling's splendid black charger, and was very glad when I accepted his offer of an exchange of horses.

In Neckargemund all was as dark as in a monk's head, and in this darkness a confused mass of infantry, artillery, cavalry, and army waggons was moving. The head-quarters of Mieroslawski were no longer there, but in Sinsheim.

By means of money and fair words I found a comfortable room in the "Pfaelzer Hof," as I required a few hours' rest, and my horse also. Hauff had become separated from me in consequence of his bad horsemanship, which, under such circumstances, is a calamity.

I was awakened by a light shining near my face, and saw an apparition of three lovely girls standing at my bedside, who told me that all our troops had gone, that the Prussians were already entering, and that my horse was saddled and at the door.

The road to Sinsheim was covered with strag-

glers, and the discipline of our army seemed to be in a sad state. On my arrival in Sinsheim, I heard that a skirmish had taken place in the neighbourhood that morning; and I also made the disagreeable discovery that I had left hanging at the bedside in Neckargemund my satchel, containing some linen, my pocket-book, and a roll of guilder pieces. As I had divided the contents of my purse with Colonel Freund, a Pole, who was most unhappy, as he had not even money for a "schnaps," this loss was very disagreeable, and I sent a secret messenger back to Neckargemund. He returned, however, without my satchel, as marauders had forced him to take them in his vehicle, and to drive back to Sinsheim. This satchel, with its contents, was, however, later on, returned to my wife.

It was said that head-quarters were in Eppingen, and to that place our retreat was directed, which acquired some reputation under the name of "Mieroslawski's flank-march." It was cleverly and promptly executed, for otherwise the two armies of the enemy would have met and cut us off from the rest of Baden.

In Sinsheim I met many superior officers, as Becker, Boening, Mercy, Kawiecki, Freund, etc., with a general staff more numerous than effective, and a great number of aides-de-camp more or less useless, as most of them could not ride.

The morning was already far advanced when

we commenced our march. Mercy, Kawiecki, and myself, remained with the guard, who advanced with great caution through the wood of Waldangelloch, as we might expect to encounter the enemy. Kawiecki and I amused ourselves by riding, pistol in hand, a hundred paces in advance of the advanced-guard.

We heard a cannonade on our right: it came from the neighbourhood of Ubstadt and Bruchsal, where our troops had a fight on that day (June 25).

Learning from this cannonade that our road was free, all the higher officers, who were not obliged to remain with the troops, rode ahead to Waldangelloch, to give an hour's rest there to men and beasts, as the heat was overpowering.

On my arrival at the principal inn, I found Mercy and Kawiecki engaged in the examination of a spy who had been brought in. It was a lively scene, for Kawiecki threatened to shoot the man, and an old clergyman entreated him to desist, as the spy was a schoolmaster; his agony was great.

While sitting under the cool porch, Kawiecki fainted. He was carried up-stairs, and laid in a bed. The good wife of the innkeeper brought all kinds of cordials. Kawiecki said he was going to die; and Mercy, who had a heart as soft as butter, was very much affected. He was shocked on my ordering a breakfast of eggs and ham, and eating it in the room where Kawiecki was clamouring; but became quite indignant when I answered his reproaches by saying, laughingly, "He never

says a true word; he will not die." When I felt Kawiecki's pulse, he smiled dolefully, caught my hand and whined, "Give my last blessing to my wife and children." "Of course," I said, with my mouth full of ham.

There was really not the slightest danger in his case; he was only exhausted by heat and fatigue, and this was pardonable, for even my elastic frame felt weak, and I secretly emptied half a phial of the innkeeper's cordial, which set me up again.

We did not find the head-quarters in Eppingen, and in order not to fatigue my only horse too much, I joined Mercy and Kawiecki in their carriage, and drove to Bretten. The confusion in that place was beyond description.

The head-quarters were at the Post hotel.

When I went out into the street next morning, Mieroslawski saw me from his window. I suppose he had heard of our adventures in Mannheim, for he called me up, and was extremely friendly. Whilst I was with him a deputation from the Hanau Turner legion waited on him. They requested permission to go home. The general wanted me to persuade them to stay. I tried my best, but I believe they were disgusted with war; the battle of Waaghaeusel had spoilt their appetite. In that battle they had to attack a wood defended by needle-guns, which was more than they had bargained for. They turned tail, and ran away. Mieroslawski seeing it, called out, "Ah, voilà, les beaux tourneurs de Hanau, qui

tourne le dos à l'ennemi!" Later, they were said to have fought well.

About eight o'clock we started from Bretten, and arrived at Durlach about noon in heavy rain. There we met some thousands of troops of the Palatinate, who had been beaten at Ubstadt. By chance I met Colonel Becker, who commanded a division. On my saying I was going to Carlsruhe, he requested me to take an order to Colonel Blenker, to march with his corps towards Muhlburg and Knielingen, to occupy the Prussians, until the arsenal in Carlsruhe should be emptied. A Berlin democrat, a Jewish youth, who had the "gift of the gab," but little courage, said pompously, "How can we obey an order that is brought by a Corvin?" Of course not, for the Prussians had needle-guns.

At the hotel I met Mercy, who was much perplexed. He had been appointed commandant of Carlsruhe; and showed me an order from Mieroslawski to fire the grand-ducal palace on leaving, which he was resolved not to do.

I went on to Ettlingen, where it was told me I should find Microslawski; but I met only his *alter ego*, Sigel, who gave me an order, written in pencil, to collect all disbanded troops whom I should meet, and to send them to Durlach, where an action was expected. Accordingly I stopped all the troops I met on the road, hurrying on towards the fortress of Rastatt, collected them in Ettlingen, and ordered them to Durlach, but most of them did not obey

their officers, and returned round Ettlingen to reach the protecting fortress.

In the streets of Ettlingen I met Colonel Willich at the head of his excellent corps. I had not seen him since we were together in the cadet-house in Berlin, and I was glad to renew our acquaintance.

Having left my effects and horse in Durlach, I wished to return there, but I met half way the troops coming from Carlsruhe, who told me that the Prussians were entering that city, and that Philip Becker, after a fight at Durlach, had been compelled to retreat also.

The whole army was on its march to Rastatt, and having seen them pass, and my orderlies with my horse and things arriving, I followed. After much difficulty I got a ticket for a quarter in Rastatt; but as only one unfurnished room was to be had for a colonel with his adjutant (Hauff had turned up again), two orderlies, two servants, a coachman, and two horses, I looked out for more comfortable quarters for myself, after having provided for my people. There was no room to be had in any hotel, and I tried at private houses. At a window near the palace at Rastatt I saw an old lady with her pretty daughter, and on my asking whether they would take in a very quiet colonel, who did not know where to rest his head, I was kindly received. On going out the next morning I met some peasants who were bringing in a quantity of horses, which

had been bought by the government. Amongst them was a splendid cream-colqured horse which I wanted for myself, and the chief of the artillery, for whom they were, let me take the horse I wished, when I had shown him my authority for it.

On my way I met a commissary of war from Constanz, M. Debrunner, who required twenty horses for the next day, for which purpose he had sent out a M. Comlossy from Rastatt with several thousand guilders cash to pay for them, but he could not get enough. As I had nothing to do I promised to procure the horses; and accompanied by two orderlies and a dragoon, I drove first to Gernsbach.

On my way I found all the positions along the Murg river strongly guarded. At that point Baden is only a few miles wide, and the mountains approach here nearest to the Rhine. The plain between them and the river is defended by the fortress of Rastatt. Wurtemberg, which is next to Baden towards the east, remained neutral, and it was expected that the Prussians would respect that neutrality. Moreover the terrain was there very favourable for a defence. From the Rhine side nothing was to be apprehended, for on that side was French territory.

The left wing, leaning on Rastatt, was commanded by Colonel Oborski; in the centre, near Rothenfels, Mercy commanded the first and second regiment of regulars. The town of

Gernsbach formed the central point of the right wing.

In the evening Colonel Blenker arrived at that place with his troops, making a great noise with drumming, etc. He lodged in the same hôtel in which I had taken rooms, and with his aide-de-camp (the before-mentioned young Berlinian democrat) studied the map of the country. As I had reconnoitred it in the afternoon, and had in my mind made a plan of defence, I ventured some advice, which was accepted rather coolly, as my prophecy in reference to Worms had not yet been forgotten.

Next morning I sent for the mayor of Gernsbach, and the whole equine population of the town had to assemble in the market-place. A committee was appointed to appraise the horses, and in this manner I bought about eight or ten, which I paid for with cheques on the treasury of the War Department.

Young Dortu, of whom I have spoken before, had been made commissary of the government in Gernsbach. The citizens were very much dissatisfied with him; I do not know for what reason, but he was removed from his place and was not present in the town when I was there.

Baden-Baden, the charming watering-place, was deserted. In the Baden Hotel, where I alighted, was one solitary guest. As Comlossy had preceded me there, I found no horses at Baden and went to Haueneberstein, where the

farmers were so eager to sell their horses, that they were quite angry when I would not buy any beyond the number required.

I returned to Rastatt, where I arrived in the afternoon of the 27th June.

Entering the fortress, I was met by a greatly excited crowd. Asking an acquaintance the reason of the stir, he told me very hurriedly and with a feverish secrecy, which however only struck me afterwards, that they were going to shoot a spy. As such things are of no rare occurrence in war, and as I did not wish to attend such a sad spectacle, I drove on, of course supposing that the execution was taking place in consequence of a regular court-martial sentence. When, however, I learnt the true state of things, and that the excited soldiers had lynched the man, I became extremely excited myself, for the name of the supposed spy was Alexander Weil. I knew three of his name: my printer in Frankfort, the celebrated orientalist in Heidelberg, who had translated the "Arabian Nights," and Alexander Weil in Paris, the contributor to "Charivari" and "Figaro." This was, however, a fourth Weil, also named Alexander, a Jewish professor of languages, who had undertaken to carry a message from the French legation in Carlsruhe to the prefect in Strasburg, and who had been arrested in Kehl. He was however not innocent, as was afterwards given out; he was a real spy.

I was very much dissatisfied that I had no com-

mand; and still more dissatisfied with the whole course of events, especially with the manner in which the revolution had been carried on. I disapproved altogether of the behaviour of men like Struve, Heintzen, and other fanatics, who never cared for time and circumstances, but rushed on madly and blindly towards their goal. Many chemical operations are only to be carried on at a certain degree of heat; they are utterly impossible at a lower degree. What was possible in the spring of 1848, was impossible in the summer of 1849. Though the revolutionary thermometer in the heads of individual fanatics had reached the boiling point, it had fallen considerably in the heads and hearts of the majority of the people who were required to carry out what the fanatics exacted. To proclaim the republic in the summer of 1849 was, if not absolutely foolish, at least highly injudicious. Had the leaders of the revolution been satisfied with exhorting the people to rise for the defence of the accepted constitution, the Germans might still have been incited to the required degree of enthusiasm, though it was perhaps too late even for that.

When I left Carlsruhe for Mannheim, I had already given up the hope of success, and the events since then had not restored it. Moreover, feeling neglected by the jealous men at the head of the government, whose unpractical measures I censured whenever I had an opportunity, I thought it foolish to remain longer in Baden. I

therefore intended to go next day from Rastatt to Fribourg, the seat of the provisional government at that time, and to resign my commission, if they would not give me a proper appointment. A post in which I might at least show that I was able to do something would have induced me to stay; for though I did not any longer believe in the success of the revolution, I should have been perfectly satisfied with *doing* something, not for the satisfaction of my vanity or ambition, but for more practical purposes: looking out for the future. Even an unsuccessful revolution bears useful fruit to the succumbing party; it seems to distinguish the chaff from the wheat, the mere talkers from the men of action, which is of great value.

It was a great mortification to me to be inactive in the middle of all this warlike bustle, and I felt quite perplexed. In the afternoon I rode out into the neighbourhood of Rastatt to examine the preparations made by our troops for the defence of the Murg line. We heard firing on our right. It came from near the Murg river, where Willich and Mercy were rather successful, for they drove the Prussians from the village of Freiolsheim. As I was not present, I cannot give a description of the operations and affairs which took place at that part of the line; I remained, however, in Rastatt, to witness at least the action near it, which would probably take place next day.

The Feast of St. Peter and Paul promised to

be a hot day. The Prussians attacked the field-works constructed in the wood east of Rastatt, near a brook called Federbach; and in the Nieder-wals and Hirschgrund, which latter reaches down to the village of Ranenthal, a fight took place, which lasted all day. The whole line from the village of Steinmauern, on our utmost left as far as Gernsbach, was however engaged.

Many officers, unoccupied like myself, were assembled on the ramparts of the fortress to look on at the fight outside. I followed the chances of the battle with great interest, and was glad to see that our troops behaved so well. Thus I was the more surprised to observe that at about six o'clock in the afternoon, the Prussians gained ground and advanced. Our troops seemed tired, and I saw that it was high time to let our reserve advance if we would not have the Prussians on the glacis of the still unfinished fortress. I was on the point of riding outside to draw the attention of Mieros-lawski to the circumstance, when I saw one of his first aides-de-camp, together with Major Tiede-mann, on the rampart. I pointed out to them the flaw in our position, and the means of at once chang-ing the state of things in our favour, by throw-ing some fresh battalions into the line of battle. The aide-de-camp understood me in a moment, and communicated with Sigel, who also arrived on the rampart. At the desire of the troops, Sigel placed himself at their head, and fresh battalions of the reserve strengthened the line of battle at the

place which I indicated. This was done with courage and energy. The fortifications at the Federbach were twice taken and retaken, but remained at last in the hands of the Prussian major, von Weltzein, who took them with the bayonet. Our third regiment, under the command of Colonel von Biedenfeld, had behaved very bravely, but the colonel would not venture on a new attempt to retake the field-works during the night, though the general expressed a desire for it.

The Volkswehr fought no less bravely. The 25th Prussian regiment was repulsed by them with great loss (a monument near the railway has been erected at the place), and they advanced to the village of Ranenthal, which remained occupied by them all night.

In consequence of these successes it was believed in Rastatt that we had gained the battle.

At other places the success was not the same. Mercy and Oborski had been thrown back on Kuppenheim, and Steinmauern had been given up in a great hurry by Frederick Doll, a man who had never been an officer, and who was not able to command a company.

The most decided misadventure of the day was however the loss of Gernsbach, the key to our right wing, which was very badly defended by Blenker. In Rastatt we saw the smoke from the conflagration of this place without knowing what it was.

Meeting in an hotel the commander of the

first battalion of our first regiment, Major Lang, I heard from him that Gernsbach was lost. This bad news excited me much. I went at once to head-quarters, where I told it to an aide-de-camp of Mieroslawski. "Oh, that's an old story," said he, "and of no consequence."

Two young officers had compelled a coachman from Heidelberg with his carriage and pair to drive them to Rastatt. As these officers had no right whatever to the carriage, and did not pay the driver either, the latter had requested my protection, and I had taken him and his vehicle into my service. But seeing these officers in Rastatt, and being afraid that they would cause difficulties, I advised the nervous and rather stupid driver to put up his horses at some other obscure inn, and to be ready early next morning, as I wanted to depart for Fribourg.

After having arranged everything for my departure, I went to bed about ten o'clock. At midnight my landlady knocked at my door and told me that a gentleman wanted to see me. I rose, and Paymaster Baesel, who entered, told me that I was wanted at head-quarters immediately. He could not tell what was required of me. I was much excited, for I hoped to be ordered to retake Gernsbach.

When I left my room I met my landlady, who with a frightened mien said, "Oh, colonel, I am much afraid for you, for the whole house is guarded by soldiers." So indeed it was. I was

rather surprised at the measure, though very far from guessing the reason. Outside the house I met a man of the Rastatt militia, who seemed to act as a guide to the strong patrol of regular infantry. On my inquiring what was meant by these proceedings, the fellow answered, "I should hear at head-quarters." Baesel did not know anything. When the patrol met him near my quarters they took him for me on account of his large epaulettes, and on discovering their error they compelled him to awake me.

On my arrival at head-quarters, I was very curious to hear why I was brought by a strong patrol, as a single officer or orderly would have been sufficient. When I entered Sigel's room he jumped from his bed, and was so sleepy that he could scarcely keep his eyes open. He asked the militiaman what he wanted.

The man now commenced a very long story, the tenour of which would have been enjoyed by me under any other circumstances, but which I was by no means in a frame of mind to appreciate at that moment. He told how he had been sitting over his wine in "The Lamb," and had heard that a coachman had put up his horses with great secrecy, and wanted to be off very early next morning. He had tried to pump the driver, and from his confusion he had seen at once that things were not right, and had ascertained this much, that one of the great men wanted to go to Baden. "Halleck," he thought, "that's one who wants to desert, and

to take treasure, etc., with him." After long and very sly investigations he had found out who the officer was, and instead of communicating his suspicions at head-quarters, he had preferred to send a patrol and arrest me.

During this long tale of the old gossip, Sigel's eyes closed frequently, and when the man had finished he started up and said, "What is—what is the matter? Ah, yes—yes, my good man, thank you, you are quite right. Yes, you may go. Yes, Corvin, if you do not want the horses for the service, you must give them up;" and whilst so saying he closed his eyes again.

My patience was now at an end; instead of laughing at the absurd situation, I became angry, unbuckled my sword, and throwing it on the table, I cried, "The devil may stand such foolery any longer, not I!" Sigel awoke now in good earnest, opened his eyes wide, and said, "Well, Corvin, it is no great matter; I too was under arrest a few days ago."

I returned in the worst of humours to my quarters, ordering my departure for a later hour of the day.

On such trifles does the fate of men sometimes depend. This gossiping militiaman, who probably meant very well, little imagined that by his foolery he would exert a most important influence on my whole life; nor did I imagine it either, when I went next morning to the palace tower to look out for the enemy.

On the gallery of the tower I met Tiedemann, who had been appointed colonel and governor of Rastatt. With him was M. Werner, the new Secretary of War, whom I had seen with Hecker, of whom he was a friend. We reconnoitred the country around with Tiedemann's telescope, and the assistance of a map.

As the siege of Rastatt will form the contents of the next chapter, I will give here a description of the terrain, as well as it is possible to do without being too lengthy.

The river Murg flows from east to west, and enters the Rhine a little distance below Rastatt. The city has been built on the right bank of the river, and at a place where it forms a knee. From the side facing the east the city is protected by Fort B, which is connected with the bank of the Murg on both sides by a number of bastions, which are called the upper and lower connexion. In the latter is the Rhine-gate, in the former the Carlsruhe-gate.

On the left bank of the Murg, connected also by a string of bastions, are built two very strong forts called A and C; the former towards the south, the latter towards the north.

The palace is situated on an eminence immediately behind Fort B on the right bank of the river.

Standing on the tower of the palace and turning our face towards Fort B, we may consider the river Murg behind us as the chord of a circle of which the tower is the centre.

To our left, at the extreme end of the Murg, where it enters the Rhine, we find on its right bank the considerable village of Steinmauren; still more to its right, behind the Rastatter Niederwald, is the Oetigheim. Straight before us, through the Kirschgrund, runs the turnpike-road leading to Carlsruhe; to the left of this road and of the above-mentioned Niederwald, stretches a ridge, called Retherberg. Between it and the Murg, about a gunshot from a lunette belonging to Fort B, a brick-kiln stood amongst brushwood. To the right of the Carlsruhe road, and next the Carlsruhe-gate, is the railroad station. To the right of Fort B, the railroad forms a bend; then running nearly parallel with the Carlsruhe turnpike-road, it passes the village of Muggensturm. Its continuation in the direction of Baden-Baden runs from the station at first nearly parallel to the Murg, but soon turning towards the south it crosses that river at Kuppenheim on the right, and Niederbuhl on the left bank.

The field in the neighbourhood of the station, and also immediately before the glacis, was cleared of wood, which was, however, left standing on all sides within gunshot distance of the fortress.

To the right of Muggensturm, the ground rises, and on the ridge several turnpike-roads meet. Here we find the villages Malsch and Rauenthal, the latter behind high trees, some of which extended to the railroad, fronting the station, with a large square field between.

The Federbach, which has its source on the ridge to the right of Muggensturm, flows through that village to Oetigheim. Its banks are swampy. Here the railroad crosses it, and further down is another bridge.

To the right of Rauenthal, near the Murg, is Kuppenheim. Turning to examine the terrain on the left bank of the Murg, we must not forget that everything now to our right is in the neighbourhood of what was before to our left. The first village to our left, between the fortress and Kuppenheim, also on the Murg, or rather on a canal running parallel with it, and called Gewerb Kanal, is Niederbuhl. It was so close to the fortress that its first houses were within musket-shot of one of the lunettes. Between it and Kuppenheim, the railroad crosses the Murg.

Behind the village, a somewhat swampy wood extends towards the Rhine, which is intersected by the Landgraben, and some small rivulets. Farther on, beyond Niederbuhl, and nearer the Rhine, is the little village of Foerch, and close to it the chateau of Favorite. Still further south, on the turnpike-road, is the considerable village of Haueneberstein. To the right of it, closer to the Rhine, is Sandweier. From thence the Rhine forms a bend which ends at Steinmauern. At the back of the river are Ottersdorf and Blittersdorf, both concealed by the Rastatter Oberwald, which, at that time, still extended within firing distance of Fort C.

Close to the Murg, not farther from Rastatt than Niederbuhl is on the opposite side, and about as far from Steinmauern as that village is from Kuppenheim, is the village of Rheinau, the principal street of which forms a right angle with the Murg, and leads to Blittersdorf on the Rhine. The Oberwald is intersected by the Muhlbach, running parallel to the Murg. The Ottersdorfer, Kehler, and Niederbuhler gates lead from that side of the fortress.

The fortress was by no means finished; the outworks near Ottersdorf and Rheinau, and at the railroad station, had not yet been constructed. Fort C alone was completely finished; in the main ditch of Fort B, the scaffolding was still standing.

Philip Reuter, with whom I had become acquainted in Muttenz, where he lived with Hecker, had been appointed commissary of the stores of the fortress. He invited me to dinner, and I intended to leave Rastatt afterwards. A garrison was to be left in the fortress with provisions for eight days or a fortnight, for Sigel had promised to relieve it within that time, and had given his word of honour to do all in his power for that purpose. I listened to all these details without interest, for I had not the slightest inclination to shut myself up in this large mousetrap, and was utterly disgusted with the whole revolution, since it was managed in such a foolish manner.

At dinner I drank a glass of wine more than usual, and became somewhat excited by it. Instead of setting off at once, I proposed to Hauff to take a ride to look after our good friends the Prussians. Hauff was ready; but as his horse was sore under the saddle, he requested the loan of a little animal which I had got only on the previous day, and I consented because he insisted, though not without misgivings on account of his indifferent horsemanship.

This was on the 30th of June. Mieroslawski had left Rastatt in the forenoon; for after the fall of Gernsbach there was danger of his being cut off from South Baden, and he had taken up his headquarters in Oos. Kuppenheim was still occupied by our troops, and if they defended it well, Mieroslawski might yet expect to effect a regular and orderly retreat. The Prussians were well aware of this, and therefore they attacked the village and the works at the bridge with a superior force. Kuppenheim was taken, and part of its defenders joined the army, whilst the rest, cut off by the Prussians, entered the fortress.

I rode with Hauff through the village of Niederbuhl, and along the railroad, where I met two officers of the general staff, who rode out, map in hand, in search of the Prussians! I laughed aloud, and frightened the young blockheads not a little, by showing them the whole Prussian army marching on the turnpike-road

some six hundred paces off. At the head of the column, which halted, were cavalry.

I requested one of the two officers to send me a battery which I had seen in Niederbuhl, and to collect from the numerous stragglers a party large enough to form a sufficient infantry support. As the officer did not return, I rode myself to the village, for I could not send Hauff, who was in difficulties with his horse, and had disappeared in the wood. Though I collected about a company of infantry, the commander of the battery did not think the support sufficient, and refused to follow me. Having no military authority, I returned with my company to the railroad and posted them along the wood, from which they, now and then, fired some shots at the Prussian skirmishers, merely to make believe that the village was occupied.

On coming near the wood, I discovered my brave Hauff on foot and limping; the horse had thrown him, as I feared, and had run off in the direction of Hauneneberstein. As I did not want to lose my horse with his new saddle and trappings, I rode in search of him, and saw him browsing in a field which was dangerously near the Prussians, whose attention had already been attracted by my colonel's epaulettes. When I attempted to approach the horse, three Prussian horsemen chased me. As one, who had a very good horse, was far in advance of his two comrades, and seemed likely to overtake me, I turned suddenly round, stopped behind a mound in the field, and

fired my pistol at my pursuer. On that he stopped, but I do not know whether I hit him, for before the two others came up, I had jumped a ditch (where I lost my other pistol), and dived into the wood.

As the Prussians might soon discover that Niederbuhl was not occupied and take it, I rode at once to Rastatt to fetch a battalion, but did not find one that would follow me. I therefore returned again to Niederbuhl, where I found only five or six brave fellows at the post at which I had placed them; the rest were sitting in a public-house. As it became dark, and I might reasonably suppose that the Prussians would not venture an attack in the night, I rode back to the fortress ; I met Tiedemann in the market-place. He told me that the road over Ottersdorf was still free, and wrote a pass for me in pencil.

I started at ten o'clock. As it was possible that on our way we might meet with some stray patrol of the Prussians, I armed my orderlies and servants with rifles. They were all on horseback, but I preferred driving in a carriage.

When I arrived at the Ottersdorfer gate I met with a difficulty which I expected least of all. The guard of the third regiment surrounded my carriage, and would not let me pass. They spoke of running away, of carrying off money, etc., and the commander of the guard would not even recognize my pass, because it was written in pencil. As he was in the right, I sent Hermann back to

Colonel Tiedemann for a proper pass. He did not return till after eleven o'clock, and at the same moment some people came in who told us that the Prussians had already occupied Ottersdorf, which seemed to me very likely, as I had seen them with my own eyes already so far advanced. To travel under these circumstances with only a few men, seemed foolish, and I resolved to wait for daylight and to act according to circumstances.

Returning therefore to the city, I found in the Cross Hotel, Mr. Elsenhans, and several other gentlemen, who also wished to leave for Baden next morning. Next morning, however, we received the rather unwelcome news that the fortress was entirely surrounded by the Prussians, and that it was not possible to go to Baden. The other gentlemen resolved to remain in Rastatt, and I followed their example. To speak the truth, I did not care much about it, as I rather wished to see a siege, and might never again have an opportunity. Thus it happened that I was shut up in Rastatt.

CHAPTER IX.

I accept the appointment of chief of the general staff—Our garrison—My quarters—The Pasha of Janina—Summons to surrender—Intrigues of the "surrender-enthusiasts"—The officers of the 3rd Regiment—Conspiracy—The governor arrested—Rescued—An important meeting—Preparations—The power of eloquence—Arrival of a strange embassy—Unpleasant rumours—Sending out of a scout—A new storm caused by Tiedemann's folly—A fight at Rheinau—A sortie.

CALLING next morning at the governor's office in the palace, I was much astonished to find my name at the head of the officers' list as chief of the general staff of the fortress, and at the same time at the head of all the different departments of the service!

As it could not be my intention to remain a mere spectator in a besieged fortress, I accepted the appointment, though with some reluctance, doubting whether I possessed sufficient knowledge for such a responsible office, since it threw on me the defence of the fortress, and made me its actual governor. But, on the other hand, my scruples were overcome by the fact that no officer was present in the fortress who was better qualified for this position.

The garrison of the fortress consisted of about six thousand men. Besides the considerable artillery belonging to the fortress, we had still several field batteries, and some guns from the Palatinate.

I took possession of some rooms in the first story of the palace, which had served until then as a bureau. They had belonged, before the revolution, to the lodgings of the governor, General von Clossman, and had been occupied by his daughter.

As I like to make my rooms comfortable, even if only staying in them for a few hours, I did so here by means of Rococco furniture found in the Palace, curtains and silk counterpanes, etc. The castellan even brought me a gilt arm-chair with splendidly embroidered arms, perhaps worked by some princess, and in a few hours my rooms appeared to my officers so sumptuous, that they gave me the nickname, "the Pasha of Janina."

I have given a slight sketch of the fortress, and shall not enter into more details, as they would be incomprehensible without a map. Each of the three forts was a strong fortress in itself, and the same might be said of each of the great number (about thirty-five or six) of bastions, forming the connection between the three forts. The fortress was not yet finished, but it was built by the Austrians on a new system, and even in its unfinished state was very strong. Though the outworks (a few lunettes excepted) were still

wanting, the fortress, which had cost many millions, was very extensive, and would have required a garrison of about thirty thousand men; but even when defended by only six thousand men, it could not be taken otherwise than by a long and regular siege.

The spirit which prevailed in the garrison was very good, and especially among the artillery. The citizens, who were much afraid of a siege, and tried to persuade the soldiers to surrender, were very roughly answered. Their insinuations had, however, better success with the officers of the 3rd regiment, whom they had known for years, and who promised that the fortress should be surrendered, if Sigel did not relieve it in eight days, as he had promised.

On Monday, July 2, a Prussian officer appeared with a letter directed to the garrison of Rastatt. It ran as follows:—"The fortress of Rastatt is surrounded by my army corps, two other army corps pursue the Free corps, who are flying and disbanded. There is no hope of relief. I summon the garrison to surrender the fortress, and, as a token of submission, to set the prisoners at liberty at once. Twenty-four hours are given for reflection." The letter was dated from Kuppenheim, and signed by Count Charles v. d. Groeben, Lieut.-General, and General Commanding the 2nd corps of the Rhenish army. A similar letter was addressed to the citizens of Rastatt.

Tiedemann did not deliver this latter docu-

ment; but the arrival of a Prussian "*parlementaire*" became known, and a number of enthusiasts who were in favour of a surrender, headed by the mayor of the city, M. Sallinger, entered the palace and clamoured for a surrender in rather strong terms, which made Tiedemann so furious that he drew his sabre and threatened to strike the mayor.

A reply was sent to the general that we could not comply with his demand, but we requested, in the name of humanity, that he would respect the hospitals, marked by white flags, and treat our prisoners as well as we treated the Prussian prisoners.

As I was not yet acquainted with the fortress, I had, of course, a great deal to do with all kinds of arrangements for its defence. I had no time to go much into the city, and knew nothing of what was going on there.

The ill-feeling which existed between Colonel von Biedenfeld, his officers, and the governor, had been increased by Tiedemann's endeavour to arrest the doctor of the regiment, who was very popular with his comrades, and whom he designated as a spy.

The mayor and a number of citizens becoming aware of this ill feeling, did all they could to increase it, in the hope to win over the officers to a surrender. The measures I took showed them that I expected a bombardment, and they were much afraid of it. The consequence of these

enticements was, that a conspiracy arose amongst the officers of the 3rd regiment, in which many citizens took part.

Tiedemann finding, at one of the guards, arrangements which were not in accordance with his orders, and ascertaining that this irregularity was owing to some officers of the 3rd regiment, became very angry, and called them rogues and traitors. This caused great indignation at a meeting held by these officers in the garden of the Museum, in the morning of July 3, and led to violent resolutions.

When returning from the ramparts, I went to the governor's office in the basement of the Palace, I wondered to see the door guarded by double sentries. I found the governor quite alone, looking perplexed and pale.

"Corvin," said he, "I am a prisoner!"

I laughed in his face, and believed him crazy; however he spoke the truth.

Two majors of the 3rd, Biesele and Weik, had called on him, accompanied by a number of soldiers, and charged him with the following offences: He had called the officers of the 3rd regiment "rogues;" he had endeavoured to get hold of the money of the regiment; he had not been properly appointed governor, and ought to have been elected like the rest of the officers. They had relieved him from his office until a court-martial should have passed judgment on his conduct, and had placed him under arrest in his room, which he was not to

leave until a deputation of the 3rd regiment should have called, and have decided on further steps.

After a little reflection, I saw my way. The first thing was to relieve the colonel from his absurd position. I requested him to follow me to my quarters. On opening the door, I looked sharply at the two sentinels who were undecided, and presented arms. Having passed them, I turned round and said in a commanding tone, "If any one wishes to speak to the governor, tell him to wait; he is engaged with the chief of the general staff."

Tiedemann had altogether lost his head, and did nothing but abuse Biedenfeld and his officers, without coming to any determination. I saw that it was necessary to act for him. When the deputation of officers arrived at the governor's office, I went down to receive them.

Major Biesele was the speaker. The gentlemen were not prepared to see me, and were somewhat abashed. I listened to their complaints, answered in a quiet manner, explained the danger and impropriety of their behaviour, and informed them of my intention to assemble all officers, not absolutely required on the ramparts, in the great hall of the palace on the afternoon of the next day, to arrange all pending difficulties. The officers went away quite satisfied, as it seemed. Though their manner of acting had been utterly wrong, I could not but excuse them in my heart, for Tiedemann had brought all this upon himself by his

want of tact. With a little *savoir faire* he might have made friends of all these officers from the beginning.

Tiedemann was much excited when he heard next day that the officers of the 3rd, together with those of the militia of Rastatt and other officers, had again held a meeting in the morning, at which resolutions had been taken in reference to the removal of the governor, and the surrender.

As it was to be expected that the seditious party might take measures to support their resolutions by force of arms, I made arrangements for all eventualities. The first thing I did was to spread amongst the other troops the news of these resolutions, and I was very much satisfied to hear that not only the free corps and Volkswehr, but also the other regular troops, were quite indignant.

Fort B is close behind the palace, and was occupied by the legion of refugees, who consisted of men whom I had commanded in 1848, in Strasburg, and on whom I could rely. They were ordered to keep ready, and as I requested all their officers to be present at the meeting, I instructed some of my sergeants to watch a certain window of the great hall. On the waving of a handkerchief from it, they were to enter the palace and arrest all the officers whom I should point out to them.

Though very willing to arrange all difficulties in a friendly way, and to make allowance for

irregularities, too great leniency seemed to me to be utterly perilous, and fraught with dangerous consequences.

The meeting was to take place in the great hall of the palace in which Prince Eugene of Savoy, and Marshal Villars concluded the peace of Rastatt (1714). At one end of the hall a large table was placed for the chairman, and to the right and the left were seats for the officers of higher rank.

About three o'clock p.m., the hall became filled with officers in uniforms or blouses, all much excited. I noticed everything carefully, and it seemed to me to be a preconcerted and significant arrangement that the officers of the 3rd regiment and the Rastatt militia should occupy the place near the door, barring it altogether.

Tiedemann came early, but Biedenfeld did not appear, and it was resolved to commence without him. By my proposition Enno Sander was elected president of the meeting, and Elsenhans' secretary.

After the purpose of the meeting had been stated by the president, Major Weik spoke. In a very bold manner he repeated what he had told the governor the day before, and finally demanded his removal from his office.

His speech caused a great tumult, which could not be stilled by Sander, but which was hushed at once, when I began to speak. Turning towards the conspirators, I said, "Some one certainly ought to have been arrested yesterday, and

arraigned before a court-martial; not the governor, but the speaker before me, and all those who have in a besieged fortress held secret meetings, in which the arrest of the governor was not only resolved on, but also executed. I move, therefore, the immediate arrest of the conspirators."

If a bomb-shell had fallen amongst them, the conspirators could not have been more startled than by my utterly unexpected speech, especially as it was greeted with acclamations from many of those assembled. Though they rattled their swords and even drew them, I saw from their looks that I had won my cause, and thought it well to remain quiet for a time, and to wait for a farther development of the plot. The noise subsided, when Tiedemann began to speak. I was glad he did, for I expected that his speech would have a narcotic influence. It was tiresome and confused; I am sorry that I cannot call it otherwise. At its conclusion, he declared himself ready to resign, and laid his sword on the president's table, but on my making an impatient movement, he took it again!

Colonel Biedenfeld had not yet come, and Major Biesele went to fetch him. He arrived, whilst I was again speaking, and trying to excite an utterly different feeling in the assembly. The exact words spoken by me I have forgotten, but they produced a wonderful effect. On this occasion I used all the arts of democratic eloquence, made use of the current

phrases, and even read a passage from a letter from my wife, in which she told me rather to shoot myself than surrender the fortress to the Prussians. Little by little the faces of the audience acquired a different expression, and their eyes sparkled. Having thus excited their enthusiasm, I spoke of the necessity of concord and brotherly love amongst ourselves, of the pettiness of our quarrels and the greatness of our difficulties, and on my concluding my address I had the satisfaction of a brilliant success. The officers shook hands and embraced each other, even with tears in their eyes. Biedenfeld and Tiedemann also embraced, and the latter again offered Biedenfeld his sword, saying, "Brother, be governor yourself." Biedenfeld, however, declined, observing that he understood how to command his regiment, but nothing more.

Thus ended this much dreaded meeting. To cement the new friendship between the officers, we arranged meetings in the Museums garden (a restaurant), which, however, were soon interrupted by the events of the following days.

Though most of the officers had heard my name, they knew little more about me; but owing to this stormy assembly, they now became personally acquainted and favourably impressed with me. Moreover the soldiers, especially the gunners, who had been with me in Mannheim, informed their comrades of what had happened there. Many of the jokes I had made during the action, and other

trifles were circulated; thus I became very popular, and was respected amongst officers and soldiers.

On the first day of my appointment I had advised Tiedemann to make a sortie against Niederbuhl and Rheinau, to secure the cattle and forage there before the Prussians should take them away. As he, however, had to attend to paltry quarrels, he delayed acting upon my advice, and the Prussians profited by a very rainy day to take away the cattle from Rheinau.

On the following day, July 5th, we received a peculiar visit. The Prussian General, Von Schack, took the idea of sending the mayors of Oetigheim and other villages of the neighbourhood to persuade the citizens of Rastatt to surrender. The ambassadors, who arrived in one-horsed cars, saw, however, that the citizens of Rastatt had no power over the fortress, and left it amidst the laughter of the soldiers without having accomplished anything.

Next day corked bottles were picked up in the Murg, which had been thrown into the river by the Prussians. These bottles contained a publication in which it was announced that the insurgents had evacuated Fribourg, that two of our regiments of cavalry, one battery and some infantry, had announced their submission to the Prince of Prussia, and that Fribourg would be occupied on the 6th.

We did not believe this news, though I thought it rather strange that Sigel did not send us a

single message, which he might easily have done. I had sent out several persons to obtain information about the true state of things, but none had returned. In consequence of the above publication, which, if true, would end all our hope of relief, I resolved to send out another scout, a man who had served in Rastatt before the Revolution, and who knew all the secret paths around the city. This scout, Vitus Franz, seemed to be a smart boy. I provided him with money, and gave him a narrow strip of paper, on which I wrote a few words, which he was to deliver to Sigel.

Tiedemann wished to see the scout before his departure, for what purpose I do not know, as instead of giving him additional instructions, he abused the officers of the 3rd regiment, saying that "they ought to be shot, all of them, together with their colonel and doctor." He talked still more nonsense, and not being able to stop him, I ended the disgraceful scene by hurrying off the astonished scout.

Our soldiers were all very much dissatisfied that they were not led against the Prussians, who foraged in the villages and even close to the glacis, and this dissatisfaction became rebellious when the garrison heard that the Prussians had been permitted to carry off the cattle from Rheinau. Without any order a number of Volkswehrmen and even regular soldiers proceeded to Rheinau, to take what the Prussians had left. A fight ensued, and in consequence of this some

soldiers of the artillery went to the governor for permission to assist the Freischaerlers with two guns. As Tiedemann answered "they might do what they liked, for he was no longer governor," they went out with two guns, and the fight became serious; for the guns which the Prussians had placed behind the bridge over the Muhlbach, on the road to Blittersdorf on the Rhine, answered, and Prussian infantry arrived from this latter place and from Oetigheim.

I was employed at the opposite end of the fortress in inspecting Fort A, when I received the report of the serious turn which the fight at Rheinau had taken, and other intelligence which was still more serious.

My scout, Vitus Franz, had not yet left the fortress, but had been detained. After I had despatched him, and while he was still perplexed by what he had heard from Tiedemann, he met in the street his Colonel, von Biedenfeld, whom he respected and loved. He believed every word he had heard, and informed Biedenfeld that Tiedemann intended to have him and all the officers of the 3rd regiment shot! The excitement produced by this news may be imagined.

When I returned to the palace as fast as my horse could carry me, Tiedemann already knew what had occurred. He had sent to Biedenfeld and requested his regiment to make a sortie against Rheinau, and Biedenfeld had answered, "He would not send one single man; he would

not be murdered with his officers; at five o'clock he would with his regiment occupy Fort A, and then the governor would see what would happen."

On my question what he was going to do, Tiedemann looked stupid and said nothing. It was evident therefore that I must act to prevent a bloody fight, and perhaps even the immediate surrender of the fortress.

It was four o'clock. I left the palace most indignant with Tiedemann, who by his foolish words had placed us all in jeopardy.

On arriving at the market place, an idea struck me. As my name had been mixed up with this foolish threat of Tiedemann, I had reason to give an explanation, and if I could speak to the 3rd regiment all things might perhaps be set right. Dismounting, therefore, and leaving even my sword in the hands of my orderly, I went on foot to Biedenfeld's quarters. I found him alone. He was surprised to see me, but rather pleased. I explained to him the mistake. I do not think that he really believed in Tiedemann's intention to murder him and his officers, but it suited his purpose to feign it, and he would not give up his plan of marching to Fort A with his regiment. "If that fellow (Vitus Franz) has told a lie he must be shot," said Biedenfeld; "but if what he has said is true, then Tiedemann must '*daran glauben*,' or my name is not Biedenfeld." I succeeded at last, however, in obtaining his promise

not to do anything rash, but to place the whole affair in my hands.

When we had agreed so far, the mayor, Sallinger, entered the room. He had just returned from Tiedemann, with whom he had had some official business, but who had said that he was no longer governor, and he might go to Biedenfeld. He said the same to an adjutant who reported something in reference to Rheinau.

I was indignant, and perfectly agreed with the mayor that it was necessary to put an end to this unworthy farce, and requested Biedenfeld to accept the place of governor. He refused, however, saying that he did not understand anything about the defence of a fortress, and wanted me to be governor. I convinced him, however, that he was a far more proper person, as he had been known for years by all the citizens and soldiers, whilst I was a stranger. "Well," said he, "then I will accept the name of governor, but on condition that you carry on the whole business. However, you will see Tiedemann is not in earnest about his resignation."

Whilst we were still assembled we heard two alarm shots from the palace-yard. Not knowing what to think of it, or how to behave under these awkward circumstances, I went to the market-place and there found Tiedemann with all the staff, waiting for me. I rode up to him and expressed my astonishment to see him acting as governor, when he had announced his resigna-

tion. He did not answer, but only said that he would support the troops fighting in Rheinau, and requested my attendance.

As I had always advised such a sortie, I would not exclude myself from it, though utterly disgusted with Tiedemann's childish behaviour.

Whilst we were still in the market-place, Biedenfeld came up one of the streets at the head of his regiment, on his way to Fort A. Tiedemann wanted me to ask him for one of his battalions, but I requested him to ask himself, and both of us rode up to Biedenfeld.

"Brother," said Tiedemann, in a suppliant voice, "will you give me one of your battalions for a sortie against Rheinau?"

"I am on my way to Fort A," answered the colonel gruffly.

"Then you will not give me a battalion?"

"No," was the short answer, and with that Biedenfeld gave me his hand and said, "Did I not tell you so, Corvin? Now he is governor again."

"Well," I answered, "only keep your promise not to do anything rash, and I will set things straight to-morrow."

CHAPTER X.

The sortie against Rheinau—Lively scenes—First bombardment—More serious renewal on Sunday morning—Losing patience—Major Heinsius—My resignation not accepted—Tiedemann's sortie on Sunday afternoon—Attending as a spectator—A secure position—Needle guns—Strange effect of fear on my horse—Fetching another—Return—Change of Scene—Panic—An officer killed at my side—Hauff wounded—Major Weik wounded—I restore order—Tiedemann makes a target of himself—His strange behaviour—He is wounded—A more successful sortie against Niederbuhl—My brave Hauff dies of his wound.

It was a lucky idea of Tiedemann to support the arbitrary sortie of the Freischaerler against Rheinau. He made himself popular by it, though at the expense of discipline, and his position became tenable. The officers of the 3rd regiment, who had refused to take part in it, lost thereby their influence with the rest of the garrison.

I ordered for the sortie one company of the 1st and two companies of the 2nd regiment, a twelve-pounder battery, and two guns from the Palatinate.

The Prussians had entered Rheinau with infantry and two guns; but before our arrival the Freischaerler had already forced them to give

it up and to retire behind the fortified Muhlbach-bridge, where they were occupied with some of our skirmishers, who had taken their position in the corner of the wood between the roads to Ottersdorf and Blittersdorf.

Tiedemann advanced with two guns to the end of the village, and commenced firing against the fortified bridge at rather a short distance. The Prussians answered, and used sixty six-pounder balls, thirteen canister shots and six shrapnels. As Tiedemann had not made any plan for the fight, I rode up to him; I found him close to our advanced guns, in the most exposed place. He did not move from this spot, and requested me to take the command.

As it was only our intention to take possession of the provisions in the village, and by no means to occupy it, I took my measures accordingly.

Whilst Tiedemann defended the end of the village, his left flank was protected by the above-mentioned skirmishers in the wood, whom I reinforced. My reserve was placed near the bridge over the Murg river, with two guns in advance of it, to prevent the arrival of reinforcements from Steinmauren. My skirmishers extended from the Murg to the Retherer hill and the brick-kiln at its foot; their task was to prevent an advance of the Prussians from Oetigheim.

Seeing that the Prussian skirmishers took their position behind some stacked wood near the brick-kiln, I directed the two guns to fire against this

wood, which had a very good effect. This fight on the right wing was of no great consequence, but it was sufficient for the purpose. I wanted to attack the fleche at the Muhlbach bridge (which Tiedemann attacked in front) in its flank, and for that purpose ordered the twelve-pounder battery to advance to a field to the right of Rheinau. The captain, however, who commanded the battery, declared it impossible, as the ground was too soft for his heavy guns, and he would not go. From that time he got the name of "Retirir-Michel" (Retiring Jack) for life.

Whilst the Prussians were everywhere kept in check, our foraging parties went throughout Rheinau, though cannon balls and canister shot now and then interrupted the occupation, which was carried on with much humour, especially on the part of the dragoons and officers' servants, who were delighted to find large quantities of hay, which had begun to be scarce in the fortress, as we had to feed many horses. A good number of carts and waggons were ready for the purpose. Our booty in wine was dangerously large. Whilst one waggon with wounded men (who, of course, made no pleasant faces) returned slowly to the fortress, another drove along with a very merry load. In the centre was a big barrel of wine, on which a stout trumpeter of dragoons sat astride as Bacchus. To its right and left stood gods in the same uniform, in rather exhilarated mood, swinging jubilantly large wooden cans filled with wine.

The rest of the waggon was filled with a merry, motley crowd. Some soldiers with women's caps or straw hats were blowing on tin funnels, whilst one of them held a large sucking-pig under his arm, turning its tail like an organ, and producing discordant music. Another had saved a cat, which, however, seemed not at all grateful, but defended itself with all its might, joining its doleful notes with those more energetic and piercing ones of the musical pig. Others had live geese, ducks, and hens, which increased the noise. This, mixed with the boom of the guns and the rattling of musketry, made a very queer concert. Whilst cannon balls and canister were striking the houses, these were very carefully emptied, and many funny scenes occurred. The dragoons were now extremely busy; for they liked that kind of work better than fighting, and were very brave against the unfortunate feathered tribe, attacking geese, ducks, and hens, with swords and pistols. The unoccupied gunners of the "Retirir-Michel" had established themselves in the cellars, and drank as bravely as their comrades fought. Some of them became dead drunk, and were found in that state by the Prussians and killed.

As the fight went on steadily down the whole line, I rode into the village to prevent excesses, which I feared, on account of the great quantity of wine to be found everywhere. About sunset all the provisions had been brought in, and as a continuation of the fight was purposeless, I told

Tiedemann to give orders for the retreat. He was still at the same place where he was found by me at the beginning of the fight; he looked pale, and was very silent. It was dark when, with drums beating and colours flying, we returned to the fortress.

The courage which Tiedemann had shown in this sortie restored him to the good opinion of the soldiers, and this, in connection with the events of the following days, put an end to the pending quarrels.

As I had had a great deal of exercise that day (and perhaps also in consequence of a bottle of champagne I drank in the evening) I slept so soundly, that I was not even awakened by the firing of the two twelve-pounders right under my window. Hermann, my orderly, had knocked in vain at my door, and was much alarmed, for he imagined that I had been murdered. Through the window of my sitting-room he reached the balcony, and then entered my bed-room through its open window. He had to shake me a good while, but when he said, "The Prussians are bombarding the city," I was at once fully awake.

It was about half-past two when I mounted my horse. Though the stars were still shining, they began to grow pale. I met Tiedemann, who had been already on the tower of the palace, which was our look-out.

A house near the market was in flames, and the artillerymen told me that it had been burning

even before the Prussians fired the first shot. This seemed very suspicious, especially as its owner, a hotel-keeper, was suspected of being in connection with the enemy, and had been placed by me under the especial surveillance of my lieutenant of police. The firemen, whom I found at the market-place, did not like their work, on account of the shower of balls falling near the burning house. I made them, however, find their legs.

The citizens were very much alarmed, for the Prussians fired with grenades and red-hot balls, not at the fortress, but at the houses in the city. Under the protection of the very awkward railroad dyke they had succeeded in the night in placing their guns very close to the city. They used seventy-five twelve-pounder shots, of which forty-eight were red hot; and one hundred and fifty-five grenades, which fortunately had matches that were too short, and exploded mostly in the air.

After having made the proper arrangements in the city, I rode to the ramparts, where I met Tiedemann in Fort B. Our gunners were in very good spirits, and fired excellently. Some howitzers of the enemy were dismounted, and as their twelve-pounder battery (one of mine, taken in Mannheim) lost some horses and men, they stopped their fire at about five o'clock. We had not lost one single man, but some of the citizens were hurt.

As it was to be expected that the Prussians would renew their attack in a more serious manner, I proposed, in the council of war, that should

they commence firing, we should make a strong sortie, supported by the guns from our bastions, to which Tiedemann agreed.

On Sunday morning, before break of day, the Prussians recommenced their bombardment somewhat more seriously, for they had twenty-four-pounders and twelve and eight-inch shells. Two twenty-four-pounders, and my two mortars from Mannheim were placed by them behind the rail-road dyke, and on the road leading to Kehl were placed six twelve-pounders. Reserve guns stood behind Rheinau.

No house was fired. I was again very much satisfied with my artillerymen, who behaved splendidly. Directly after the commencement of the bombardment, those in the lunettes of Fort A succeeded in damaging the battery on the road to Kehl so much, that the Prussians retired, leaving their twelve-pounders behind.

I urged a sortie, and Tiedemann did not oppose it, but Biedenfeld again refused his concurrence! Thus we missed the capture of the twelve-pounder battery. The Prussians ceased firing at six o'clock, but commenced again at seven, and continued until ten.

As the guns of the Prussians remained in their position, I proposed to Tiedemann a sortie for the next morning, at about two o'clock. He answered in a vague manner, and I left him with a very angry feeling, resolving to resign my place as chief of the general staff. My position became in fact

intolerable. The post held by me was indeed a very arduous one, for I had no assistance whatever except from the chief of the artillery, Major Heilig, who had, before the revolution, been a first sergeant in the artillery. My staff consisted of a great number of majors, captains, and lieutenants, at least thirty; amongst them were some very agreeable, highly educated men, but not one able to assist me in my manifold duties. I divided them into different bureaus, and gave them certain tasks, but they did not understand how to set about them, and I had to do everything myself. As, however, I am tolerably active, all would have been well, if Tiedemann had not everywhere counteracted and crossed my arrangements, generally only out of stupidity, without any bad intention, but sometimes from caprice. The worst was, that he never informed me of the disturbances and alterations he made in my arrangements, or of things that came direct to him, and which remained unattended to, however urgent they might be. All this made my post very irksome, and at the same time increased the amount of work already heaped on my shoulders. I regretted not having given him up when the officers of the 3rd regiment arrested him.

Major Heinsius, formerly a Prussian officer, his first aide-de-camp, was equally dissatisfied with the whole behaviour of the governor, whom he declared not only to be stupid, but actually crazy—and in fact, he was not far from the truth.

I sent in my resignation about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Heinsius was with me. After a while Tiedemann returned it to me open with a verbal message, that he could not accept my resignation at the moment of a sortie, which he was going to make. This new affront made me quite furious. Instead of agreeing to my proposal for such a sortie at dawn the next morning, he resolved to make it now, without informing me who, of all the officers in the place, ought to have been first made acquainted with it. This inconsiderate behaviour only strengthened my resolution, and I resolved to show him that I could be as stubborn as himself.

After some time he sent another officer, requesting my attendance, as he was just marching off with the troops. I sent him my compliments, wishing him much success, as he had already heard my resolution.

When the officer was gone, Heinsius began to feel uneasy, and asked, "Well, what are we going to do?" "Stay here." "Oh, no, that won't do." "Very well," said I, "that Tiedemann may not believe that I raised this difficulty only for the sake of remaining away from the sortie, I will attend it, not in uniform, but in my blouse, as a spectator, and merely armed with my horse-whip." Heinsius considered the proposal "mad enough," but resolved to follow my example, only he would take with him his sabre and pistols.

In riding out of the Carlsruhe-gate to the

railroad station, and on the field near it, the soldiers took little notice of my masquerade, as it was then quite the fashion to wear blouses. Many colonels and other officers never appeared in any other dress; and, moreover, I was by that time personally known to all the soldiers.

I am not responsible for the result of that sortie, as I did not make the disposition for it. Had I been consulted, I should have acted far differently from Tiedemann.

From the station, the railroad leading to Baden-Baden runs towards Kuppenheim. About one thousand paces from it, if so far, a strip of wood ran close to the road, forming almost a right angle with it. Opposite the railroad, also about eight hundred paces distant and in connection with the mentioned strip of wood, called the Eichblon, was brushwood, belonging to the Rauenthaler wood. Between this brushwood, wood, and railroad was a nearly rectangular field.

Tiedemann advanced two guns on the railroad, and opened a rather useless fire against the Eichblon, which he attacked from the open field on its broad side, with the legion of refugees and one battalion of the 3rd regiment under Major Weik, whilst the Fribourg Volkswehr, under Major Neumark, was placed behind the railroad. The reserve remained at the station, and part of them occupied the edge of the wood towards the Hirschgrund.

This position was awkward. Between the

Eichblon (where the Prussians were in an excellently protected position) and the station, was a field planted with corn and potatoes. The corn fields reaching up to the brushwood opposite the railroad, permitted the Prussians coming from Muggensturm to advance almost unseen, and to come in flank and rear of our attacking troops. The advance of the two guns on the narrow and high railroad was also awkward, for the guns could not well move on that road, and horses and men were too much exposed to the fire of the infantry.

In the moment of the attack the opposite wood was only occupied by two hundred Prussians, forming the pickets between Rauenthal and the Merg; but, for the good luck of the Prussians, they had just been relieved, and the relief was still close by. They gained time to return by the useless firing of the two guns from the railroad. Three other Prussian companies were bivouacking before Rauenthal, and the whole first division of the army corps was in their camp between Rauenthal and Oetigheim. In the direction towards Niederbuhl was a battalion of the 20th regiment and several other companies. Cavalry was also close at hand. All these troops were on the place in half an hour, so that we were opposed by an overpowering force, which was protected by the woods. It was foolish to make this sortie in the afternoon, and still more so to proceed so slowly.

Had the attack taken place in the night it would have been successful without much loss of life.

We arrived when the fight had been already commenced by the two advanced guns, and whilst the skirmishers of the 3rd regiment were forming in the field for the attack against the Eichblon wood. Heinsius said, "If we are only here as lookers-on, I cannot see the necessity of exposing ourselves too much, and I vote that we look out for a place from which we may see the affair comfortably." "All right," said I, "only follow me; we will take up a proper position." With that I rode on the left side of the railroad towards the Eichblon, and halted in the line of skirmishers forming for the attack.

The fight commenced very well. The skirmishers belonging to the 3rd regiment advanced steadily, and did not much mind the fire from the wood. They moved rather too leisurely, and as I saw them, dressed in their light grey, easy fitting great coats, advancing in the field planted with corn, potatoes, and other things, they reminded me of a farmer looking at his crops on a fine Sunday afternoon. A little more speed would have been advisable, for when the Prussian reinforcements arrived in the wood, the fire from their thousand needle-guns was indeed terrific.

On that day I rode the black charger on which Moegling had been wounded when attacking a wood at Waaghaeusel. The remembrance of that event seemed to have remained with the intelli-

gent horse, for though he did not care for artillery fire, and did not move even when standing beside a mortar; he started now at the sound of each bullet which passed. When the shower became more copious, he stretched his forelegs, his nostrils expanded to their utmost width, and staring at the wood, he trembled all over.

Heinsius did not like to be out in such a shower. He bent a little behind the neck of his horse, and said quite indignantly, "Well, do you call this a comfortable place? Thank you, I'm off." "I will follow directly," I laughingly said, for he believed that I had played a trick on him. It was indeed no comfortable place, and it was foolish to ride on horseback close behind the skirmishers with a wood in front garnished with about a thousand needle-gunners, each of them firing eight shots in a minute.

I was only kept in my place by my astonishment at my horse, which shook as if in a fit of ague, and bent his knees as if he would lie down in the potato field. Believing that he was wounded I jumped down and examined him on all sides. I never saw fear so strongly expressed by an animal. The perspiration was streaming from him, and running over his hoofs. When at that moment a bullet passed quite close to his ear, he broke loose from me and jumped into a low wet ditch at the side of the railroad. One of my Mannheim artillerymen, who was sitting on the carriage of a third gun advancing on the high

railroad, scrambled down the descent, caught my horse, and brought him to me. I saw that I could not use him, and in order to fetch my cream-coloured horse I followed Heinsius to the station, my horse taking jumps such as I never saw a horse take before.

Returning to the city, I despatched some dragoons with orders for different bastions, and especially for Fort A, to Major Jacobi, directing him to keep a sharp eye on Niederbuhl, and to occupy the Prussians there, in order to prevent them from taking part in the fight near the station.

After having been absent for about twenty minutes, I returned to the battle-field. On my way I saw a black horse without a rider, and by its wagging underlip I recognized the steed of Hauff, who had accompanied the guns on the railroad. I believed that he had simply been unhorsed in his usual manner, and did not pay much heed to the accident, but I was very sorry to hear that he was severely wounded in his knee.

When I passed the Carlsruhe-gate, I saw with astonishment that the scene on the battle-field had changed altogether. Our troops, whom I left advancing gloriously, were retreating in haste, and a number of cowards were running towards the gate. This kind of panic was caused by two guns which returned from the railroad at a gallop. My voice stopped them and also the stream of fugitives. "Captain," I called out to the

officer commanding the guns, "you are mistaken: the Prussians are *there*." Without answering, but becoming scarlet, he turned his guns, and I led them again to the railroad, ordering him to fire with canister shot against the advancing Prussians. A bullet struck the poor officer in his breast, and he fell dead from his horse. At the same moment I met Major Weik, who was wounded also, and whom two of his men led to the rear.

The panic which for a few moments seized our troops was caused however not merely by the two retreating guns, but originally by a sad mistake; and our retreat was perfectly justified by the overpowering forces with which the Prussians opposed us. The brave legion of refugees had taken the Eichblon, whilst the 3rd regiment did not reach it; but when the reinforcements for the Prussians arrived from Rauenthal and Muggensturm, and the legion of refugees received a fire in its front and left flank, they had to give up the conquered wood. Coming out on the field and retreating towards the station, they were utterly astonished to receive a fire also in their right flank, from the railroad. The Freiburg Volkswehr, placed behind the railroad dyke committed this unpardonable blunder, excusing themselves afterwards by saying they believed that the Prussians had put on blouses to deceive them! That under such circumstances the brave legion of refugees should retire in double quick

time to the station, was the most sensible thing they could do. The Prussians, encouraged by this blunder, advanced. The corn prevented the other troops from seeing what had really happened; they only saw our men running, and the example was contagious. At that moment a detachment of Prussian hussars broke from behind the wood in pursuit, but was stopped by a well-aimed grenade from the ramparts, which fell right amongst them and scattered them to the winds. The 20th Prussian regiment, however, kept on advancing, our artillery trying to check them.

I had arrived just in time to restore order. Though I saw that the object of the sortie (if Tiedemann had one at all) could not be attained, and that it would be the most sensible thing to retire at once to the fortress, I thought it better to wait until our troops should have recovered from their momentary panic. They now took up a position near the station.

The Prussians fired at us from two sides; it was a terrific fire; and the noise, increased by the incessant roar of the guns from our ramparts, was sometimes so loud that it drowned our voices. One might have imagined that a second battle of Waterloo was being fought.

As I had nothing else to do, I rode to and fro amongst the soldiers, encouraging them by a word of praise, or some timely joke, which never failed in its effect. As the fight again went on like clockwork, I took a cigar from my case, but having

no match, I rode quietly up to a detachment that had placed itself behind a breastwork which happened to be left when the road was made. The faces of the soldiers were glowing with excitement, and their mouths black from biting off the cartridges. The most excited of them was the officer in command, a lieutenant, who had once been head-waiter in a hotel in Baden-Baden. "Schade," I addressed him, "Have you got any fire?" I and his soldiers laughed at his amazed face when he said, "Well, I declare! smoke now!" When I had lighted my cigar, he said, "Take care that they do not shoot the cigar out of your mouth—it is quite profane to smoke now." I do not know how it was, but I felt sure that nothing would happen to me; and I looked out for Tiedemann, who seemed to have a strong desire for a bullet.

From the commencement of the fight he had always exposed himself as much as possible. He had noticed me, and had looked with astonishment at my blouse, but we had not spoken one word. I saw him not far from the station alone in the middle of the railroad. He looked as pale as a sheet, and stared sternly, without moving towards the enemy. I rode up to his side, and said, "Tiedemann, it is foolish to make a target of yourself for no purpose. Come along." He did not answer, nor even look at me. He stared incessantly at the Prussians, as if waiting for the bullet which should kill him. Two horsemen in

the middle of the road attracted, of course, the attention of the enemy, and, as the whizzing around us became rather too lively, I turned my horse, muttering some angry words. At that moment Tiedemann called out quite joyously, "Corvin, I am wounded!" "Where?" I asked, examining his person with my eyes, and slightly shrugging my shoulders, for I could not discover anything. "Here, in my shoulder," he said, in a queer, confused manner, and speaking peculiarly quick, "It was a grape shot—it came from the ramparts—ah, take it up—there it rolls on the ground." I was quite amazed at his strange manner, and was inclined to believe he had been hit in the head. At last I saw on the top of his shoulder a very small hole (he wore no epaulettes), but not any blood. "Nonsense!" I answered, "That was the graze of a Minie ball; be glad that it is not an inch or so lower down. Come." He now followed me. The bullet had touched the top of the shoulder-bone, and had probably caused a sharp pain, which made him believe it to be a dangerous wound.

I was glad that Tiedemann did not pay more dearly for his folly; as, however, I understood his feelings perfectly, and also the honourable reason of his apparently crazy behaviour—compassion gained the victory over my anger, and I forbore to tease him. I led his horse out of the leaden shower behind the station-building, where some leech examined his scratch, which quite justified the wearing his arm in a sling.

As appearances had been saved, and nothing was to be gained by the continuance of the fight, I gave orders for the return of the troops to the fortress, which was done under the protection of our guns.

Meanwhile, another fight took place at Niederbuhl; obeying my order to occupy the Prussians in that place, and being informed of the turn which the fight near the station had taken, Major Jacobi, in Fort A, opened fire against Niederbuhl at about seven o'clock p.m., and the village was in flames.

Major Leiner, with one battalion of the 3rd, and some of the Volkswehr under Captain Peter, a Saxon, made a sortie, and after a fight of about half an hour, drove the Prussian 8th Landwehr regiment from the churchyard into the wood, took this also, and advanced to the railroad on the road leading to Kuppenheim. Not finding either any forage or food in that village, and night coming on, the troops returned from their successful sortie to Fort A. Twenty houses in the village were burnt down, and also the fine church. Major Heilig himself fired a shot, and struck the dial of the steeple. Prussian guns only appeared at Niederbuhl when the fight was over. There had been none used against us, to our great astonishment, and it was only afterwards that we heard the reason of this strange circumstance. The Prussian officers of artillery, who had bombarded our city in the morning, were in very high spirits; and as they imagined us smarting under that in-

fliction, and themselves thought of nothing less than of a sortie, they were all off to Baden-Baden, to pass a pleasant Sunday afternoon, after their busy morning. This was the reason of the non-appearance of guns, as the Prussians themselves told me afterwards.

Captain Peter sent me next morning a detailed report of the fight at Niederbuhl, which Tiedemann added to his "Historical Documents," which he would not destroy, and thus caused the death of brave Major Jacobi, and the condemnation of Captain Peter to ten years' house of correction, as I shall tell afterwards.

I had a serious conversation the same night with Tiedemann, who asked my pardon, promised to mend his ways, and requested me not to forsake him. I therefore put on my uniform again.

Our loss in the sortie had been considerable; but I am not able to state it exactly, as the disorder in the free corps was very great, and I never succeeded in getting regular lists or reports from them. I had indeed too much on my shoulders, and could not attend to all trifles myself. Only twenty dead were brought into the fortress, but many were left outside in the above-mentioned panic. The brave legion of refugees had sustained heavy losses, and the Prussians said that they buried eighty. Four dead were found later on in the corn-fields. We had forty wounded in the hospitals, besides a number who were only slightly wounded.

The Prussians lost only twelve killed and forty-six wounded. Their comrades have erected near the railroad a little pyramid, on which the names of the killed are inscribed.

Amongst the wounded was my poor Hauff. His wound did not seem very dangerous, yet on seeing him I did not like his appearance. The second day the doctors reported his death, which had occurred chiefly in consequence of a brain fever.

Our dead were, of course, buried with music, and all military honours, and the clergyman made a speech. At the grave of the officer of artillery, who was killed at my side, he had nothing better to say than to speak of the pride of Nebuchadnezzar, which made me so indignant, that I requested him at Hauff's grave only to say the usual prayers. I myself made a speech to the memory of my brave aide-de-camp, and, as it came from my heart, it went to the hearts of my audience.

CHAPTER XI.

Citizens in the casemates—The council of war—M. Elsenhans and his fixed idea—"Der Festungsbote"—The club for the furtherance of "unlimited progress"—Request for leeches—Foolish behaviour of the governor—Harvesting under difficulty—Signal rockets—Offer made by the Prussian general—My journey to Constance—Favorite—Conversation with the Prussian chief of the general staff—The major accompanying me a traitor—All hope at an end—The effect of my report—I am commissioned by the garrison to negotiate the surrender of the fortress—A long interview with the Prussian commanding general, Count von der Groeben—His promises—Startling demand—The martial laws—Resolution of the council of war to surrender at discretion—The great council of war—Dangerous disorders amongst the troops—I am instructed to surrender the fortress under any circumstances before night—Some words in self-defence—The capitulation—A strange omission—An offer to escape made to me and rejected.

As the citizens of Rastatt were much frightened by the bombardment, I permitted them to take refuge in the casemates of Fort C, the command of which had been given by me to Major Mahler, an officer of the regular army of Baden. He was a handsome young man, and the pretty eyes of Amalie von Struve had recruited him for the revolution. He was killed many years later at the battle of Gettysburg, in America, where he commanded a regiment.

The citizens availed themselves of my permission, and on the same evening a whole family took refuge in one of the casemates, establishing themselves on sacks which happened to be there. The gentlemen had lighted a candle, smoked their cigars, and felt quite comfortable. The family, who slept right well on the sacks, were awakened in the morning by some artillerymen, who said on entering, "Now, we must carry these sacks to some more secure place." The terror of the family may be imagined on their discovering that they had slept on sacks, filled, not with corn, as they had supposed, but with *gunpowder!* When the bombardment commenced, the artillerymen had put them aside from the laboratory, and had quite forgotten them.

As my quarters were the most roomy and comfortable, the sessions of the Council of War were always held there; and having noticed that Germans attend much better to business with a cigar in their mouths and a bottle before them, I always took good care that such creature-comforts should not be wanting.

The Council of War was always attended by the commanders of the forts and of the different bodies of troops, sixteen officers in all. No regular sessions were held, but they were called together whenever the decision of the council was required by the regulations of the fortress.

My neighbour was M. Elsenhans, who lived, or roomed, with a former member of Parliament.

Our rooms were only separated by a folding-door, and I suppose that Elsenhans not rarely overheard the debates of the Council of War and shaped his articles for the paper he published, under the name of "Der Festungsbote" (the messenger of the fortress) according to what he heard. It was, therefore, wrongly believed to be an organ of the governor. I knew very little of Elsenhans, and Tiedemann could not abide him, and called him Eselhans (familiarly translated jackass).

My neighbours often prevented me from sleeping by their stormy political discussions. According to Elsenhans, we did not act energetically enough, and were blamed for not being more severe with both the open and secret surrender-enthusiasts.

Once, long after midnight, I was awakened from my sleep; Elsenhans and the ex-member of Parliament stood with a candle at my bedside, and astonished me with an emphatic entreaty to favour the "decided progress," and to win Tiedemann over to it.

On the day after the sortie, at parole, the commissary of provisions, Philip Reiter, invited me in a mysterious manner to come at eight o'clock p.m. to his house. On my asking what was the matter, he stammered, "Yo - u wi - ll se - e; many are coming."

In the afternoon I had to attend to some unpleasant affairs which gave evidence that the discipline of the fortress had much slackened. A

number of soldiers had gone to Rheinau with a cannon, attracted by the wine which was still in some of the cellars there. The Prussians in consequence sent a battery and two companies against them, and a fight ensued. An officer, dispatched by Tiedemann to call our men back, was threatened by a tipsy dragoon with his pistol; and Tiedemann, to whom he complained, did nothing to punish the marauders, who lost four killed, and left ten or twelve drunk in the cellars, who were cruelly murdered by the Prussians, as I was told by one who escaped the butchery.

Disorders at other places had required my presence, and it was already nine o'clock p.m. when I arrived at M. Reiter's quarters. I met in the ante-room a great number of orderlies, for all the field-officers of the garrison were present, except those of the 3rd regiment. Even before entering, I heard the noise of a carousing party, and in the room I found a numerous company enveloped in tobacco smoke. Reiter had cut large slices from a ham lying on the bare table, and large vessels of wine stood everywhere, while the glowing faces of those present showed that they had drank a good deal. Tiedemann, who could not drink much, sat in his shirt-sleeves, his wounded arm in a sling, and his face flushed.

Drinking was not, however, the object of the meeting. The company, who had only waited for my arrival, proceeded to a neighbouring room and I was elected president of the meeting. Elsen-

hans in a ridiculous speech explained its purpose, which was no other than to constitute a club for the furthering of "the decided progress." Major Heinsius ridiculed the idea, and a quarrel ensued. Tiedemann, intending it as a joke, as he said, went to the window to call the guard to arrest the members of the revolutionary club, but Elsenhans took it in earnest, so that I had much trouble to restore peace.

After having given a resumé of the different opinions expressed, I spoke out mine, and declared it to be rank folly to institute such a club for "the decided progress" in a besieged fortress; and I closed the meeting, taking my cap and walking out.

The Prussians kept quiet, and did not repeat their bombardment; but from the tower of the palace, where I had stationed a major (who had to send me a report every hour), they were seen busily erecting batteries at different points. As Prussian officers and patrols frequently reconnoitred near the fortress, I sent good marksmen to the most advanced lunettes to take care of them.

After having carefully studied the map of the fortress and its surroundings, I sent to every battery a paper, on which the distances from it to different places were noted down, which was of great use to my artillerymen. On this occasion I also discovered that the Prussian camp could be reached by my shells; and therefore sent six twelve-inch mortars to one of the lunettes,

with the intention of bombarding the camp in the night. Tiedemann, whom I told of this, doubted the correctness of my statement; and when by chance he came to the lunette, he ordered two shells to be thrown. They fell right into the middle of the Prussian camp, and warned by them, the camp was at once removed to a more distant place. Thus the intended bombardment was prevented by Tiedemann's interference.

The want of leeches was very much felt in our hospitals, though there were tanks with plenty of them in Niederbuhl. Dr. Welker, the staff-surgeon, proposed that Tiedemann should request the Prussian general to send us one thousand leeches. He did so in a letter which he sent, without my knowledge, to Count Groeben, together with a letter to his father, which the general forwarded to Heidelberg. Next morning, the Prussian lieutenant, Baron von Krosegk, arrived in the fortress with a box of leeches.

I pass over many details in reference to my arrangements for the defence and other things. The proposal of the Prussian general to send out two persons to ascertain the truth of his statements in reference to the dissolution of our army, was discussed in the Council of War and accepted. After many disputes, and rejection of different persons proposed for the important mission, it was at last resolved that I should be sent, and that Major Lang should accompany me, though the latter was much objected to by many persons.

On Wednesday, the 18th of July, at eleven o'clock a.m., I and Lang rode to Niederbuhl, accompanied by an escort of dragoons and two trumpeters. We were both in uniform, and I wore the black-red-gold scarf across my breast. Here we were received by a young officer, Count Schmettow, the commander of the Staff Guard, who, with some reluctance, declared that it would be necessary, for our own security and convenience, that we should travel in citizen's dress. We returned, therefore, to the fortress. Tiedemann was furious at this insulting proposal, and wanted to break off all negotiations, but I declared myself ready to comply with the demand, as it was more important to know the fate of our army than to stickle about trifles of military etiquette; and the Council of War was of my opinion.

It was already late when we returned to Niederbuhl, where Count Schmettow arrived with a miserable open vehicle, which was to carry us to the station of Oos. A sergeant of infantry and a corporal of cuirassiers, took their places on the box, for they also were to accompany us on our journey. Our eyes were bandaged while we passed the village of Niederbuhl and the Prussian camp at Foerch.

Count Schmettow was a very agreeable young man, who behaved as amiably and politely as his position would permit. He told me, however, that he had to answer with his honour for our safe return to the fortress.

I had expressed a wish to Count Groeben that an armistice should be agreed on during my absence, but he would not consent to it. We left Oos at a late hour in a special train. Arrived in Fribourg, where the Prince of Prussia was at that time, we could not find rooms in any of the hotels, and were glad to sleep on straw in a dining-room.

What I heard next morning in Fribourg and read in the papers, left me no doubt that the report I had previously heard was correct, that our army had not only given us up, but had even passed the Swiss frontier a fortnight ago; and no one had thought it worth the trouble to send us word, and we were still relying on the promise given us by Sigel!

We had been told not to take any arms or letters with us; but Lang had a great many of the latter, which Count Schmettow looked through and posted. I profited also by this opportunity to let Mad. Corvin know what had become of me, and for what she might prepare. I said: "I write to you with a full heart. The cause for which I fought is lost! lost by the cowardice and incapacity of men who placed themselves at the head of our army. I do not know what will be our fate. I will act as honour, prudence, and humanity shall dictate. You know me, my Helena. Should this letter be the last I ever write to you, then, farewell. You have been the partner of my life these seventeen years. Pardon me that I have not better fulfilled

my desire to make you happy. Should I die for the cause to which I devote my life, weep for me, for I deserve it; but let not grief overwhelm you. Consider that it is better for me to die with honour, than to survive with disgrace."

Lang was urging me to return immediately to Rastatt, but I insisted on fulfilling our commission thoroughly, and on going on to the frontier of Switzerland. I wished to gain time, in order to obtain information about the state of feeling in Wurtemberg and France, and thus to be enabled to judge what were our chances. If any sensible object were to be gained by it, I believed it would be possible to find means to restore order amongst the garrison of Rastatt, and still to hold that fortress for months.

The Prince of Prussia wished us to hasten our journey. Though an armistice had been refused, he seemed to have decided to wait for a new bombardment of the fortress until our return, but he was rather impatient to try the effect of the twenty-two heavy guns which had arrived from Coblentz. The prince consented at last to our journey to Constance, as had been promised. Had princes always kept their promises, that journey would never have been taken.

I decided on the road through the Black forest over Donaueschingen. In that latter place Mecklenburg troops were quartered, the same who had been defeated by us at Ladenburg, and we found the officers assembled in the hotel where

we took our supper. The defeated colonel was anxious to hear the details of the fight, and frequently said, "if we had known that." I liked much the tone of intercourse between the younger and elder officers, which was utterly different from what one sees in the Prussian army. The young lieutenants were looked upon rather as younger brothers, and were treated in a very kind and agreeable manner. The Mecklenburgers seemed to like Baden very much, and enjoyed themselves.

We continued our journey from Donaueschingen at ten o'clock p.m. It was a rather troublesome journey, for the carriages had to be changed at each station, the weather was abominable, and I had a dreadful toothache. It would have been an easy thing for me to escape in the night during the change of carriages and horses, but I did not even feel tempted to profit by such an opportunity, though I was perfectly aware of the fate awaiting the leaders in Rastatt. Count Schmettow said in his report that he had taken many precautions against an attempt to escape, but I can assure him on my honour that it would have been an easy thing to have done so, especially in Constance, if I had listened to several proposals made to me. The confidence which Count Schmettow showed, together with the communication he made that he had to answer for us with his honour, and still more care for my own honour, were the best guarantees against my escape. We arrived in Constance early in the morning. The

town was occupied by 5000 Hessians. After a rest of a few hours, I took a walk through the town. The landlord of the hotel procured me papers, and I bought a parcel of others, that I might show to my comrades in Rastatt, in print, that they had been shamefully forsaken, and left to the mercy of a powerful and embittered enemy. Everywhere on our way we met troops from all possible German fatherlands. All Baden was crowded with them, for it was thought necessary to send against us an army of more than 100,000 men. Rastatt was surrounded by about 20,000, and all hope of relief was out of the question. Moreover, there were still 10,000 Austrians ready in Bregenz in case of need, but they were not required. The landlord, who knew all our higher officers, told me many details, which made me ashamed of them.

We left Constance about noon, and arrived on Saturday, July 20, in Oos. From thence we drove to Chateau Favorite, near Rastatt, where were the Prince of Prussia's head-quarters. As I wished to know what hopes we might have for the future, I expressed to Count Schmettow a desire to speak to the prince, and he promised to tell him this when he should return from a reconnoitring expedition.*

* At one of these reconnaisances the Prince was in danger. I had instructed my artillery to fire at all such reconnoitring parties. One of their twenty-four pounders struck against a rock behind which the Prince was sheltered. It was carried to Babelsberg, placed there, and provided with an inscription proclaiming its merits.

We waited in a restaurant where many Prussian officers were at dinner. Some of them were pleased to give vent to their hatred against "the rabble" of democrats in my hearing, but my position did not permit me to take other notice of their insults than by answering them with an expressive smile. The Austrian General Eberle, who had constructed the fortifications of Rastatt, came also, and advised us to surrender; but for good reasons he addressed himself to Lang.

The prince arrived at last with a numerous *cortège*. I noticed amongst them many officers from Baden, who seemed rather dissatisfied, as the Prussian officers looked upon them with a kind of contempt; for after all they had deserted their colours, and had broken their oath to defend the constitution.

I was requested to come to Favorite, where I should have a conversation with the prince's chief of the general staff, a Major Lindner. I wished Lang to be present at the interview, partly because I wanted a witness, but still more, because I did not trust him, and was afraid of leaving him alone with the Prussian officers; but he was not permitted to go with me. My suspicion was perfectly justified, as afterwards became evident. Count Schmettow had worked on Lang during our journey, and had arranged that his wife should meet him at Oos. Secret conversations must have taken place, for Lang promised the Prussians that if the surrender should not be decided upon

after our return, *he would open one of the gates of the fortress, and let in the Prussians on a signal subsequently agreed upon.* This fact was stated before the Court.

After waiting some time in a garden pavilion, the Prussian major arrived. I said I was convinced we could not expect to be relieved soon, but, as we had plenty of provisions and ammunition, we might wait until something favourable should turn up. Notwithstanding this, I believed that the garrison would be inclined to surrender the fortress, if free retreat were granted. The major answered, "That no conditions whatever could be granted, as the Prussians were sure to take the place, if they had to wait until our provisions were at an end, which must be the case sooner or later. As the Prussians would have to keep Baden occupied for some time longer, it was of no consequence whether some thousands of troops remained before the fortress or not. They had time, and could wait. I must not conclude, however, from their refusing conditions, that the garrison would be treated barbarously. The great number of persons who had taken part in the revolution precluded over-severity."

I now remarked that I knew well enough that the regular troops would be leniently dealt with, but was afraid that this would not be the case with the different free corps not belonging to Baden; and that I wanted at least free retreat for them, as they would, under no circumstances, surrender

at discretion, and might be driven to some desperate decision, which might cost even the Prussians dear.

The major said that they must run the chance, but gave me to understand that every day of delay would make matters worse. Until then we had, as I told him, not known anything about the different proclamations issued by the Grand Duke, nor of the dissolution of the insurgent army; but now we were acquainted with it. "Enfin," he concluded, "we wait."

I left him with a very sad heart, for I knew that all he said was perfectly correct, and that there was no hope for us. Such an opportunity of dealing a blow to the revolutionists did not present itself every day; and should we decide on desperate measures it would be all the better; for the slaughter of a few thousand democrats would be considered as a blessing, and as to the soldiers who might perish, it would be no great matter; they would die for the maintenance of absolute monarchy, and soldiers are a cheap article in Prussia.

On my way back to Rastatt, Count Schmettow doubted my assertion that Favorite could be reached by my shells. I promised to convince him with two empty shells which I would send him. As he complained of want of ice in his camp, of which we had plenty, I promised to send him a bucketful.

Near the gate I found many inquisitive officers, but did not think it proper to satisfy their curiosity

before making my report to the Council of War.

The officers I met at the gate said they were very glad of my return, for I had scarcely left the fortress before disorders prevailed everywhere. M. Reiter told me that we had only provisions left for *three days!* I was much surprised, for this information was decisive. Though he had never been able to give me a statement of the provisions in the fortress, he had always led me to believe that we still had sufficient for several weeks.

I made my report to the Council of War, who assembled in my rooms in the evening, stated the situation correctly, and proved my statements by the papers I had brought with me. They resolved unanimously to surrender on the best possible conditions, and to convoke for the next morning a general Council of War, consisting of all the officers and some privates from each battalion.

Though I had painted an undisguised picture of our position, some members of the Council of War still entertained hopes which, under these circumstances, were quite ridiculous.

Tiedemann wrote without my knowledge to the Prussian general, asking for an armistice until twelve o'clock the next day.

At eight o'clock on July 22, a Sunday, the great Council of War met, and Tiedemann read my official report, to which I added a few words. After a short debate, the meeting resolved that I

should proceed to the Prussian camp the same morning, and negotiate the surrender. At the same time it was thought well, in order to give the Prussians a token of confidence, that I should take with me the Prussian Major von Hindersin, whom my 1st battalion had made prisoner in Ladenburg.

I wrote the following letter, which was signed by Tiedemann :—

"Rastatt, July 22, 1849.

"*The Government of the Imperial fortress of Rastatt to Count K. von der Groeben, etc.*

"The deputies we sent to Fribourg and Constance have now clearly explained to the great Council of War the present state of things. The following is the result of its deliberations. Though we are willing, under existing circumstances, to place the Imperial fortress of Rastatt at the disposal of the Empire, in whose interest it had been defended until now, it is necessary that facts which should plead in our favour should be made use of, that we may at least obtain definite information in reference to the fate of the garrison.

"Soldiers and Volkswehrmen submitted to the *de facto* government, which was recognized by the country, and fought in defence of the Imperial constitution, to which they were sworn under the government of the Grand Duke, and which had been acknowledged by the greater part of the German princes.

"The Grand Duke, with his ministers, had left the country, and by doing so, compelled the soldiers to obey the government installed in his place. The proclamations of the Grand Duke have been kept from the soldiers, as also the offer of pardon for all those who would submit to the Grand Duke up to July 15th, because the fortress has been blockaded so closely since the end of last month, that no papers could get inside.

"The foreigners * now in Rastatt offered their services for the support of the Imperial constitution to the government which was generally acknowledged in Baden. Their services were accepted, and therefore they belong to the same category as the soldiers of the regular army.

"The whole garrison, fighting for a loyal cause, believe that they acted rightly, and therefore protest against being termed rebels, and being treated as such. Now that the provisional government has resigned, which has become known to the garrison only this morning, and that the Grand Duke claims his right to the government (which he seemed to have renounced by leaving the country), the garrison have not the least objection to submit to their lawful prince, and if he with an army of Baden troops stood outside the gates, the garrison would go out to meet him without any distrust. But the assurances of lenity made to us

* A citizen of Hesse, or Frankfurt, or Prussia, was called a "foreigner" by a citizen of Baden, Bavaria, etc. The name of Germany did not exist officially.

by the commander of the royal Prussian forces are not satisfactory to the garrison until expressed in a more precise form. As the garrison are still in possession of the fortress, and are in a position to maintain it for several weeks, during which in these agitated times, events causing the relief of the fortress may possibly take place; and further, as by the immediate surrender great expenses and damage will be saved to the empire, the garrison think it only fair that their wishes should be taken into consideration; viz., that all members of the garrison, regulars, Volkswehrmen, and foreigners, shall be treated in the same manner, and that the latter shall be allowed free retreat to France or Switzerland.

"To show that the garrison are willing to meet on terms of confidence, it has been resolved to send the captured Prussian royalist, Major von Hindersin, to the Prussian head-quarters at the same time as this letter."

After having been kept waiting for a time in Niederbuhl, my eyes were bandaged and the soldier who took the place of the coachman on the box drove me to the Prussian camp. Arrived there, I descended with the assistance of Count Schmettow, and was led into a small round tent, provided with a chair and table with writing materials. There I was left alone.

Divine service was just finished in the camp; and after a little time General Count Charles von der Groeben entered, or rather crept, into the

tent. He was a fine man, whose dark curling hair was scarcely yet beginning to turn grey. His face had an expression of kindness, and his behaviour and the sound of his voice corresponded with it.

I delivered the above letter and said that I was empowered to treat for the surrender. Becoming aware of my emotion and perhaps ascribing it to the effect of fear, he said, "That the lot of the garrison would be much better than we expected. The Grand Duke was a kind man. The troops that had surrendered in Fribourg had been sent to their homes at once on the intercession of General von Hirschfeld; he would intercede for us also, and did not doubt but that his intercession would have as much weight with the Grand Duke as that of General von Hirschfeld. *Conditions*, however, could not be allowed to the garrison, the surrender would have to be at *discretion* (*Gnade und Ungnade*). These words sounded rather hard, but I might place confidence in him and I should see that he would justify my confidence."

On my question of what was intended in reference to the garrison, he said, "Some of the chiefs would be subjected to an examination, and the privates would probably be dismissed at once."

I answered that I did not believe the free corps would agree to surrender at discretion because the Prince of Prussia was in command; and that, therefore, I should prefer to negotiate directly with the Grand Duke of Baden. The

garrison consisted mostly of his subjects, and he must be the more inclined to clemency because his proclamations, promising pardon to those who would submit and which certainly were issued with the purpose of having an effect, could not exert this effect on us, because the Prussians, who besieged the fortress, had not thought it necessary to send them in to us; therefore, no one inside had known anything of their existence until now. They now had the desired effect on us, and we were ready to surrender; therefore I claimed for the garrison the amnesty which had been proclaimed on July 6 for all those who should return to obedience before July 15.

The Count remembered this proclamation very well, and said it must be on his desk, or with the civil commissary. In any case, however, all that had been granted to other insurgent troops should be granted to us. He would look for the proclamation immediately. In reference to my desire to negotiate direct with the Grand Duke, it would be an easy thing, as he resided in Mayence, which could be quickly reached by rail.

The general left me, and sent Count Schmettow to keep me company.

I had to wait several hours for the return of the general, who had a consultation with the Prince of Prussia. I did not augur anything good from the general's face, for it looked flushed and full of sorrowful perplexity. When Count Schmettow had left the tent, and we were alone,

the general said he could not find the Grand Duke's proclamation; it must be with the civil commissary, who was not present in the camp. He had, however, found another proclamation, though not the right one, and asked me whether I had seen it.

On looking at it I saw that it was a proclamation of martial law. According to this, every one who had carried arms in this insurrection, or taken any part in it or abetted it, who had assisted or concealed insurgents, etc., etc., was condemned either to *be shot, or to be punished with ten years' imprisonment.* The trial and execution of the sentence was to be concluded within twenty-four hours.

I told the general that I now saw this proclamation for the first time, and added that the Grand Duke could not think of carrying it out without ruining his whole country. If he acted according to these more than Draconic laws, he would have to shoot two-fifths of his subjects, and send at least two-fifths more to prison.

"Well, you see," said the count, "the great number of the guilty makes the application of this law impossible." All he said beyond this tended to convince me that these laws would not be applied to us. He regretted that he could not find the other proclamation, but repeated his promise that everything granted to other troops who had surrendered before, should be also granted to us.

I had no reason to disbelieve the count, and the less so as I had not read one word of these laws in the papers, nor heard that they had been applied to those insurgents who had been captured in Mannheim, or elsewhere. I have good reason to believe that the very lenient proclamation of the Grand Duke, of which mention has been before made, displeased the Prussians very much, and that they concealed it on purpose from the garrison of Rastatt. Had they sent it in at the time when it was published, and given us convincing proofs of the fate of our army, I am sure we should have surrendered at once; but no such thing was desired; the Prussians wanted *revenge;* they wanted to deal a blow to the democratic party, such as they dared not deal in their own country.

The general (who afterwards told my wife that he had felt a strong liking for me) expressed with great kindness his regret to see me involved in these sad affairs, and said that my exertions in reference to the surrender of the fortress would certainly have an influence on my fate. As this appeared to be an indirect encouragement to ask something for myself, I answered somewhat quickly and shrugging up my shoulders, "I have chosen my course, and must follow it to the end." I merely meant to say that what was done could not be helped, and that I must bear the consequences of my actions. My efforts were not influenced by personal motives; I acted only

as bound by duty and conscience, and as a representative of the garrison of Rastatt.

In the course of our conversation the general assured me that the Prussians had only the unity of Germany in view. He also, he added, had a heart for Germany, and fought for her liberty, though he had not been intended for a soldier.

The general left me once more, and stayed long away. On his return, he answered my reiterated demands for the free retreat of the foreigners by saying that though he must insist on surrender at discretion, I might have confidence in his promises.

"Your excellency," said I, "I will venture to have confidence. I will communicate to the great Council of War what you have promised, and hope that it will partake in my confidence. To-morrow your excellency shall have an answer."

The general shook hands with me, and I returned to the fortress, where they were very anxious at my long absence. I at once invited the usual Council of War to my rooms, to inform them of the result of my mission.

I am quite certain that Count Groeben did not give me any paper, yet the following was found amongst Tiedemann's "historical documents" :—

"Prussia does not fight for herself, but for the unity of Germany, for its real liberty. Next, in Baden, for His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden.

"If the garrison surrender to the Prussian

troops before Rastatt, they surrender to their lawful sovereign.

"But then the surrender must be at discretion.

"Specially granted conditions cannot be agreed to. I will, however, intercede that the garrison may receive all consideration which circumstances will permit.

"In the camp near Kuppenheim, July 23, 1849, at half-past three o'clock p.m.

"The commanding-general,

"COUNT VON DER GROEBEN."

The members of the Council of War were very much perplexed by my communication, though they might well have renounced all hope the day before, when I explained to them the real state of things.

It was always a fault of the democratic party in Germany that they would not look a difficulty straight in the face, but preferred to belie each other. Even the leaders followed this stupid practice. Anyone who spoke plain truth was at once suspected of wishing ill to the cause, and was looked upon as a traitor.

I had much trouble to give the members of the council a clear idea of our hopeless condition. Though I dare say it might have been possible to hold the fortress still for several weeks, and though I might have excited renewed enthusiasm in the garrison if I had been supported by any reasonable hope, or by the certainty of

furthering the interest of our cause; and though I had done more than anybody else to prevent the surrender as long as there existed a shadow of hope, I felt bound now, in the interests of humanity, of the garrison, and of our party itself, to advise the surrender of Rastatt.

For this I have been called a traitor by democrats, who are as swift with their tongues as with their legs; but none of these runaways have ever suggested what better could have been done. It is true I might have blown up the fortress, with all its garrison; but if we had thus sacrificed ourselves, history would have called our heroic deed a foolish action, and people would have forgotten it before the end of the year.

I have heard some say that we might have tried to cut our way through the Prussians. Of course such things have been done, and I did not omit to reflect on our chances. I even ordered an officer of the general staff (Professor Forster, who died recently in St. Gallen) to arrange a plan for cutting our way to Wurtemberg, which he had declared to be possible, but I came to the conclusion that it would only be a wanton destruction of six thousand lives.

I acted, as I wrote to Mad. Corvin from Fribourg I would act, according to the dictates of "humanity, honour, and circumstances." And even now, with the full knowledge of all that followed, and after having suffered in consequence of my actions more than any of my democratic

friends, I can never repent of my resolution, nor of the course I pursued in reference to the surrender of Rastatt; for any other decision to which I might have persuaded the garrison would have cost still more blood and tears, and would still less have served the cause to which I have devoted my life.

The reader will excuse this digression which I have made in self-defence; and I now return to the memorable Council of War on Sunday, July 22, 1849.

I explained my view of the situation to my comrades. I repeated verbally all the words of Count Groeben; and, in reference to his promises, said I believed him to be a kind man and a gentleman, incapable of deceiving even an enemy, under such circumstances. My comrades listened to me with earnest attention, for they knew that I was honest, that I spoke out my inmost thoughts, and that I had sense enough to judge of the circumstances. They resolved in consequence to surrender at discretion, and the great Council of War was to assemble on the next morning.

It was a solemn moment when all these brave men signed the record, knowing that they were signing their death warrant, for we no longer entertained any illusions with regard to our own fate, though some of us did not perhaps fear the worst.

When the session was ended, old Boening asked in a tremulous voice, and Lefebre put the same question with his eyes, "But, Corvin, what

will become of *us?*" I answered, "We do our duty as men of honour. A good shepherd gives his life for his sheep." The old man held his grey head with both his hands, and with a heavy step left the room.

Though the resolution of the Council of War ought to have been kept secret, it was known everywhere in the evening. In consequence of this, excesses occurred in the night, such as sometimes occur on board of ships in a hopeless condition. Soldiers broke into the magazines, and committed other disorders, which filled the inhabitants with dismay.

Soldiers had deserted in troops from some of the lunettes, and larger detachments had expressed the same intention if the surrender should be delayed much longer. Had the Prussians attacked us that night, they would have entered the fortress without much trouble.

The great Council of War assembled on the morning of July 23, but many soldiers and other persons not belonging to it, entered the hall, and I expected a great tumult. The thing went off, however, more smoothly than I thought it would. The motley crowd listened to my speech very attentively, and in deep silence. All knew that we, who had already resolved on surrender, had more to fear than any of them, and this reflection did not fail to produce its effect. Though I did not read to them the letter of Count Groeben, dated July 22, half-past three o'clock, as I knew

nothing of its existence, all present can bear witness that I told them in the plainest words *the surrender must be made at discretion*; and with the full knowledge of that fact, it was resolved on by the Council of War, and I was charged to conclude the negotiations as favourably as possible.

When this resolution was taken, Tiedemann urged *the surrender in the course of the same day*, as the city was in the utmost danger from the disobedience of the troops. The posts were nearly all forsaken, and if the Prussians should enter at night, they would treat it as a fortress taken by force. Colonel Biedenfeld and other officers supported Tiedemann. I made some objections to such haste, expressing the hope that I might yet succeed in being permitted to treat directly with the Grand Duke. I was, however, overruled, and *instructed to surrender the fortress, under any circumstances, before night.*

A great noise, coming from the Palace Yard, gave evidence how well founded were the fears expressed by some of the chiefs in the Council of War. I saw men of all kinds storming the store-room in the Palace, and helping themselves to bales of cloth, and running off with them. Officers tried to stop the disorder, but in vain. When I came down, I at once turned the two alarm guns —charged only with gunpowder — against the plunderers. One of them was wounded in his hand, and the whole crowd scrambled off when they heard my order to charge the guns with grape-shot.

When I prepared to proceed to the Prussian camp, Colonel Biedenfeld offered to accompany me. He only wanted to hear the dispositions in reference to the marching off of the troops, and would not interfere in the least with my negotiations. I do not know whether he had any other reason, but I was extremely glad to have a witness. I, however, thought it proper to put in the name of the colonel in my written power, and inserted it in my own handwriting, as may be seen in that document. Tiedemann, of course, also wrote a letter to Groeben.

It was about ten o'clock a.m., when we arrived in the Prussian camp. The general heard with pleasure our decision to surrender the fortress on the same day, and I spoke to him on different points in reference to the capitulation. Though we surrendered at discretion, I wanted at least some written evidence of the promises made by Count Groeben.

Whilst we were speaking, the general received a notice in writing which seemed to surprise him much: "The Prussian Captain X. is with his company in Fort A." "I will make no use of this circumstance," said the general, "but give orders for the captain to retire."

A deserter from the fortress wanted to steal through the enemy. The Prussian officer commanding the outposts returned him in charge of a patrol to the fortress, and citizens and soldiers invited the patrol to breakfast with them, which

invitation they accepted. The captain, not knowing what had become of the patrol, went after them with his company, and the guard at the entrance of the fort was given up to him. He, however, returned again to the camp by order of the general.

The general wrote down the points of the capitulation with his own hand, and, after we had signed it, it was handed by him to some officer, and copied several times. The points were the following :—

1. The garrison submits at discretion to His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, and surrenders to the Prussian troops before the fortress. In doing so, it claims the clemency of His Royal Highness, which has been granted to other troops under similar circumstances. Though the Commanding-general of the Second Army Corps cannot give a precise promise, he will take care to fulfil that which he made yesterday.

2. This afternoon, at three o'clock, Fort C will be delivered up to the Prussian troops, who will enter by the Ottersdorfer gate, guided by an officer of the garrison. This officer will have to report himself to Colonel von Rommel at Rheinau.

3. The garrison is to leave in three, as nearly as possible, equal columns, at five o'clock. The artillery in front, then the regular troops, then the Volkswehr and the cavalry, on foot, leaving their horses behind.

4. The arms are to be laid down on the glacis, and the baggage of the officers is to be carried in

waggons out of the fortress, under a Prussian escort, following the troops. The officers of higher rank may be on horseback.

5. At half-past two the commandant must deliver to a Prussian officer, who will announce himself as a "parlamentaire," a list of all the different troops, arranged according to arms, of all guns, muskets, ammunition, provisions, maps, and everything belonging to the fortress.

6. At half-past four the Prussian troops will stand at the Iffezheimer wood near Niederbuhl, and at the Carlsruhe turnpike road, and there receive the garrison.

7. The militia (Buergerwehr) will lay down their arms at the City Hall at half-past two.

"To save us the humiliating ceremony of laying down our arms," the general had ordered that we should do so on the glacis, before we met the Prussian troops.

He returned once more to the tent, and requested that our officers would not wear epaulettes, as many of those of the regular army had not been officers before the revolution. This was probably done at the request of some officers of the Baden army, who were in the Prussian camp.

When the general left, he urgently requested me to do all in my power to prevent any excesses at the surrender, and especially any firing. The Prussian Landwehr, he said, were very much embittered, and he could not answer

for the consequences if they were provoked. "We will do all we can," he added, "to maintain discipline, *but*—" and he shrugged his shoulders significantly. He said, if the capitulation was carried out without disturbance, "he would remember me."

I felt rather uneasy when he cautioned me in this manner, thinking of the many "misunderstandings" which had occurred on such occasions, and of instances in history where defenceless garrisons had been butchered in spite of all capitulation. On the other hand, however, I looked into the noble face of the count, and all my fears that he could be capable of dishonouring his escutcheon by such base treachery vanished. It was, however, well that neither Biedenfeld nor myself noticed that the copy of the capitulation, which was handed to me, was not signed by the general himself, but by a major of the general staff, von Alvensleben, or I might have suspected that he felt reluctant to put his name to terms of capitulation which were not meant in good faith.

This omission did not strike either Tiedemann or any other officer. Though I have since been blamed for this circumstance, I cannot see the stupidity of my not looking at a document, agreed upon with a German count and a commanding-general, and written with his own hand, as I would have looked at the cheque of some usurer whose honesty I suspected. Moreover, time and

circumstances were very urgent. I had positive instructions to surrender the fortress, *under any circumstances, before night.* It was already two o'clock, and the soldiers of the garrison were on the point of letting in the Prussians, as I have said. If I had raised difficulties, all negotiations might have been broken off, and the fortress taken by force.

On my return, the capitulation was made known to the great Council of War, and the officers were earnestly requested to prevent any disorders which might furnish pretexts for "misunderstandings." On our return to the fortress I felt very sad; but Biedenfeld was in good spirits, and said that he would march out at the Niederbuhl gate, with flying colours and the band playing!

Having strongly recommended Tiedemann to burn all papers in his office, I went home to do the same with mine, and to order my servant to pack up my few things and have my black horse ready by half-past four.

Since my return from Constance I had not had a quiet minute. Having now done my duty to the end, I sat down to dinner, and left the other arrangements to Tiedemann. After dinner I went to take leave of the family who had received me into their house on my arrival in Rastatt. The head of the family had an employment under government, and had taken no part whatever in the revolution. They liked me, however, much, and offered to save me. They said they

would hide me for a few days; and in consequence of their position, might find means to take me outside the fortress in some disguise.

I thanked these good people very much, but answered the kind old lady, "That I must drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs." Had I escaped I should have given occasion for saying that I had sold Rastatt to the Prussians. I resisted the temptation without thinking a minute about it, and it was well that I did, for my enemies spread the report that I had received a million of guilders, and was living in Spain!

I need not say a word more: condemnation to death, six years of solitary confinement, confiscation of all my property, and persecutions which caused me to live for twelve years in exile, have refuted this base and malicious report, spread abroad by miserable runaways.

CHAPTER XII.

The surrender of Rastatt—The flunkeys at the city hall—Fine quarters for the general staff—The first night in the casemates—Effect of my note to Count Groeben—The berme-building—How we were located there—A military Abraham at St. Clara—Execution of M. Elsenhans and Colonel Biedenfeld—A memorable scene—After it—A restless night and startling discovery—Judas Lindemann—Colonel Tiedemann shot—I turn a new leaf—Professor Kinkel—Major Heilig shot—Old Colonel Boening shot—Noble exertions of Mad. Corvin—Young Dortu shot—Interview with my wife—Examination—A word about court-martials—Roguish arrangement of those in Baden—Hopes—Prussian officers and soldiers—Mad. Corvin with the Baden Secretary of War—My counsel, Dr. Kusel—Difference of opinion—An interesting letter from Berlin—My trial—End of the chapter.

When the time for the surrender arrived, I rode over the Market-place in rather low spirits; but nearly all my good humour returned on looking at the front of the City Hall. It was decked all over with white and red and yellow flags, the latter being the colours of the Grand Duke, who drove out of his country "*bei Nacht und Nebel*," on a gun-carriage. Some Philistines were parading on the balcony. Galloping up to the house, I stopped right in front, and having scanned it

from the top to the ground, I called to the gentlemen on the balcony, "Very finely decorated indeed! and done so quickly, too! and how well the flags fly in the wind!" With that I rode away with a laugh.

Entering Fort C, I found it not yet occupied by the Prussians, and only met some officers of engineers, who looked at it with great interest. Returning from the fort, I saw a battalion of Volkswehr preparing to leave. The men eagerly crowded round my horse, shaking my hand; and I told them to remember me kindly when I should have died for them. Arriving near the left wing of the battalion, one of the men stepped out of the ranks, and approaching me, reported himself with a smile as having entered that battalion. I knew the man well; he was a Dr. Waitz, who had taken part in the revolution in Prussia, had been condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment, and had escaped. I asked his name. He said, "Muller." "All right, Muller; re-enter the ranks." I was asked afterwards about this Dr. Waitz, and had the pleasure of misleading the Prussians by my answers. The doctor made good his escape in his disguise.

I found the general staff assembled near the Niederbuhl gate. They were waiting for the third regiment, and meanwhile I rode out of the gate. To my utter astonishment I saw close to it the Prussian troops, who, according to section six of the capitulation, were to wait for us at the far-off

Iffezheimer wood. Though the thing was not important in itself, it might have led to the quarrels which Groeben was so anxious to prevent, and which, by this irregularity, seemed to be purposely provoked.

To the right of the road were some field-officers. Addressing them, I exclaimed, "Why are your troops here? It is against the terms of capitulation!" "What does that fellow say? Shoot him down!" some of the soldiers cried. As I turned my horse, a Lieutenant-Colonel said, "Stop; you must not return to the fortress!" "I must return to my soldiers, to prevent disorder," I answered; and rode off, the soldiers shouting threats at me. This breach of the terms of capitulation augured ill.

To the left, outside the gate, we found a battalion of Landwehr, and the glacis was also occupied. Opposite the Landwehr stood a company of hussars, and the fourth side of the great square was formed by other infantry. To the right of the road was Count Groeben, with his staff. At a little distance behind him, amongst other officers, as it were incognito, I saw the present King of Prussia.

Tiedemann rode past us on my black charger, and offered his sword to Count Groeben, who called the army provost to receive it. Tiedemann turned pale at what he considered to be an insult. I turned with the staff to the right, and, not far from the hussars, we dismounted, and threw down

our swords in a heap, without waiting to be asked to do so.

The third regiment staked their arms, and were led back to the fortress. The proceedings lasted until it became nearly dark. The staff—some twenty officers—remained on the spot after the troops had left. At last we were told we were to pass the night in Fort A; and, remounting our horses, we were led across the main ditch, and through a postern in the fort. There we dismounted, said "Good-bye" to our horses, and remained standing outside a locked wooden barrack, in the rain, until it was quite dark.

At length two officers of the Baden army arrived, and spoke to the Prussians of our guard. One them said, "Oh, I know of some better quarters for the gentlemen of the general staff," and we had to follow to the entrance of Cavalier I. We were led by the pitch-dark postern, down a stone staircase of some twenty steps, into a casemate which served for the defence of the main ditch. Two hundred of our men were quartered in a gallery not far from us.

The hole in which we were penned up belonged to the lowest casemates of the fort. They were not floored, and as the water was streaming from the stone walls, they were very damp, reminding one of the dungeons of the middle ages. The loopholes were open, and wind and weather had free access.

Though this abode was by no means of a

cheering aspect, all of us were seized with peculiar merriment. Each of my officers chose a spot on the ground, and made himself as comfortable as possible. He who had provided himself with a cloak was fortunate, for it was damp and cold. I was only thinly clad, as the day had been warm, and I had expected our baggage to follow us. The carriage containing the baggage of the staff had, however, been plundered by the Prussian soldiers, and the commandant, Major von Weltzien, succeeded with difficulty afterwards in saving some of our things.

The officers were, as I said, very merry. They were joking and singing, and reciting verses in all languages, and I was astonished at the amount of learning among them, though they did not know much of military science. It was a practice in the insurrectionary army to attach every gentleman, who had not been a soldier before, to the staff.

As I did not like to lay down on the wet, unclean ground, I intended to pass the night standing. I had, however, rated my powers too highly, and, on hearing some of the officers snoring, I became sleepy also. A corner was still unoccupied, I had fortunately matches in my pocket, and, examining the place I had selected, I discovered two enormous, peculiarly pale-looking toads, which blinked at me with their shining eyes. Not having a desire to disturb the comfort of their family life, I laid my head on a colonel and my lower extre-

mities on a major, and slept tolerably well, kept warm by my living bed.

It rained hard in the morning and daylight scarcely entered our dungeon. All felt hungry and especially thirsty, for most of us had indulged on the previous day in drinking much of the sour wine of the country. At last, after earnest entreaties, the Prussian guard placed a bucket full of water at the top of the staircase, and all the soldiers crowded around it like sheep at their watering place. Many, however, could not get a drop to wet their parched lips. Nor was bread to be had either. The Prussian guard were no better off. They were soaked by the rain, and had to pass the night in the windy postern.

The dampness of our dungeon had exerted its influence on some of the officers, who were sick with ague. A Polish major was sighing in French for coffee and cursing the Prussians in Polish, and a captain of the Palatinate who had a fit of ague, was clamoring loudly with chattering teeth.

As the day advanced and we seemed utterly forgotten, I wrote a note in pencil to General von der Groeben, which was very bitter in its simplicity. It concluded, "I only ask what I would not refuse to the dogs of our enemies—some straw and water."

Late in the evening we received some bread and water, and as we still had cigars we felt more comfortable. I did not permit any one to hang

his head, and tried my best to keep my officers in good humour. "Let us show these fellows," I said, "that our moral courage is above their petty torments," and our merry songs annoyed the Prussians till late at night.

Next morning my letter to Groeben produced its effect. We officers of the staff were ordered to the light of the day, and found there a Captain von Borstell, who had been with me in the Cadet House. He was now aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General von Holleben, who had been appointed Prussian governor of Rastatt. The captain took us to the berme-building of Bastion 2, where we were to remain until other localities should be ready, and some straw was also promised us.

The berme, in fieldworks and in fortresses of the old style, is only a narrow space running at the foot of the rampart; but in fortresses on a new system, like Rastatt, it is about fifteen paces in width, and is provided towards the ditch with a loopholed wall. A postern through the centre of the curtain, where the rampart is surmounted by a cavalier, leads to the berme-building, which consists of two low casemates, from which the berme to their right and left and also the counter escarpe can be defended. The little yard between these casemates, closed towards the ditch by the loopholed wall, is also closed towards the rampart by an iron gate.

The two little shell-proof buildings were each

divided into two compartments, the loopholes of which were provided with windows.

On nearer acquaintance both Prussian soldiers and insurgents made the discovery that they had been greatly mistaken in reference to each other. The Prussians were found to be by no means all brutal ogres, or fanatical "slaves of a despot," but honest, sensible, and even kind people, and far more affected by the spirit of democracy than we expected; and the Prussian soldiers discovered that the insurgents were not all such blackguards as their officers would have them believe, but that many even amongst our privates were far better educated, and with far better manners than many Prussian officers. The soldiers had scarcely made this discovery, when their behaviour towards us changed altogether. In the commencement they were still somewhat shy, as all intimacy with us had been prohibited; but notwithstanding this, some of them offered their services, and procured something for us to eat, cigars, and other things easily concealed.

When the Rastatt citizens heard how ill we were treated, they did all they could to assist us; and many, especially ladies, came and brought wine and food. This sympathy vexed the Prussian officers, and these visits were prohibited. The city, however, provided us with food, which was good, until the business of feeding us was let out to a contractor, who furnished bread which nearly killed us, and coffee fit to poison rats with.

The commandant of the fortress, not governor, was a Major von Weltzien, a very brave officer though a queer companion. He once said to us, "Though, in my opinion, you of course all deserve to be shot, we are ordered to treat you as prisoners of war, and therefore you ought to be treated properly." He appointed one of our own people to be our servant, to clean our boots, and to attend to our little wants.

Dr. Welker, our physician, strongly advised the use of "kirschwasser," which we procured in small quantities, and which indeed kept us healthy, whilst the prisoners in some other casemates became ill, and died in great numbers; it is said, in all, about one thousand.

We endured our position with very good humour, and the youngsters became sometimes so wild, that we elders had to invent bad news to check them. We had several times frightened them with the news that this or that of our comrades had been shot by the Prussians, but suddenly these inventions became truth, and we received reliable information of the execution of Elsenhans and Biedenfeld.

Many persons interceded for Colonel Biedenfeld, and he was kept in suspense for several days after his condemnation; but the Prussians insisted on his execution, and he was shot. He died like a brave man, as in general did all who were murdered in Rastatt by the Prussians.

This sad news only checked the mirth in our

casemates for a short time, and no observer would have guessed that all of us were in danger of being sentenced to death.

We were sitting one day at dinner, when we received an order to pack our effects, as we were to be transferred to more comfortable quarters. We went into the Prussian trap like innocent babes. I forgot to mention that, by the care of Major von Weltzien, I had received my carpet-bag, though many things had disappeared from it, especially all papers, books, and maps, and a manuscript about the organization of "street fights," which I had written in Berlin.

Leaving our small yard, we were marched off to the right on the berme, which was there about twenty paces wide and about one hundred long; one narrow side was closed by the casemate in which we lived, and the other by a sod-covered green traverse; its longer sides were formed by the loopholed wall, and by the green rampart. It was an utterly secluded place.

On this meadow of sorrow we found a number of Prussian commissioned and non-commissioned officers, gend'armes, policemen, and some civilians—altogether about eighty persons. At the sight of them we all had a feeling as if some disgrace was preparing for us, which feeling was not diminished by our noticing that all the non-commissioned officers had long stout cudgels in their hands.

We were now ordered to place ourselves in a

line, each three paces from the other, and to lay all our effects before us on the ground. This done, a corporal placed himself before each of us, while the rest of the honest company remained a few paces off. We were next ordered to unpack our things, which were examined minutely by the corporals, with the assistance of the gend'armes and the citizens with their roguish faces.

A bandy-legged mannikin of a captain hearing my name, called out, in his Prussian officers' drawl, "Aha, that is that fellow!" approached, and interested himself in the examination of my things.

All we possessed in money, watches, jewellery of any kind, or of any value whatever, was taken from us. The corporal who examined my things behaved very well, and I should not have had much reason to complain if the bandy-legged captain, whose name I unfortunately did not ask, had not found a mean pleasure in my mortification. This noble captain himself examined my boots and trousers, the lining of my cap, and the collar of my coat.

I wore round my neck an amulet, a little silver medal, given to me once by a devout lady friend, who had worn it from childhood, and to whom I had given my promise never to part with it. Though I am not superstitious, I kept my promise. This small piece of silver, not worth one shilling, did not escape the captain, and it was left to me only on the intercession of the corporal.

The civilians with rogues' faces, who belonged to a commission from Baden, went from one to the other, and examined whether our clothes were made of cloth belonging to the government. My uniform, etc., was made in Mannheim by a private tailor, but the commission declared it to be government property.

Other officers fared still worse. The spurs were torn from their boots, and the epaulette holders from their shoulders, and a major, who protested against such indignity, received a box on his ear! Amongst the commissioners was a young man whom I had seen in Gernsbach. When he noticed me standing in my shirt sleeves, he procured one of my coats for me. Some of us, protesting that their clothes had been paid for with their own money, were answered, "Oh, yes, but the money belonged to the government."

Our valuables were carefully wrapped in paper, with the name of the owners written on the parcels; but, of course, they never received them back. To each officer, not quite a shilling of his money was given; higher officers were permitted to retain one guilder, and I one thaler!

It would be vain to try to describe the impression made on us by the whole scene. It may appear to the reader very simple, and not particularly remarkable; but I can assure him that it cost me a greater amount of moral strength to remain calm during that half hour than I ever had occasion to exert in all my life.

Our dogs' kennel was meanwhile also carefully examined, but nothing was found. In some of the casemates, however, government cloth was found, and especially among the dragoons, and a few thousand guilders upon the officers of artillery.

Though indignant at this base treatment to which we had been subjected, we could not forbear laughing on looking at each other, after we had returned to our little yard. The most comical figure of all was Lieutenant Seusburg, formerly editor of the paper "Forward," in Munich. He was a very amusing, highly educated, fine young man, who always appeared exceedingly well dressed. He now wore a torn soldier's jacket, with two short sleeves, which did not reach to his waist, and trousers patched like a map of Germany, reaching only half-way down his calves, and kept on by means of strings hanging round his neck, as they were without buttons. Major Woinitzki, the smartest officer of the staff, who had fought at Ostrolenka, looked like the caricature of a French recruit in the "Journal pour rire."

At last we were provided with fresh garments, and also with blankets; for an officer from Baden, who was placed in charge of Fort A, felt pity for us, whilst the Prussian officers enjoyed our plight.

The brutality of the Prussian subaltern officers, and the whole scene of the previous day appeared to me so extraordinary and so little in accordance with the promises of Count Groeben, that I could not believe it had been enacted with the knowledge

of the higher authorities. Lieutenant-General von Holleben had offered to take care of my letters to Mad. Corvin, and as it was his duty to read these letters, I resolved to use them as a means of making him acquainted with the insult perpetrated against us. I therefore described the whole affair in a letter to my wife.

My stratagem succeeded. Captain von Borstell, the general's aide-de-camp, returned me the letter, saying that it could not be forwarded, as it would get into the papers and produce scandal, but that the general had noticed its contents. He came to the parade in a state of indignation, and expressed himself in very strong terms with regard to the whole proceeding. We were promised that what had been taken from us should be returned. However, they were not.

The Prussians proceeded very slowly with our examination. Of our whole little company, only Major Woinitzki and myself had been before a commission, whose business it was to ascertain the countries to which the prisoners belonged.

At last I was brought before a judge of examination, an officer of the Landwehr. With dismay I saw before him on the table a collection of everything I had written during the insurrection. Tiedemann had not followed my advice, and had not destroyed his "historical documents." In the course of the examination I stated that I was a subject of Saxony, but the judge would not believe it, and supposed I said so only

to gain time. I could have furnished him at once with evidence of my assertion, but as I was by no means in a hurry to be shot, I left it to him to find out the truth, knowing that weeks would pass by before he could do so.

I had already left the judge, when I was called back. Before him lay a letter which he had just received. With some regret in his voice, he said, "Your aide-de-camp, Captain Lindemann, who is a prisoner in Mannheim, has offered, unrequested, to furnish evidence against you, and to prove that you commanded at the bombardment of Ludwigshafen. Yes," he added, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, "it is a denunciation in due form."

One morning we were distressed by the news that poor Tiedemann had been shot. The thought of his wife and son in Greece gave him much sorrow, and his companion in his prison heard him sometimes sobbing in the night. He listened to his condemnation with manly composure, and died like a hero. He would not permit his eyes to be bandaged, but said, "I will see my murderers."

The day after his execution an officer of the Baden army requested me to pack up my effects, as I was to be transferred to another prison. Somewhat thoughtfully I made my preparations, and took leave of my old comrades, who felt rather sad. I followed the guard through the postern, where we had to wait for another prisoner. He arrived after a while, and I was much

astonished to recognize in him Professor Gottfried Kinkel.

Kinkel had been a professor at the University of Bonn. As he had taken part in the popular movements in his country, he left for Baden, and entered Willich's corps as a private. I had become acquainted with him when he was a delegate at the democratic congress in Berlin. In the fight of Rothenfels, near Rastatt, he was grazed on the head by a bullet, and made prisoner.

We were led to Bastion XXX, but I was not, as I had hoped, put into the same room with Kinkel. I had to take a place in the casemate which had once been prepared for Gustav Struve, in which we had placed the Prussian Major von Hindersin, and where a bed was now vacant, by the death of Tiedemann—a by no means reassuring arrangement!

In some respects, however, this change was an improvement, for the casemate was in the upper story, floored, and provided with a table, two chairs, and two beds, a luxury unheard of in my former prison.

My companion was a Major Fach, a very queer fellow. He had studied in Heidelberg, but, as he could learn nothing, he became an ensign in Bavaria, and took part in the insurrection in the Palatinate. When he came to Rastatt he was attached to the paymaster-general's department, and called major. He had been quartered in Rastatt with a banker of the name of Meyer, whose wife he called

his aunt, though they were not related. This kind lady, however, sent us our dinner every day, and a good bottle of wine.

As we were on very good terms with the soldiers, we could manage to correspond with our friends outside. Twice every day we could remain for an hour in the yard inside the bastion, and though it was against rule for us to converse with each other, the corporals of the guard did not object. Their views in reference to us had changed very much. In this manner I frequently saw Kinkel. It was said that he was condemned to be shot, but that his sentence had been sent for confirmation to Berlin. His doings in Baden were of no importance ; but he had once forwarded to Struve a plan for revolutionizing the Rhenish provinces, and the negligent vegetarian had left the paper in his office when leaving Carlsruhe.

Kinkel and I got on very well together. He is a well-known poet, and his first wife was a well-known and good authoress. His exterior is prepossessing, and his oratorical talent uncommon. He told me that under the seat of his chair he had fixed a sealed packet, which he wished me to procure and forward, in case he should be carried off unexpectedly.

One day a carriage arrived at the gate of our bastion, accompanied by two gend'armes and twelve men, and Professor Kinkel and Colonel Corvin were requested to get into it. I was much surprised, for I could not understand why I was

sent for together with Kinkel, who was already condemned, as I had never been in any way connected with him. It was indeed by no means pleasant, for executions were increasing in number. Major Heilig, the real chief of artillery, had been shot. After having emptied two bottles of wine, he went to the place of execution smoking his cigar. Poor old Boening was also shot. "Father in heaven," he said, "I come to thee to accuse my murderers."

When our carriage, accompanied by the Prussian escort on foot, rumbled lugubriously over the pavement, women, who saw us pass, wrung their hands, and ran off crying, for they believed that we were on our way to death. It was, however, not so bad as that. We were both taken before the same Prussian judge, and the Prussian judges were always polite enough to send a carriage for prisoners of distinction, whilst those of Baden sent only a patrol, or even a single corporal to fetch them.

The Prussian judge told me that he had received from Magdeburg a paper, in which it was stated that I had once been refused permission to emigrate from Prussia. In reply to this I referred him to the secretary of the interior in Berlin, where my papers were, and by doing so was gained again at least a week.

Though my wife, in a fit of heroism, had advised me rather to blow out my brains than to surrender to the Prussians, she was very glad

that I had not followed her advice, and was most anxious to save me.

At the time when we were captured she was still in Berlin. In order to ascertain how things were going on in Baden she paid a visit to young Dortu's father, who had returned to his villa near Potsdam from Baden. He had succeeded in seeing his son for half an hour. The brave boy, his only son, in order to comfort him, had told him he ought to be proud to have a son who was permitted to die for the liberty of his country. Father and mother had resigned themselves to their fate; but the poor mother desired at least to press her dear child once more to her heart, and had asked for permission. Her trunk was already packed when, instead of the expected permission, she received the news of her son's execution!

My wife wrote a letter to the Prince of Prussia, and learning that the princess was in Babelsberg, she went thither, in order to request her to forward the letter and to assist her. The princess sent in reply Countess Haake, her lady of honour, who told her that the princess would receive her if she insisted upon it, but she must tell her beforehand, that even the assistance of the princess would avail nothing, as the prince had promised not to interfere, but to leave everything in the hands of the generals commanding in Baden. Under such circumstances my wife did not press for an interview, but returned to Berlin, and travelled thence to Baden.

On her arrival in Rastatt, she went to the best hotel; but being advised to do so, she spoke first to the landlord, who carefully locked her up in a room, where he brought her something to eat himself, and gave her notice when the Prussian officers had left the hotel after dinner, and Major von Weltzien was in his office. She went there, and sent in her name. The major came to meet her, snorting with rage, "What! you want to see your husband!—one of those fellows who preach liberty and equality.—No, you shall not see him!" My wife replied that she had not come to discuss political opinions, but came as a suppliant and much afflicted wife, who had travelled day and night to see her husband even for half an hour, who was in danger of his life; "I was really not prepared," she said, "to hear reproaches from you; but expected to find that sympathy which every unfortunate lady in my position may claim from every well-bred gentleman."

Major von Weltzien was a brave coward, who only blustered to cheat his own heart. He had, however, received his instructions, and only consented on condition that the governor, General von Holleben, should also give his permission.

The governor lived in the palace. When Mad. Corvin, whose presence in the city was known directly, asked a soldier to show her the general's room, he turned away without answering. Another asked the permission of an officer to answer, and

showed her the way. After some delay her card was taken in, and the general received her. He was a kind old gentleman, but he refused permission, as he had at that very moment refused Mad. Kinkel an interview with her husband. That lady had been very much excited: she had showered reproaches upon the old gentleman, and had made him angry. My wife was more prudent, and began coaxing him, and when she saw that he was relenting, she placed a chair for him and put the pen into his hand. The old "Excellency" smiled, and could not resist. She returned with her permission to Major von Weltzien, who was requested to send an officer with her to show her to Bastion XXX.

It was the afternoon of August 16. I was in my casemate when Kinkel called to me from the yard and told me that my wife was coming. She was accompanied by an officer who had been with me in the Cadet House, and who behaved very kindly. Though he had instructions to be present at our interview he remained outside, after having reminded me, that I must not send off or accept any letters. I gave him my word of honour not to do so.

It was a sad interview. Mad. Corvin could not bear to believe that I should be shot, and yet there was no hope. She had none; for the Prussians did not care for the tears of wives or children. Love is no talisman against Prussian bullets. Poor Truetzschler's wife and children

had entreated in vain; the Mannheim sand was soaked with his noble blood.

"If you must die," said my wife on leaving, "I know you will die like a man." As she wanted to make some effort on my behalf, I advised her to go to Count Groeben.

As she went down the stairs she felt faint, and I hurried after her to support her. How much was I affected by this weakness, coupled with such noble strength!

She went to Baden, and was immediately received by Count Groeben. He showed much sympathy, and promised to do all in his power to save me; but said that I had rendered it difficult by my stubbornness. He requested her to use her influence, and to induce me to express repentance, and to say that I had been misled. She, however, answered as became my wife, and Groeben said in astonishment, "Indeed, you are even worse than your husband!"

From Baden she went to Mannheim to arrange with friends for my escape, and having done so she returned to Rastatt; but this time she found General von Holleben inexorable, for he had been reprimanded for his weakness. She was compelled to leave, but intended to return later, on hearing that Holleben was to be replaced by General von Coelln; meanwhile she went to her parents in Frankfort.

Time passed on. Evidence had arrived that I really was not a Prussian subject. I was

handed over by the Prussian eagle to the mercy of the Zachvinger lion, which is, after all, the more soft-hearted.

The much-dreaded day of my real examination arrived; it was carried on by M. von Stengel, who afterwards became minister in Baden. He was a fair man, and I cannot complain of him. As however, by Tiedemann's folly, all documents concerning me were preserved, and moreover, as my own aide-de-camp had played the part of a traitor, I could not see any reason why I should not be shot like many others, who were not half so guilty as myself, according to the Prussian code of martial law. Moreover I was a well-known author, had once been a Prussian officer, and as such and as a degenerate nobleman, was doubly guilty in the eyes of the Royalists. Besides, the bullets would have closed a most inconvenient mouth; and in addition, which I ought to have mentioned at first, the court-martial was composed of *Prussians*, though the preliminary examination was carried on by a Baden judge, and a Baden "Staatsauwalt" acted on the part of the government.

This court-martial of the *Baden* government was composed of a *Prussian* major as president, one captain, one first and one second lieutenant, one serjeant, one corporal, and one private, all selected from the regiments who stood against us on the battle-field! The execution of Elsenhans was an evidence how these judges under-

stood martial-law. Against their judgment there was no appeal, no revision of the proceeding was allowed; nay, even the sovereign of the country himself lost his princely prerogative of pardon.

The reader will understand that with such a court I had not even a shadow of hope. However, I am rather fond of life, and though no coward, I am by no means enthusiastic for useless martyrdom. The death of more important men had left no trace, and mine would not have furthered our cause a single step. Though I had refused the means offered me for escape on the day of surrender, the visit of my poor wife, and other circumstances made me a little more yielding on that point; and though I knew nothing of her plans for my escape, I thought of it myself. I procured in the yard a small iron hook, and by means of a stone in my case-mate I made a skeleton key of it, with which I succeeded so far as to turn the bolt of the lock once. I hoped to succeed altogether, and to be able to make good my escape. I must say, however, that I did not apply myself to the task with my usual energy. May be, that the news of some unsuccessful attempts to escape had damped my ardour. Even heroes have their moments of weakness, why should not I be excused for having them also? Five of our men who were working in Fort B, tried to escape in the middle of the day. Four of them were shot on the spot, and the fifth, who was afterwards over-

taken, suffered the same fate. Major von Weltzien had the five corpses laid on boards, and carried to all the different casemates as a warning.

Another reason why I did not think seriously of escape, was that some hope was held out to me. The town major, Lieutenant Baron von Munchhausen, a very brave young officer, brought me a letter from General Count Groeben, in which it was said, "That he had kept his promise to remember me, if the surrender should take place without disturbance." Besides, the new governor, General von Coelln, informed me also that Count Groeben had charged him to tell me that he had interceded with the Grand Duke, and would do so again. Baron Munchhausen, who brought this communication, said he hoped it would at least have the effect of causing that the sentence should be ordered to be sent to Carlsruhe for confirmation. By mistake, I suppose, a letter came into my hands, in which Count Groeben directed General von Coelln to tell the president of the court that he had interceded in my favour.

My brave wife was by no means idle. She exerted herself to the utmost in my behalf, and acted with a prudence and energy beyond praise. As the day for my trial approached she arrived again in Rastatt, and saw General von Coelln, who, however, told her that he could not permit her to see me just then, as my trial would take place on the 15th of September, but he promised

to let her have an interview with me after the trial. As she thought it important for me to know the day, which always was kept secret, she bribed a man to forward me a letter. After having done this, she ascertained the name of the lawyer who was appointed to defend me. M. von Stengel had proposed for that purpose Dr. Kusel, of Carlsruhe, an advocate of the superior court, whom he believed willing to accept the office, though he was not one of the lawyers who had been engaged for the defence.

Mad. Corvin saw this lawyer, who had arrived in Rastatt on Wednesday evening, September 12th. He had not yet read my papers, and had not decided whether he would consent to defend me, which he however finally did; as my trial was supposed to be the most interesting of all. He advised my wife, and she went first to Count Groeben, who could not give her much hope, and then to Carlsruhe, to see the Baden Secretary of War, Colonel von Roggenbach. When the latter received her he could with difficulty suppress his tears, and said, "I am just rising from a sick bed, to which sorrow for all this misery has brought me. We did not imagine that affairs would take such a turn. We have now ordered that when sentences of death are not pronounced unanimously, they must be sent here for confirmation, that we may be able to accord pardon. That is your only hope."

After this interview Mad. Corvin had another

conversation with Dr. Kusel in the hotel of the "Three Kings" in Rastatt, the landlady of which and daughter were very kind and sympathizing in spite of the Prussians. He advised her to go to Mannheim to find witnesses in my favour, in which she succeeded; but she could find no notary sufficiently courageous to verify the signature of men who ventured to speak in my favour.

When on the 14th I was noting down some points for my defence, Dr. Kusel, accompanied by a Prussian officer, called on me. He was not of the same opinion with myself, and said that the only thing required was to prevent certain charges against me from being proved. It would therefore be quite useless to work on the feelings of the judges. I knew, however, the nature of Prussian courts-martial better than Dr. Kusel, for I had frequently been a judge in them. I therefore insisted on defending myself; leaving, however, the juridical part to the kind and talented man of law.

The doctor thought it necessary to prepare me, lest I might become alarmed if the attorney-general should propose my condemnation to death. I was perfectly prepared for this, knowing that I must be found guilty according to martial law, and if I had myself been one of the judges I should have pronounced the sentence of death. My only hope therefore was based on the effect of the intercession of Count Groeben and on

that of my speech, by which I expected to move the hearts of some of the judges.

The following letter from Berlin to Mad. Corvin, written on the 16th, when the result of the trial was not yet known to the writer, will show the correctness of my views, and will at the same time throw a light on the nature of the proceedings of the Prussians in Baden :—

" In my last letter I wrote you, my dear friend, that in consequence of the note from C——, I would make still another attempt to intercede in his favour. This had to be done in an indirect manner, and I therefore spoke to Baron von * * * whose name you may have heard me mention before. He is in immediate connection with those persons who, according to our opinion, have a decisive voice in reference to the fate of Corvin. Unfortunately he communicated to me, however, the following: Shortly before the surrender of Rastatt the Prince of Prussia had taken measures to exempt himself from the disagreeable necessity, doubly disagreeable for him as successor to the throne, of refusing petitions for mercy, which he expected would arrive from many parts, and would be sustained by urgent appeals. The King desired to avoid the same disagreeable necessity, and therefore both had refused decidedly to interfere with the judgments of the courts-martial, by charging General von Hirschfeld, as commander of the army corps, with the duty of confirming the sentences of these courts-martial

against Prussian citizens, which in doubtful cases, were to be referred to the decision of the War Department. But with regard to the subjects of Baden, and to foreigners, the decision was in doubtful cases to be left to the War Department in Baden. All this has been arranged beforehand, and hence the reply of the colonel with whom you had a conversation, that all would be in vain. When Baron * * * told me this some days ago, he added, that even for this reason nothing *could* be done by the prince, and the less as Corvin was not even a Prussian. Therefore an influence over Corvin's fate could only be exerted on the part of the War Department in Baden, and that only in case there should occur some formal fault or other mistake in the trial; and even then only in the event that the sentence of death was not pronounced unanimously, because otherwise the execution could not be postponed. Therefore everything depended on the circumstance that the sentence of death should, on account of some formal mistake or of want of unanimity, have to be submitted to the War Department in Baden for confirmation. No further influence could be exerted, and all else must be left to chance. Should this, however, take place, it might be possible to do something towards a commutation of the sentence of death into imprisonment for ten years. Though he was not acquainted himself with the War Department in Baden, he was intimate with an officer of higher rank in Carlsruhe, who

had influence with the Secretary of War. He would at once draw the attention of that gentleman to the case, so that eventually all that was necessary might be done.

"I must confess that I do not hope for much success; but this is unfortunately the only thing left. That the punishments for the principal persons have been agreed on in advance, which I always supposed to be the case, I know now for certain. However, the judges are not instructed in this direction, but only the attorney-general. He receives an order what punishment he must ask, relying on former experience with courts-martial, that the judges almost always give a verdict *according to the motion.* It happens, however, now and then, that one judge or another differs from the motion, and this is frequently decisive, as according to a recent order (as I learn from the papers) only those sentences are to be executed at once which are unanimous. This was not formerly the case, and thus the defence becomes more important than it was before. Corvin must not, in his defence, be guided by juridical explanations, but simply try to work on the feelings of the judges. It may be that one or another may be induced to differ from the motion of the crown counsel."

Though I only became acquainted with this letter some time later, it expressed precisely my own opinion, and I resolved to act accordingly, whatever Dr. Kusel might say against it.

On the 14th of September, towards evening, all the prisoners in Bastion XXX. were assembled in the yard. When it was time to separate, I bade farewell to my companions in misfortune, who gave me their good wishes. Kinkel returned once more, and clasped me silently to his heart.

We had on that day received an order to burn no light. This was unfortunate, as I had to write down my defence; for I intended to defend myself, though Kinkel strongly advised me not to do so. I therefore stopped the keyhole, and darkened the window with my cloak. I wrote until midnight, and finished an article for a paper, which was published afterwards. I slept very well, but had a queer dream. I dreamt that I walked all over the country with an enormous fly-flap, crushing a whole city with each stroke!

Early on the morning of Saturday, September 15th, the kind landlady of "The Three Crowns" sent me some chocolate and a pint of good wine, to strengthen me for my task. Almost at the same moment the gend'armes entered to fetch me. The fatal carriage, with its escort, stood outside the gate of the bastion. I dressed carefully in my uniform—though Weltzien had desired me to appear in citizen's dress—and put on a pair of straw-coloured kid gloves. My epaulettes, however, had been taken from my carpet-bag by Major Weltzien. I wished to appear before the court as a gentleman and as a prisoner of war.

The city seemed much excited. Many people crowded into the streets, and many persons greeted me with sad faces, in spite of the gend'armes, who took notice of these sympathisers. Without knowing it, my behaviour in Rastatt had won for me many friends amongst the citizens.

After having once more seen M. von Stengel, who was in his black dress-coat, and arranging his papers, I was left alone in a room, where I had to wait a long time.

When at last I entered the hall in the palace, where the trial was to take place, I found it crowded. People were even outside, and looking in at the windows.

At the narrow end of the oblong hall, on a platform raised by two steps, sat the seven judges at a table; the president in the centre. To their right, behind a catheder, stood the attorney-general, and around him some juridical bottle-holders. To his right, but a step lower, M. von Stengel had his place behind a similar tribune. To the left of the judges, nearer the audience, an officer sat at a table with writing materials, I suppose an "auditor," who translated the *resumé* of the proceedings into Prussian for the use of the stupid judges.

The platform was separated from the audience by a low railing. Close to it, on the left hand side, was Dr. Kusel's pulpit and the bench on which was my place, together with that of two gend'armes with loaded muskets. Outside the

railing, near the entrance in the centre, an inferior officer of the law sat near a table. The witnesses against me filled the whole of the first bench. I had only seen a few of their faces before.

The attorney-general commenced the farce by charging me with having eaten a whole court-martial bill of fare, and concluded with a motion to make me swallow as dessert a number of leaden pills. He did me the honour to represent me as most dangerous to all despots and oppressors of the people. According to him, I was one of those secret originators of revolutions in Europe who had been sought for so long in vain. The whole speech of the attorney-general was clumsy, and corresponded with his appearance.

Dr. Kusel had told me that my defence would come after the examination of the witnesses; and when M. von Stengel asked something about my former life, etc., I did not suspect that my answers were looked upon as part of my defence. When I became aware of it, I had to upset the whole order of my speech, which is rather a critical undertaking, especially in so important a cause. I succeeded, however, very well, for I did not forget for a single moment that on that speech my life depended. I spoke with great care, and weighed each word before it passed my lips. I felt all I said. Before my mind's eye was my poor wife, who was perhaps close by, waiting with anxiety for the decision. However, I took good

care not to be carried away and kept my heart distant from my head, always remembering that I did not want to excite my own feelings, but to pierce the rhinoceros-skin which is supposed to encase the hearts of Prussian corporals. I spoke for nearly two hours, and that I spoke well could be read in the glowing faces of the audience, consisting mostly of Prussian officers, who followed my speech with the greatest interest and attention. A paper of the opposite party said of it:—

"A more captivating, clever, and logical prisoner has rarely defended himself; rarely have words, as they dropped one after the other, been weighed with more discernment; and a defence could not easily be met with so well supported, both by favourable circumstances and facts, and by masterly delivery, as that which we heard today from Corvin. . . . Listening to him for three hours, as he refuted the accusation in so profound, skilful, and convincing a manner, one became shaken in the opinion formed of Corvin beforehand from vague rumours, an opinion which one was now compelled to call prejudice. This effect was brought about for the greatest part by the speech of the accused himself."

When, addressing the judges, I concluded by saying, "Gentlemen, you are invested with a divine office. May not only a ray of divine wisdom, but also of divine clemency, find its way to your hearts! Judge me as you wish to be judged one day before the throne of the Almighty!" the

effect was wonderful. The attorney-general said he did not care whether the witnesses were sworn in or not, but my counsel insisted upon it. The attorney-general then had an unexpected pleasure; for most of the witnesses, on whom he had counted, became witnesses in my favour.

It was essential to prove that I had commanded at the bombardment of Ludwigshafen, which a man of some military experience might have found out by a few simple questions; but the attorney-general asked whether I had given the word of command, "Fire!" which is the business of a captain or lieutenant commanding a battery, and not that of a colonel commanding the whole force. The men, who, at the trial of Captain Stoeck, had thrown everything upon my shoulders, because it was announced in the papers that I had arrived safely in Switzerland with my family, were by no means inclined to assist the attorney-general, and answered as shortly as possible. As Lindemann had not been seen by any one near the Rhine, his evidence was of no great account; and all that could be proved against me was, that I had looked through a glass at the enemy, which was no crime, even according to martial law. The officers among the audience smiled, for they understood the affair thoroughly; but the attorney-general was much perplexed. The note I had written to the city council, after having dismounted the guns of the Prussians, I declared to be a piece of vanity upon my part; the merit belonged to the excellent Badish artillery.

men. Neither could it be proved that I had prevented the surrender of Rastatt, but it was known that I had finally negotiated its surrender.

The speech of my counsel was clear and warm, and made a very favourable impression. He said, amongst other things, that these bloody scenes must have an end, and, requesting the court to commence now a milder system, he referred to a letter of General von Groeben, which he laid on the table. The attorney-general replied, "It is true that Count Groeben has interceded for the accused, but his request has met with no attention." This was indeed final, and I did not give sixpence for my life.

The judges retired at last, and I was led into an empty room, where I was joined by a captain whom I had known in the Cadet House. He meant very kindly, and tried to help me through the disagreeable half-hour which I had to wait. The consultation lasted long, and the captain said it was a good sign, for whenever the judges agreed they returned almost immediately.

At last I was led back to the hall. The judges had not yet appeared. Kusel whispered, "Well, whatever the sentence may be, you will hear it like a man."

The judges entered. The faces of the officers amongst them were flushed and angry, that of the sergeant darker than before, and the rest as inexpressive as ever. The whole audience was

standing. The president read a long story, from which I understood so much as that I was found guilty of all the crimes of which the attorney-general had accused me. I waited with great interest for an "however," but the interesting document concluded, "*By five voices to one, condemned to be shot, and to pay the costs.*"

SIX YEARS IN A CELL.

CHAPTER I.

The condemned cell—Preparing for death—What my wife did meanwhile—Her plan for my escape—A delay—My supposed last night—Scrap from Mad. Corvin's diary—The hour before the execution—"We bring you better news"—Again my wife's diary—Decided against it—M. von Bernigan and M. Janssen—Both Shot—Rumours—Again before the court-martial—The unaccommodating sergeant removed—Ten years in the House of Correction—Journey to Bruchsal—Arrival in the old house of correction—The convict's toilet—The wool room and its inmates—Utterly wretched—Yet still more wretched—In the Pennsylvanian Penitentiary.

"CONDEMNED to be shot, and to pay the costs." So concluded the sentence read by the president of the court-martial. A low murmur of regret ran through the audience, and I felt that all eyes were upon me. I was prepared for death; but every living being has a natural dread of it, and the confirmation of my fear for a moment drove the blood back to my heart. It was indeed only for a moment; the next found me collected, and I should, perhaps, have smiled on discovering my weakness, if the thought of my poor wife had not stifled the smile in its birth.

I gave my hand to Dr. Kusel, and thanked him. He pressed it in silence. The gend'armes

led me to the carriage, which stood in the Palace Yard. It was about three o'clock p.m. I stepped in, and waited with crossed arms for our departure, which was delayed for the escort. A sympathizing crowd assembled round the carriage to stare at me. At last two gend'armes entered the carriage, and it moved slowly, like one of a funeral procession, down the street. We had to pass the hotel of "The Three Kings." The blinds in the upper storey were down, but when we turned the corner, formed by that house, I heard a cry from an open window on the ground floor, and saw a dear white hand stretched out towards me. Recognizing the voice of my wife, I leant out of the window to greet her, but was rudely pushed back by the gend'armes. The carriage rolled past.

We drove to Fort A, to the same bermebuilding where I had passed the first days after the surrender. The condemned to death were now locked up there until their execution.

It was three o'clock p.m., on Saturday, Sept. 15. As no executions were permitted to take place on Sundays, I expected to be shot at seven o'clock, as had been the practice under similar circumstances. Only four hours were, therefore, still my own.

About two-thirds of the compartment of the building in which I was, was occupied by a raised deal board, in the darkest corner of which was still the tumbled litter, which had drunk in the tears of poor Lieutenant Schad, who had been shot that same morning.

The gaoler asked me with an undertaker's face and voice, which called a smile to my face even then, "Whether I required anything, and whether he should summon the clergyman." I requested him to bring me writing materials, a good dinner, a bottle of wine, and a dozen good cigars.

Whilst writing, I looked through the open window in the yard, and my eye met that of the Prussian sentry, a blue-eyed, red-cheeked boy from Thuringia, who fairly blubbered. When he saw that I noticed him, he turned away and brushed the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, but I told him he need not be ashamed, such tears did honour to a soldier.

The gaoler had told me that my wife had received permission to see me before my death, and that she would be with me directly.

Mad. Corvin had arrived on Friday afternoon in Rastatt. Dr. Kusel could not give her any hope, and advised her to go to Carlsruhe, to speak to his brother, who was physician to the Grand-Duke.

The good doctor, however, was not in a position, he said, to assist my wife in any manner, and she went alone to the Grand Ducal palace, to seek an interview with that prince, for she could not find one man who had the courage to be seen with the wife of one accused of high treason.

The footmen, on hearing her name, flew before her as if she had been a wolf, though with tears in their eyes, but no one stopped her, and she entered a labyrinth of rooms, until at last she did

not know where to go. A door was opened cautiously, and a kind, friendly old face peeping timidly in, whispered that she might stay where she was, for the private secretary of the Grand-Duke would soon pass through that room.

In great anguish she waited two full hours, counting with dismay the strokes of the clocks, for she knew that at that moment I was before my judges. At last the private secretary came. She implored his assistance with words such as love dictates to a wife whose husband is in danger of his life, and the man was evidently much affected; but he could not give her any comfort, and could not undertake to introduce her to the Grand-Duke, who had renounced his prerogative of grace in the case of an unanimous sentence of death.

She returned nearly desperate to Rastatt. What she did and felt will be best seen from her diary, from which I give some extracts:—

"When I arrived in Rastatt, it was half-past one p.m. The good landlady of the hotel met me, saying joyously, 'Everything is going extremely well; Corvin is defending himself, and in so masterly a manner, that all who have just come from the trial, agree that he will get off. Most of the witnesses against him have spoken in his favour; take hope and courage.' I breathed deeply; I ventured to believe that all might end well. My brother Francis came. He was pale as a sheet; Otto's sentence of death was written on his fore-

head. 'He has been sentenced to be shot,' I cried, and, weeping aloud, I fell on his neck.

"'He is coming,' said some people in the room, and they rushed to the window. I also opened one. There came the carriage, surrounded by soldiers; gend'armes were in it, and he in the midst of them. His mournful eyes were seeking for me, as he knew that I was in that hotel. Nearly fainting, I fell back into the arms of the hostess. But I soon recovered. I called his name. It was a cry of anguish coming from the very depth of my tortured heart. I strove to get through the window, as I believed the carriage was stopping; but I was held back, and I passed half an hour in a state bordering on madness. At length I recovered, and was able to think; and with the tenacity of despair my hope clung to the plan of escape prepared by me.

"I went into my room with my brother Francis, tried my clothes on him, arranged his hair, and put on it a cap and bonnet. He was so changed that nobody would have recognized him, and he did not look strange either. Francis did not doubt the success of my plan. This dress Otto must put on; and I tried them first on my brother, who was nearly of his size and figure.

"Thus encouraged, and full of hope, I went to see Otto. He was already in that casemate behind which the executions took place. The hope of saving him gave me courage. The prison was almost dark, and nothing in it but two bundles of

straw, a pitcher with water, and the half of a black, coarse loaf. Otto was writing letters to his friends and to the people for whom he was to die. When I entered his prison he came towards me with a quick step. 'Courage, my Helena, courage!' he said, 'it must be;' and he pressed my hand. His firmness supported mine. I spoke much, and in a hurried manner, that I might not be conquered by a weakness which had already overpowered my brother, who sat weeping.

"The dinner for the condemned, given by the city, was brought in. Otto tried it, saying, 'That's my *kenkersmahlzeit*' (last meal). 'Let's see whether the wine is good. No, it is not good. I will only take a little. I have no appetite now.'

"When the turnkey was gone, I told Otto my plan. He would not consent to it. He had, he said, made up his account with life, and conquered the bitterness of death; his fate was sealed.

"'No,' said I, 'it is not so. Your sentence of death was not unanimous, and Dr. Kusel has gone with M. von Stengel to Carlsruhe, to obtain a commutation.' It had been told me on my way to prison. The attorney-general wished that the sentence should be executed immediately, but Dr. Kusel insisted, referring to the new order, which was to be applied now for the first time. 'That will avail me nothing,' said Otto; 'there is only one dissenting voice against five. This hope is only an unnecessary torture.' I now became doubtful myself, and called the officer, who had

been so kind as to leave me alone with my husband, though he was instructed to be present at our interview. He confirmed my news, and added, that the execution would, under all circumstances, be postponed until Monday morning, as no executions could take place on a Sunday.

"One day and two nights, therefore, still belonged to us. 'Now we will think of nothing but of your escape,' said I; 'and, before all, Francis must leave us, that he may not be involved.'

"The carriage which brought me to the prison waited at the entrance of the postern. Francis was directed to send it back, and to give notice whether he had any difficulty in passing the gate. In half an hour the turnkey brought me a slip of paper, on which Francis had written, 'Dr. K. is gone to Carlsruhe—passed without impediment.'

"I now ordered a dinner from my hotel, and urged my husband to eat, as he could not tell how long he might have to fast after his escape. 'No,' said he, 'I will not escape in that manner. What will become of you who will remain here in my clothes? Who will protect you against the brutality of the infuriated soldiers? And what will become of the kind officer who, contrary to his orders, is so humane as to leave us alone?' He *would* not escape. He had refused it before, as was told me by an old lady, who had offered to aid him on the day of surrender. He preferred to die rather than to give colour to the suspicion of his having betrayed the fortress.

"Dinner came. Otto ate with a good appetite, and took two glasses of wine. By and by it grew dark, and my heart was nearly broken at the thought that he *would* not escape. So time passed on, and the friendly officer came to fetch me; but I begged hard to be left with my husband until the morning, to which he consented. He said he would fetch me at five o'clock a.m., and order the carriage at that hour to take me to the city.

"It was past seven o'clock, and Otto was happy that I was to be a few hours longer with him. I felt very sad, but had strength enough not to show it. I talked incessantly of escape, and was in despair because he remained firm in his resolution. 'I am very tired,' he said; 'perhaps I may think differently of your proposition after a little rest.'

"At eight o'clock he was already asleep. He slept as soundly and calmly as if no sentence of death were hanging over him.

"I became more and more sorrowful. I listened to the monotonous steps of the guard and to the relief. The hours flew with rapidity, and yet the minutes were long! Suddenly I heard the tramping of many feet approaching the door, and I awakened Otto. He went into the adjoining casemate where the door was. They were two officers, who whispered to him that the order had arrived to have everything ready for the execution for half-past four. I heard every word.

"'That is hard,' said Otto, 'that an exception

is to be made for me, when no executions take place on a Sunday.'

"'Yes,' said the officers, 'we thought so also; but the order has been given. We, however, give you our word of honour that we do not know anything for certain; the order is only to be ready, and we must request your lady to leave you at three o'clock, when we will have the honour of accompanying her to the city.'

"'I thank you, gentlemen,' my husband said; 'she will be ready.'

"It would be vain to try to describe the agony I suffered during those hours, the remembrance of which can never fade from me but with life. So much is certain, I could not again survive such hours. The fear of becoming weak, and of unnerving my husband, made me so composed, however, that I did not even shed one single tear. We talked all the time. My husband held me in his arms, and tried to comfort me. I had only one thought: his hand, his breath so warm now —and in a few hours all will be cold—dead—an inanimate body! It was horrible, and the thought threatened to burst my heart and head.

"It was not yet three o'clock in the morning when the officers came to fetch me. What dreadful moments! Otto held me firmly in his arms. I might have been still happy with him for many years. 'Farewell,' he said, in a low voice, 'farewell for ever!'

"I released him, firmly resolved not to in-

crease his pain by a prolonged leave-taking; but outside the door my strength failed me; I almost sank on my knees; a trembling ran through my whole body. But I conquered this weakness also, and went with the two officers to the city. There I knocked at the window of some friendly citizens; they opened to me. After these good people had lain down again at my urgent request, I stood at the open window, alone, despairingly watching the coming morning, and listening to every sound. I felt as cold as a stone, but I did not lose consciousness. Weep I could not; my thoughts were with Otto; I felt with him all the torture which he might be enduring in those moments. They were moments that seemed to be interminable. The clock struck one quarter, half, three-quarters —four! 'He has only half an hour left to him,' I thought. Then I heard the report of some shots —the people in the house heard them also—and I fell senseless to the ground, as if they had pierced my heart also.

"This state of unconsciousness did not last long. My thoughts again became clear and calm in reflecting that his sufferings were over now. During the previous hour I had felt all the misery which a human heart can feel without breaking. Dr. Kusel came with the town major, Baron von Munchhausen. I stood again at the window, for I waited for the two officers, whom I had requested to be present at the execution, and to tell me how Otto died. I went to the street to

meet the two gentlemen, and asked, 'How did he die?' "

Thus far the extracts from my wife's diary, and I now resume my own narrative.

When she had left me I prepared for my last journey. I put on fresh linen, took the little amulet from my neck and cut off a lock from my hair, for persons dear to me. As I had heard that the eyes must be bandaged, I chose for this purpose a scarlet foulard. It was for my wife, for it would probably be drenched with my blood. Then I lighted a cigar and waited for the fatal hour, reflecting on what words should be the last in my life.

"More are men's ends marked, than all their life before."

I know that such last words are published in all the papers, and tradition preserves them long in the memory of the people. I therefore wished to say farewell to the world in words worthy of myself and of the holy cause for which I was to die.

If I said that I felt fear I should tell an untruth. I only wished the thing was over, and waited with a kind of impatience.

Now and then all that had happened appeared like a dream.

That I should be excited was natural, and sensitive imaginative persons will understand me when I say that I fancied I felt around me beings not belonging to this world, and this feeling became so strong that I almost believed I could

hear a whispering voice near my ear. "Be reasonable," it seemed to say, "and do not entertain such foolish thoughts. Hope! Do you believe that I, your guardian angel, or whatsoever you may call me, have taken so much trouble to steer you over so many shoals only to allow you to be shot by the Prussians? Where is your old confidence in your good fortune? Have I not always been near when all help has seemed to be at an end? Phlegmatic people have called you reckless for your trust in your luck, and I have loved you for that light-hearted courage. Be so again, or, by ——, I will let you be shot in good earnest."

I could not forbear smiling at these lively fancies, and remembered the passage from "Faust," where Mephistophiles says:—

> "Wo solch ein Koepfchen keinen Auswegsieht,
> Stellt es sich gleich das Endr vor."

"Well," I said, laughing aloud, "my dear *spiritus familiaris*, if you mean to help me again this time out of trouble, you must proceed very cleverly, and quickly too, for there is not much time to be lost either."

I thought of my old mother and my dear friends, who, far from me, were anxiously watching the papers, to learn my fate. I even thought of my stepfather, the poet of the Preussenlied, and how on that evening he would lose his taste for his oysters and his bottle of Hock; it would indeed be a kind of calamity for him to have a

stepson shot for high treason; I must say I felt indeed that it was very inconsiderate of me.

Then I thought again of my poor wife, who was now weeping in her lonely room; and whether she would marry again and would find a kind husband. I thought of the beautiful world, and of the spring I should never see again.

At last I thought of the morrow with great interest, for then I should know which of the philosophers was right regarding the nature of life after death.

I had a strong sensation which was not fear; or, if fear, was a pleasant fear. I had known nothing in my former life which so much resembled it as the sensation, while still a youth and inexperienced, of entering a ball-room, in which there were a number of beauties. I had also (as I had had the day before) a peculiar longing for a rose. As for anything like the feelings described in Victor Hugo's "Last Hours of a Condemned," they may be taken from nature, but the nature they describe was happily not mine.

At dawn I heard many steps in the yard. They are coming, I thought. It was a curious feeling. Farewell, beautiful earth; farewell to thee, my aged mother; farewell, my dear, good wife!

The first visitor whom I distinguished through the gloom of the cell was the city mayor, von Munchhausen, and by his side another officer. "Is it time, gentlemen?" I asked. "I am quite ready."

"No, my friend," said a voice from behind the rest—the voice of my late advocate, Dr. Kusel—"we bring you better news."

This brave man, having a friend in the ministry of war, had paid a night visit to Carlsruhe, and had come back, during the hour after midnight, with distinct news of the alteration of my sentence. Prussian misunderstandings were much dreaded in those days, and reflecting on all the circumstances, I am tolerably sure that, but for Dr. Kusel, I should have been shot on Sunday morning, and the commutation of my sentence would have been announced on Monday. The city mayor, a brave and honest officer, lost his situation for having announced to me the alteration of the sentence.

Words of true sympathy, written under the strongest emotions, and whether well or ill written, must have an interest of their own in human eyes. Therefore I again take scraps from my wife's diary to carry on this narrative:—

"I would have gone directly to see my husband, but was not permitted, and I wrote letters to my brother, to my Mannheim friends, and to my good mother-in-law. At half-past six I was with Otto, who was very calm, and did not like to show his joy. He tried to bear this happy change with the same equanimity. But I myself felt very happy, infinitely happy for him; for he loves this life very much. Through my entreaties I had been permitted to stay as long as I liked

with my husband. All the day long Baudin, and even Prussian officers, and many common soldiers, came to the iron grate before the window, and expressed their pleasure at his escape. There was a much greater interest shown in him than in any of his comrades who had suffered earlier. An old sergeant told me that there had been much stirring amongst the common soldiers in the barracks, who liked my husband, because he had behaved so well towards his soldiers in the garrison of Rastatt, and that they had been much discontented at the sentence of death. He told me that on the evening before, at the time fixed for the execution, the crown of the main rampart had been crowded with more than a thousand soldiers, notwithstanding that their assembling there was forbidden under a threat of five days' imprisonment. He spoke very mysteriously, and I did not quite understand at what his hints pointed.

"My good kind hostess sent a very good dinner and beautiful fruit, and Otto eat it with very good will. How happy I was to see him eat so heartily again.

"Monday, 17th September.—The commandant gave me yesterday a ticket for the fort and prison, and the Prussian captain of the guard was so kind as to give it me back again, and even to permit me, upon his own responsibility, to stay till the morrow with my husband.

"Early in the morning the prisoner came to

our window, who had been brought on the previous afternoon into the casemate opposite our den, and separated from it only by a narrow yard. The sentries were very kind, and permitted him to speak to us, although it was against orders. He was a Baron von Bernigan, who had, before the revolution, been a Prussian first-lieutenant in Cologne, but had left the service. My husband had procured for him the command of a battalion in his own regiment, but he became ill, and was forced to remain in Heidelberg. When the Prussians occupied that town he was so imprudent, as to give himself up to them as a prisoner of war. Having a fever he was unable to fly. How pale and wretched he looked! How excited he was, and how cast down at the same time! Four weeks ago they had pronounced the sentence of death upon him, and he was then awaiting the ratification of it from Berlin!

"The Prussian authorities were very bitter against prisoners who had formerly served in the Prussian army, and most bitter against officers; therefore the poor sick man was put into one of the most gloomy and unhealthy casemates, where he was left quite alone. By the humanity of a Badish lieutenant, who had the care of the prisoners of that fort, however, he at last had a few comforts allowed him, and was moved to a more healthy place. Glad to see Otto again, and to speak to him, he heartily partook of my joy. In

the afternoon he was removed to a better prison. He gave me a letter for his brother, which I volunteered to take care of. A few days afterwards this friend of ours was shot.

"His place was filled by a Mr. Janssen, a surveyor, who had been chairman of the artisan union in Cologne. He was a brave, high-spirited young man. He was one of the truest followers of my husband, who became acquainted with him in Strasbourg. He also had been sentenced to death, and was waiting for the ratification from Berlin. 'At first,' he said, 'it was an ugly feeling when the soldiers opened the door of his prison in the morning.' He always thought, 'They are coming to bring me out. But now,' he said, 'I am used to it, and I care not what may come; but I dare not think of my bride. After having searched for me everywhere she came here, but she was not allowed to see me.' He said this in a careless tone, but there was a quiver in his voice that I could well understand.

"The sentries being very good-natured, he and my husband talked all day about the revolution. If an officer came near, the sentry always gave us warning, and we separated. Poor Janssen was also shot a few days later.

"Tuesday, 18th September.—Otto is contented with his situation, notwithstanding the damp straw and the water which falls fast from the walls of his prison. My company and the good

things sent every day by my kind hostess are very thankfully accepted by him.

"How hard is the lot of the poor prisoners, who are glad whenever a sentry speaks to them! How horrible is their solitude, without occupation, light, books, or even tobacco, so much wished for by them all!

"The officers who visited my husband to-day said it was believed that the change of his sentence would be to imprisonment in a fortress; and one of these officers—from Baden—whose parents live at Kieslau (that place being used as a prison for officers sentenced to imprisonment), was so kind as to promise us letters of recommendation to his friends. Heaven grant that these reports may be true!

"I had a great sorrow to-day, when the captain of the day took me from the casemate. The lieutenant on duty had recommended me not to show myself when this captain should come, because he was a very severe man. Therefore, when the sentry announced him, I hid myself in the darkest corner of my husband's litter, and he threw his cloak over me. When the captain entered the foremost compartment of the casemate, he said to his prisoner:

"'I have heard that your lady is here. Where is she?'

"'She is asleep just now,' he answered.

"'Well then, awake her. I cannot permit her to stay any longer with you, for she has only

permission to see you for about half-an-hour, and in the presence of an officer. So runs our order.'

"Otto was obliged to take away his cloak. I rose from the straw, and, quite confused, followed the captain. My husband told me that it was the same officer who had sat on the court-martial. I dared not go again to-day to the commandant to get a new ticket of admission; I will go to-morrow and stay at home to-day.

"My hostess and her daughter are compassionate. They both know my husband, who often dined in this hotel. The young girl was very glad when he sent her his riding-whip as a token of remembrance. What a comfort such kind people are when one is so very sad! The landlady told me that the city mayor, von Munchhausen, had lost his place for having brought the news of the alteration of the sentence to my husband before he had received any authority to do so. Probably they would have announced it to him when he was lying a bleeding corpse. It would have been only a misunderstanding.

"Wednesday, 19th September.—I was very quiet and happy with Otto in the prison. The commandant, Major von Weltzien, was uncommonly polite, and gave me a ticket, on which it was marked that I might see my husband without the presence of an officer, and for as long as I wished. But the sentries of the day were rough. A red-haired man behaved like a man in a passion, although nobody had done

him any wrong. He knocked with the butt of his firelock, and seemed to have a mind to shoot poor Janssen whenever he showed himself near his window. When my husband spoke to him, he cried, 'No noise! Once you were a lord, now it is my turn, and you have to keep silence.' Even to me he used bad language, and behaved ill. But this is the only soldier I have yet had to complain of.

"To-morrow a court-martial will sit, and my husband will then hear his altered sentence. The officers say they know that it is imprisonment in a fortress, and Otto is believing too much in their opinion. Heaven grant that he may not be mistaken; for the House of Correction would distress him more than ten sentences of death."

I have to add but little to my wife's diary. Before my condemnation the report was circulated in the casemates, that my wife had offered several persons twenty thousand, nay a hundred thousand guilders, if they would assist in my escape. It was even said that she had bribed the whole guard and flown with them to France. I need not say that my poor wife did not even possess the shadow of such sums.

The one member of the court-martial who did not think my death necessary for the preservation of monarchy, was Sergeant Loehr, of the 20th Regiment of Berlin. When in the

forenoon of the 20th September I was again brought before the court-martial, which had sentenced another man to be shot, I saw that Sergeant Loehr had been replaced by a more accommodating individual.

The president of the court-martial announced to me that the sentence of death had been altered to *ten years in the House of Correction.*

Great personages in Berlin have been quite indignant that I complained of the non-performance of the promises made to me for the garrison, and have called me ungrateful! I have told the matter as it happened, and the reader may judge whether I had a right to complain. I do not doubt that Count Groeben did all in his power to make good his promises, and I thank him for his intercession in my behalf; but this was a failure also, and on the day of my condemnation the count was so indignant that he left Carlsruhe and sent in his resignation: so I was told, at least. All this does not change my opinion that the Prussians acted disloyally.

If the Prussian commander considered us to be rebels, he ought not to have held any communications with us, such as are usual in regular warfare. But this was done, and thus we were recognized as belligerents. Moreover he granted us a capitulation, and I do not think the count would excuse its non-performance by the circumstance that he did not sign it. He wrote it down with his own hand, and if there could be any

doubt that we, in consequence of that capitulation, were considered to be prisoners of war, it was removed by the plain words of the commandant, von Weltzien, though he did not approve of it.

We surrendered at discretion, it is true, and the Prussians would not have been to blame, if, disregarding as they did the promises of the commanding general, Count Groeben, they had shot us all; but they were *not* entitled to treat us as *criminals*, and to sentence us by a fancy court and unlawfully issued laws, to imprisonment in *the House of Correction!* a punishment which is considered to be ignominious and attended with the loss of all civil rights. Even our wives would have had a right to marry somebody else. Such treatment was not only hard, but disloyal and treacherous.

In the afternoon of the 20th September a patrol escorted me to the station, for I was to be removed to the House of Correction at Bruchsal. On the way to the station my wife remained at my side, and left me only for a short time to prepare for the journey to Bruchsal.

My escort were Landwehr men, from the district of Magdeburg, on their way home. They were kind and brave men. The corporal of the escort had no objection that my wife should make the journey to Bruchsal sitting at my side.

At the railroad station in Carlsruhe were a great many gentlemen in dress-coats and white

cravats, who probably came from a court dinner, and wished to enjoy the sight of a rebel in chains. "There are Corvin and his wife in that carriage," said one, and they all came and stared at us; but they saw no fetters. I was sitting among the friendly soldiers. There was nothing more melodramatic than the grief of my poor wife, who held my hand, as she had done all the way.

It was almost dusk when we arrived at Bruchsal. With a heavy heart I took leave of my dear wife, and was conducted in the midst of soldiers through the town.

The corporal of the escort did not know the locality, and the inhabitants, having more sympathy with the conquered than with the conqueror, took little pains to show where the House of Correction was. After much wandering to and fro, we left the town by another gate, and reached a gloomy castellated building. We stopped at an iron grating in the wall.

"More than ten years?" asked the warder.

"No."

"You are wrong, then," and he directed us to the old House of Correction. This was the first glimpse of my dungeon—the model prison on the separate and solitary system—in which six years of my period of durance were spent.

I had a fellow-sufferer during that first night in an artilleryman of Rastatt, who was taken with me to the guard-room of the old house, where two old people in light grey uniforms (gaolers on duty)

—received us, and led us into the presence of the governor. That officer gave a receipt for us to the corporal, and sent us for the night to the reception-room. My blood tingled when I was searched. But a peace-offering came in the shape of a supper of broth, which seemed to be composed of bad grease and potatoes, very much praised by the gaolers.

Not having undressed for a long time, and having only slept on damp straw, I looked on the coarse, but cleanly bed in the reception-room as a great luxury. At about nine o'clock next morning, I was taken to the governor, M. Speigler, a worthy man, who was unable to hide his resentment at the cruelty of the Prussians in inflicting upon a gentleman the punishment of thieves. He prepared me for the ceremony of the prison toilet. On his representation, he said, Major Mahler and Captain Stoeck, who were his prisoners, were permitted to wear their own clothes; but the Prussians having heard of it, instantly remonstrated, and he was daily expecting orders to put them into convict's uniform.

Carried off to the watch-room by a thickset man, the head gaoler, whose manners were harsh, but who was not an unkindly man—my beard was swept off by the razor, my hair was cropped by a prisoner, who danced about me like an imp while he was snipping and shearing; and then, when he had made my head look like a shoe-brush, he leapt away.

I was ordered to undress, and put on the convict's uniform, which lay on the bench ready to my hand. There were a pair of stockings coming high over the knee, and made of thick hemp twine, hard as a grater; there was an ascetic shirt, large enough to be taken for a carter's frock, made of the coarsest hemp linen, that felt as if a bundle of toothpicks had been woven with it. This garment being quite new, and never having touched the water, was so stiff and hard, that after an hour's wearing, it had scoured the skin off my whole body, till I seemed to wear a shirt of Nessus. The trousers were of the coarsest kind of hemp trellis, and the jacket of the same material. I thrust my arm in it too fast, and scraped a piece of skin from my knuckles. The waistcoat and neckcloth were of like material, dyed with a bad blue. After I had put on a little hempen cap I thought the business concluded. But there lay on the form something else that was to belong to me. It looked like a sheet of grey pasteboard, but a red line running through it satisfied me that it was a tissue. I took it in my hand and unfolded it with difficulty. It was so stiff that it retained every form into which it was bent. I could not make out what this was, and asked its use; the head gaoler, who had been amused at my perplexity, informed me that it was my pocket-handkerchief. The prisoners, I found, put these handkerchiefs in water, and then beat them with stones until it became possible to use them. There were

next given to me a pair of very rough peasant's shoes, a little wooden tablet with my number painted upon it, a small horn-comb, and a towel.

I was then taken into the wool saloon, which was to be my future scene of labour. Thirty persons were at work, picking and spinning the wool, which filled the room (otherwise spacious and reasonably cheerful) with a fetid odour. The stillness, only disturbed by the peculiar rattling of the large wool-spinning wheels, the repulsive faces of many of my new comrades, the whole atmosphere of the House of Correction, made a very strong impression upon my mind, quivering yet under the impression of the toilette. Everything whirled before my eyes.

By and by I recovered, and could look about. They had not, on that first day, given me any work. One of the convicts attracted me by his noble features and high, beautiful forehead. It was Dr. Kaucher, of Heidelberg, who was spinning wool with the earnest mien of an old Roman senator. His neighbour on the right looked like a student, but he was an incendiary.

Near a spinning-wheel at the opposite side stood a young man like a Theseus, with long eye-lashes, and a mouth delicate as that of a girl: he was a young student of medicine from Mayence, Mr. Kupferberg. He had been only three days in Baden, and, being ill while there, had never seen a fight or carried arms. Intending to return to Mayence, he passed Heidelberg, and there he was

arrested by a Upfarberg gend'arme, who sagaciously concluded that the perfectly new cap he wore must recently have replaced the hat of a rebel. Young K. had, indeed, belonged to a patriotic corps which had been formed in his native city, but which had dispersed before it reached Baden. He was sentenced to imprisonment for ten years, like myself. After two years of punishment he obtained pardon. His parents and relations being well off, spared no money, and applied it in the right direction.

In the afternoon we were permitted to walk for half an hour in the yard. During this time I became acquainted with many of my fellow patriots. Thousands of them still languished in the case-mates; where they perished by hundreds, neglected and forlorn. The government of Baden showed so little concern in bringing the examination to a speedy close, that only three judges were appointed for this business in Rastatt, whilst no less than five thousand six hundred accused men were held in durance.

At seven o'clock we had our supper. It consisted of a chopin of soup made of water, very mouldy black bread, and less than half an ounce of a detestable fat, called smear, generally used for the greasing of carriage-wheels. This horrible soup was not rarely given to us thrice a day—for breakfast, dinner, and supper. After supper we proceeded directly to the bed-room, in which there might have been some forty beds. After the

gaoler had said prayers for us all, he locked the door and went away. He could always look into the room by a wicket, where lights were burning all night.

I had managed to have my bed by the side of Dr. Kaucher, with nobody on the other side. Kaucher had a mind to talk; but this was impossible to me. During the whole day I had forcibly held back my tears; now I hid my head under the blanket, and wept like a child.

At half-past four in the morning we were awakened by the ringing of a bell. Everybody rose, and made his bed and toilette. The latter was a curious proceeding; for it was a toilette without glasses, basins, tooth-brushes, or even soap. The washing apparatus for these forty people consisted simply in one tub of water, and an empty tub, together with a small tin drinking-cup; and since for the whole business for forty persons only a few minutes were allowed, our ablutions were always very incomplete.

After a prayer said by a gaoler, the work-room was opened, and we began our labour by the help of dim oil-lights. I was ordered to attend a large spinning-wheel, and received a quantity of wool to convert into thread. One of the work-masters showed me how to proceed, and I began my task. When my wheel got entangled, my neighbour to the right came and put it in order, without speaking a word. He was a young Italian, who, in an animated dispute had thrust

his knife into the body of a subject of Baden. I could see how excitable he was; his blood was always in extraordinary motion, and when he came to help me he blushed like a girl.

My neighbour to the left was a venerable old poacher, who sometimes offered me stealthy pinches from his little bark snuff-box; and I could not find it in my heart to refuse this little kindness. The director had taken care to place me betwixt the two most honest knaves of his collection. Generally, the common criminals felt that the political offenders did not belong to their set. They forbore to show any intimacy, although all wore the same dress, and did the same work. If any one of us spoke to them, they were pleased, and showed their acknowledgment by many little services.

Before breakfast, half loaves of very coarse black bread were brought in baskets, and, when the gaoler called a name, each of us went forth to fetch one. During the first few days the sound of my name was like a thrust from a dagger. The bread was very bad, for it was mixed with common field-bean meal; but it was not safe to complain too loudly, a few common criminals who had done so having been punished. None being permitted to have knives, every one who wished or desired to cut a bit of bread (one pound and a half was the daily allowance) had to go to one of the pillars, against which a blunt knife hung by a short chain.

The dinner, at twelve o'clock, consisted of a chopin of soup, and a chopin of potatoes, lentils, peas, or some other vegetable; meat was only given twice a week, four ounces at a time.

On Saturday a gaoler came and asked which of us wished to write a letter. I was of the number, for I had promised my wife to write to her as soon as possible. On Sunday we rose at half-past five o'clock, and had no work to do. We all attended divine service in a long saloon, arranged like a church. In the afternoon, such of us as were permitted to write letters, went to the guard-room. There, accordingly, I sat, mixed with the refuse of society, to write to my dear wife, whose name I should have thought sullied if spoken in their presence.

I felt as wretched as possible, and in this mood I wrote the following letter, which was published afterwards in all the papers:—

"*Bruchsal, September* 23, 1849.

"My dearest Helena,—I only write to you because I promised to do so. I should prefer that nobody should hear from me, not even you; for could you look into my heart you would be overcome by grief. Since we have known each other, I have sometimes been in very sad positions, and visited by many misfortunes; I have borne all with fortitude. You saw how, eight days ago, I prepared for death; how I looked at it with composure, and how I even bore my reprieve

with firmness, because I knew how happy it made you. The events of these last days must either have weakened my intellect, or the present misfortune must really be more dreadful than anything I have experienced before. All the agony of death seems to me a trifle in comparison with the tortures of mind to which I am subjected here. I must dwell only on all my love for you, if I would not regret not to have been shot. Imbecility, madness—in a word, unconsciousness—now appear to me a blessing. I envy the miserable thieves and murderers with whom I am compelled to associate, for they do not feel the tortures which I endure; such do not exist for them. I do not say anything; I do not complain, because I cannot speak, having always a difficulty in suppressing my tears.

"On Friday I was compelled to put on the convict's dress! The director prepared me for that horrid ceremony; but I can assure you that to be shot is nothing in comparison with it.

"Do not visit me for a long time; I should not like you to undergo that torture. This punishment is too horrid for us. Do not write to me either; at least, not at present. To see a letter from your hand would deprive me of all my strength. Meanwhile, I will muster all the moral strength left me by the horrible events of these later times. Farewell! my Helena; and if—— farewell!"

The kind director was quite terrified at this letter. He sent for me next day; the feeling man had tears in his eyes. He gave me both his hands, and in the kindest manner tried to comfort me. Seeing that I not only required comfort, but also some stimulant, he offered me a glass of wine, which I accepted thankfully, and which did me good; and I left him far more composed.

The ideas I had expressed in our conversation about the punishment to which we were subjected, struck him as very reasonable, and he requested me to put them down on paper that he might lay them before the Board of Control. In consequence of this, five of us political prisoners—Dr. Kaucher, Major Mahler, Captain Stoeck, M. Kupferberg, and myself—were placed in a separate room, where we had many relaxations, which made our fate very tolerable. This relaxation of the prison discipline was, however, nothing unusual. A railway official, who had appropriated six thousand guilders, and who had been sentenced to several years' imprisonment in the House of Correction, had his own clothes and his own room in the prison, with many comforts, and was occupied in keeping the books of the management. A fraudulent watchmaker and jeweller worked on his own account in his own room; and such instances were by no means rare. This could not have been through fraud or negligence on the part of the director; for the prisons were visited every month by members of

the ministry. If criminals of this kind had a claim to milder treatment, how much greater claim had not we, who had, for the most part, become criminals from motives which should form the strength of a state.

I had just began to feel quite reconciled to my fate, when a new trouble befel me. On Sunday, September 30th, a tavern-keeper of Bruchsal, involved in the Revolution, was brought in. He was popular in the town; and in the afternoon about a hundred young fellows assembled, and boasted they would set the prisoners free. It was mere bragging; but the Prussians, and their obedient servants in Carlsruhe, seized on this pretext to aggravate the punishment of certain of their enemies. Consequently, in the afternoon of the 2nd of October, five of us were summoned by the director, whom we found much agitated. He told us that he had received orders to send us immediately to the new model prison—the terrible cellular penitentiary.

We all were thunderstruck. Dr. Kaucher felt faint, and I divided with him some Kirschwater. All plans in reference to our future were now destroyed. My wife had resolved to remove to Bruchsal, and though visits were permitted only once a month, the director had promised me that if I wished I should see my wife every day alone in the head-gaoler's room.

A detachment of Nassau soldiers transported us in our convict's dress through the whole town,

where the eyes of many a pitying girl met ours as we passed.

The gaolers had talked to us many times about the prison to which we were going, and had told us among other things, that the prisoners were obliged to wear vizors.

At length we arrived at our new prison. On entering we were taken into a preparatory cell, where, with dismay, we studied the regulations of the house. Then we were separated, and I was led into a cell towards the north, where I was to live for years, away from other men, always alone!

I looked round me with horror. Four bare walls; the ceiling vaulted like the cover of a coffin, stone floor, extent, six paces by four; a poor little iron bed chained against the wall; in a corner a little open cupboard, with a pitcher and a Bible, near it a table, a bench, both fixed to the wall—this was all. The cell received its light through a small oblong window, the lower edge of which I could just reach with the top of my fingers. The lower half of this window was made of dead glass, through which the light of day only entered faintly. I felt as if I were enclosed in an iceberg. I was overcome by despair. Tearless and groaning I sank upon the bench.

CHAPTER II.

My prison—Visitors—The escape of Captain Stoeck and its consequences—Cruelty of the Prussians—Kate Zoeller—Planning escape—A visit from my wife—The model parlour—An adventure of Mad. Corvin—Discoveries.

Of the prison it is enough to say that it is a costly, massive structure, contrived on the principle of that at Pentonville. It had not been long finished—indeed, it was not wholly finished, when I entered it. But of my pale yellow cell there are some things that I must narrate.

The floor in the Bruchsal cells is covered with little square tiles, so soft that the prisoners sweep from them every morning more than a pint of the finest brick-dust, which penetrates everywhere, and of course gets into the lungs. To make this worse, the shoes of the prisoners are thick, and set with large nails. Of late these shoes have been abolished, and a few of the floors have been painted with boiled linseed oil; but this costs about two shillings for every cell, and the Baden government is not easily induced to expend so much on the mere health of prisoners.

Beneath the ceiling, in one of the longer walls,

a square hole is placed, through which hot air enters in the winter: corresponding to it is a similar hole on the opposite side, but near the floor, intended to let bad air escape. The theory of this heating and airing may be very good, but the practice proves very deficient. The openings work very often more after their own mind than after that of the inventor—one filling the cell with cold air, and the other spouting smoke.

The hot air, the penetrating brick-dust, the bad water, and the draught, always so strong in the cell that the hair of the prisoner is moved by the wind even in bed, are the greatest calamities incident to prison life at Bruchsal from architectural causes. It is a fact that any plant dies in one of these cells after a short time, even in summer, and that a bird rarely outlives a winter. Hot air is excellent for large halls, in which people assemble now and then for a few hours, but it is murderous in such small closets. I will not dwell upon the decomposition of the air by this manner of heating, but only speak of the dryness produced by it. Everything in the cell is dried to the utmost. The window-frames —which are of wood instead of cast iron—are so much shrunk that they let the draught in freely; and with the doors it is the same. A cloth saturated with water dries in a few minutes; and it is evident that this dry air must operate in a like manner on the body of the prisoner. I leave it to physicians to tell what must be the consequence

of exposure to this dry heat when combined with bad and insufficient food. The hot air only fills half the cell; the breast and head of the prisoner are swimming in it, whilst the rest of his body is in a cold current.

The water comes from the hills at the foot of which the prison is situated, and is conveyed to each story by a conduit, which is very much admired, but which has the fault of being always out of order. In winter the pipes are frozen for months, and in summer the water is dried up, or the pipes require repair. On many a hot day of summer we had no water at all. Moreover, the water itself is bad; a few drops of vitriol put into a pint of it will produce a thick precipitate. If I drank but a mouthful of it during the night, it always made me ill.

The dress of the prisoners is the same as in the old House of Correction, with the exception of the head-dress. This consists here of a skull-cap of blue woollen cloth, to which is attached a very large vizor, which covers the whole face, and in which are cut two holes to see through. This horrid cap must always be worn, except when the prisoner is locked up in his cell. When going to the yard, the prisoners must always be fifteen paces distant from each other; and if two of them meet by chance, they are bound to turn round.

Each prisoner takes his airing alone by himself, in a yard, which is situated between two

walls, closed by a grating in front, and which is not larger than a middle-sized room. The greatest crime in this prison is for two prisoners to speak to each other, or to endeavour to communicate in any way. In each of the four wings five or six turnkeys are employed, called, in Bruchsal, overseers. The turnkey under whose care the director very considerately placed me, was the best and most courteous in the house. It was indeed a comfort to me to be under the orders of this man, who behaved with the utmost delicacy. He had been a sergeant-major in the regular army, and his face became crimson when he was compelled by his duty to show a colonel how to use the spinning-wheel placed in the cell.

I have not space for an account of the routine of model-prison life. Meat was allowed only upon alternate days, and the allowance then was two ounces of boiled beef! For breakfast, dinner, and supper together, the government at that time paid to the managers daily one penny three-farthings for each prisoner; for which sum provision was to be made not only for all the prisoner consumed, but also for servants' wages. Nevertheless, the woman who was then manager made money by the contract.

After being only two days in the house I was brought by the head-overseer into his room, where I found my mother, my wife, and my only sister. The latter had come from the Russian frontier. I had not seen her for twenty-seven years, and

she had become a grandmother in that time. My mother I met then for the last time.

The expression of my poor wife's face when she looked at me rent my heart. She had not yet seen me in my base dress, disfigured by the scissors and the razor. We thought this meeting a very sad one, and my situation as bad as possible; but, a few years later, what would we not have given even for such a meeting! Only one visit in the month is permitted to the prisoner; in the presence of an overseer, and only of half an hour's duration.

When my wife was in Bruchsal she spoke to the director, and he proposed to the Council of Control that several favours should be allowed me. In consequence of this I was permitted to wear woollen drawers, to shave myself, to have portraits and other inoffensive pictures in my cell, to have flowers even in pots, and to paint in oils, after finishing half a day's work.

The permission to paint in oil and to have flowers was of immense value to me, and I became so cheerful that my overseer was quite astonished. When the director of all the prisons in Baden made me a visit, I asked his permission to have my own lamps, instead of the smoking kitchen-lamps then used, which I detested. But even he dared not grant such an immense favour on his own responsibility, and was obliged to bring this important concern before the ministry, by whom it was, however, allowed.

But all this was very soon to be changed for the worse. When Captain Stoeck escaped from the old House of Correction (where he had remained under the pretext of sickness) by the help of his sister, who visited him, and who was aided by the head-overseer, who had been bribed, all correspondence with our families and friends was prohibited, and their visits were disallowed until the completion of the model parlour. Most of the favours granted to political prisoners by the Council of Control were withdrawn, and a reproof was given to them into the bargain. My painting in oil was prohibited also, because it was said to be contrary to the gravity of the place! But they permitted me to paint in water-colours. I never could understand why water-colour painting should be judged to be a more serious occupation than oil-painting.

The Prussians, especially the officers, behaved in Baden as if they had conquered the country. Their insolent and despotic manners were not at all liked, even by the Badish officers who had remained faithful to the old government. These had been living for many years under a constitution, and were shocked by the Prussian tyranny. Besides, North German sharpness very seldom agrees with South German *bonhommie*.

Prisoners who never see a green tree or field for years, are very excusable together if they try to find means to get a stealthy peep out of their windows. This is forbidden, and if detected, is punished.

It might have sufficed that the Prussian sentries should have been told to report such offenders, but they received orders to fire at them. Almost every day shots were heard in the court-yard, and many of the prisoners had narrow escapes. Of course the political convicts were very much shocked by such severity, and all the officers of the house likewise. Complaints, however, were of no avail; on the contrary, the soldiers were praised by their officers, and it was only a matter of regret that not one of the democrats was shot. Sometimes I saw the sentries crouch behind firewood piled up in the yard, watching the windows, with their muskets ready, as if they were sportsmen stalking deer.

Once I heard the report of a gun very near me, a cry, and then the tramping of many feet, which seemed to me to be carrying a heavy burden. I was afterwards told that it was a poor prisoner, who was employed to whitewash a cell. He was standing upon a step, just about to replace the window, when he was spied by a sentry, and shot through his breast. The poor fellow had strength enough to descend the steps, and to set aside the window, which he held in both his hands; then he fell, and died a few days afterwards. This atrocity was inexcusable, inasmuch as the sentries had been warned not to fire at prisoners who worked as masons in the cells. Afterwards a red flag was stuck out from the windows of cells where masons or whitewashers were at work.

This was not our only grievance. The sentries pacing up and down the court-yard, near and under the windows of the cells, used to call to one another in the night. Becoming aware that this calling vexed the prisoners, who were awakened by it, the sentries amused themselves by shouting all night, to the great vexation of us all. One night the whole house was roused. They roared like madmen, encouraged to do so by a lieutenant who had just been visiting the guards. Several of the prisoners clambered to the windows, and one of the sentries shot at them without effect. At the same time, I heard one of the prisoners angrily exclaim at the man who fired, "Hold your peace, you d—d bloodhound!" On the day following, when all the higher officers of the prison had left for their dinner, and only the newly-made head-overseer was present, the Prussian military officer in command of the town, a major, appeared in the establishment, accompanied by several officers, corporals, and a patrol with loaded muskets; two corporals had sticks in their hands.

Major von E. demanded from the head-overseer the delivery of the inmates of three cells he pointed out, and whom he accused of having, on the previous night, insulted the sentries. The head-overseer was perplexed, but did as the major ordered. By the noise in the courtyard the prisoners were attracted to the windows, in spite of the danger. The major, seeing this, invited them

all to come to their windows, and see what he was going to do.

Three of the prisoners were then brought into the court-yard, and barbarously caned in presence of the major and his suite. When, after this heroic deed, the major passed beneath my cell, I heard a laugh, and my name. Probably one of the officers regretted that I had not been one of the recipients of a drubbing.

The director resented this infraction of his authority, and complained strongly of it to his ministry. The result was that he was suddenly dismissed without any excuse, and in the most insulting manner.

The head-overseer, who delivered the prisoners to the major, was a living memento of the tact of the ministry of Baden. He had been a lieutenant in the Baden army in the year 1848, and was in 1849 elected captain. As such he took part in the whole Revolution, and was present at most of the fights. He had, however, good connections; and, when he was examined, he said that he had been compelled by the soldiers to stay with his regiment. He was not only acquitted, but was placed as head-overseer in the House of Correction, where he became the superior officer and had charge of soldiers with whom he had shared in the same crime. This man was neither a spy nor a bad man, and I did not grudge him his good berth; but it was base to place him in it.

When my first overseer was promoted (he

became head-overseer in the old house) I was removed to another cell, where there were many overseers at hand, who did all they could for money, and who would have done more if they had only had the courage. Through one of them I received a letter from a young girl in Bruchsal, Kate Zoeller, the daughter of a butcher there, who offered me her services. I did not know her; but she made great efforts to benefit the political prisoners. Several of the overseers boarded at her father's house, and she knew how to talk them over. Without the supply of food received through this channel, I do not know how I could have lived through the first half-year. Of the prison diet I could eat nothing but the soup, and that was bad; and I was always as hungry as a wolf.

By the care of my friend Kate, who was provided with money by my devoted wife, I was at that time very well served. Every morning I received hot coffee or chocolate in a flat brandy-bottle, kept warm in the breast of the overseer, who ran with it from the town to the prison as fast as he could. Sometimes I had wine, meat, and even cigars (which I smoked at night in my bed), and newspapers. From one of these people, whom of course I paid very well, I received every morning a written report of everything that had occurred in the house, and of what he heard of other political prisoners. By this means I gained a knowledge of circumstances, and also of the construc-

tion of the house itself, which was necessary to effect my escape, for which all preparations were completed by the spring of 1850.

I saw by chance, in the room of the head-overseer, a plan of the prison, and this helped me very much in arranging my project. The more I brooded over it, the more its practicability became obvious, until at last I came to the resolution not to escape alone, but to free all the political prisoners (about two hundred) in spite of the Prussians. The plan was a bold one, but its boldness secured its success. Its execution was prevented by unfortunate circumstances beyond my control, and I need not tell how I had intended to proceed, nor what steps I had taken.

After the escape of Captain Stoeck, all intercourse with my wife was forbidden for a time; but, after the model parlour was finished, the director consented to her visiting me. She shall herself narrate the adventures of this journey, and I will give an extract from her diary.

"February 26th.—I rose too late to go by the first train, but to this delay I owe it that Fritzchen (Mad. Held) and her little Helena accompanied me. The journey seemed to me very long. I could think of nothing but how I should find you, my dear husband, and the saddest thoughts tormented me. When I arrived in the hotel at Bruchsal, it was still day, and I dared not to go for Kate. At last it grew dark, and, putting on

an old hood, I ventured into the street, and had the good luck to find Kate.

"February 27th.—I rose early, and went out to buy flowers for you; for those I had brought with me were two days old, and had already faded. I also wished to buy an ivy in a pot, that you might have something fresh and living in your solitary cell.

"It was half-past eight, and I was about leaving my room with Fritzchen and the child, when two policemen came and asked for my passport. I told them that I had neither passport nor other papers, as my husband was a prisoner, and the Prussians had taken all his things. The policemen went away to the commandant of Bruchsal, but returned very soon with a written order not to leave my room before four o'clock p.m., and to consider myself as a prisoner until further orders. No reason was mentioned. Upon this I insisted on seeing the commandant, Captain von Wedell, myself; but the policemen would not permit me to leave my room, and even held Fritzchen, who was going first through the door, by her arm and gown. She became very angry, and the policemen had not the courage to retain so handsome and angry a woman by force. We left the hotel, but the policemen followed us closely.

"The commandant was very polite; he excused himself by saying it was his duty, and that he was compelled to execute his order. It was only with much difficulty that I persuaded him to go

and see Director Dietz, and to consult with him whether it would be too dangerous to permit me to have an interview with my husband. He very soon came to the hotel, and told me that I might go to the prison, but only accompanied by the policeman.

"I went directly, but was very sorry to go without any flowers, as I could not get them in Bruchsal. The nearer the moment for seeing you approached, the more sorrowful I became, and my heart throbbed. However, the thought that I must not pain you by giving way to my feelings, but, on the contrary, must comfort you, gave me strength. Sometimes I could not realize the thought that you were in a House of Correction, and became doubtful whether I was not tormented by a horrid dream.

"When I entered the porter's room of the prison, I sent for the director to ask him why he had expressly forbidden Mad. Held to see my husband? He did not show himself, however. I believe the reason of this prohibition was, that M. Held had written a pamphlet against solitary confinement.

"Close to the porter's room, and connected with it by two doors, is the parlour. This parlour is divided into three compartments. One, rather dark, which is entered from the prison side, is that in which the prisoner stands. It is separated from the compartment in the middle, in which an overseer attends the interviews, by a railing, on

which is a wire screen reaching to the ceiling. The third compartment, to which the visitor is admitted, is separated from that in the middle also by a wire screen. Prisoner and visitor are therefore several paces distant from each other.

"When the overseer entered his compartment from the porter's room, I entered close after him, to give at least the tips of my fingers to my husband; but I was mercilessly pushed back. Oh! this parlour is a cruel invention! I cannot express in words the torture of mind I endured in these few minutes. Every fond word was restrained by the presence of a gaoler, whose face showed his impatience, and who looked every moment at his watch. Oh, it was a frightful, painful parting—heartrending to see thee, my poor husband, thy pale face, thy mournful eyes, and thy compressed, colourless lips! I thought I should go mad. What horrid thoughts thronged at once to my mind! To see a beloved being returning, as it were, to his grave. Will he ever come back? and, if he comes, how will it be? Perhaps with a sickly body; probably deranged in mind—a broken man!

"At about four o'clock the commandant came to my hotel, and told me that I might leave as soon as I wished; but that until then I must stay in my room, guarded by a policeman, and that I should be accompanied as far as the frontier of Baden by a gend'arme. I would leave, I said, the next morning, as I did not feel well.

"I now wrote a letter to you, which I requested Fritzchen to take to Kate; but when she was going to leave the room she discovered that she was a prisoner like myself. I, however, sent a waiter to Kate, and had the good fortune to receive your answer the same evening."

The two ladies were indeed accompanied by a gend'arme after the manner usual whenever a vagabond is sent by "Schub" (shove) over the frontier—a wanton insult to ladies which might easily have been avoided. My wife was forbidden to come again to Baden without especial permission from the Prince of Prussia, or from General von Schreckenstein.

When my wife left Bruchsal, the policeman had the impudence to present her a bill of expenses for guarding her in her room!

My preparations for escape were ripening. I had many different keys. Besides a skeleton key for a certain set of locks, I had a key for my cell, and one for the large iron entrance-gate. But my greatest treasure was a key which opened a small iron door leading to a subterranean passage ending in a cellar right underneath the entrance and guardhouse. The skylights of this cellar at the right and the left of the entrance-gate were the only openings, besides the gate, in the outwall of the establishment. No sentinel was placed outside the house, nor any at that time on the top of the wall.

I had also a cocksaw, especially manufactured for the purpose, together with watch-springs of different kinds, and other implements. Many of these things I got without the knowledge even of the overseers who brought them to me, for they were often concealed in a piece of cake or bread. The key to this most important subterranean passage came direct from the key-cabinet of the head-overseer, from which a clever rascal stole it, to whom I paid three pounds for it.

Once, while speaking to the director, who paid me a visit every week, I said that I should find no great difficulty if I wished to escape. He did not seem at all astonished, and when I asked him playfully, "Do you not think I might manage to get out by laying out about five hundred guilders in the proper quarter?" he laughed and said at once, "Indeed, I think you would."

From the above description it will be seen that I had means for getting into the cellar under the entrance, and the only impediment between me and liberty were the iron bars before the skylights. To saw them from the inside was nearly impossible, as the wall was extremely thick, and the opening leading to the skylights was narrow and sloping. From the outside, however, these bars were easily accessible, as the skylights were about two feet above the ground of the little ditch running at the foot of the wall.

My friends and my wife were made acquainted with these details, and Mad. Corvin conceived

the romantic idea of assisting my escape by cutting through one of these bars on some dark night. She did not tell anyone of her intention, knowing very well that her parents would have called it madness, and would have prevented her from attempting such a perilous adventure, in which she might be killed by a Prussian bullet, or, if caught, might be imprisoned for ten years. But when did a true wife ever reflect on danger if her husband could be saved! When my wife left Frankfort she not only forgot danger, but also other necessary things, and her whole plan was only traced in confused outlines.

As she was forbidden to enter the Grand Duchy of Baden, she put on humble clothes, and took a third-class ticket. She met a poor Jewish pedlar woman, who lived near the Baden frontier, and was on her journey home. My wife proposed to buy her basket, with everything in it, and also a black frontlet to disguise her the better, as she desired to play a joke on some of her friends. The poor woman was very glad to get rid of her basket and of the worsted, especially as my wife promised to send all back, for which purpose she took the pedlar's address.

With this frontlet and basket my wife could act the part of a Jewess, and none the worse for being the daughter of an Italian, and for having in her face the rich tints of the glowing south.

Arrived at a certain station not far from Bruchsal, she went to see a young man, recommended by Kate, and pointed out by her as an

enthusiastic and trustworthy admirer of the political prisoners. He was very anxious and ready to assist Mad. Corvin, but recommended secrecy towards Kate, whom he called a chatterbox, though a very good girl. He knew some old people who had a room to spare, and after she had arranged everything with her helper, she went to inquire about the room, and got it for a silk handkerchief and a few ribbons.

When in her room she prepared for action. She set her spring saws in order, and prepared the black wax with which I had advised the concealment of the cut in the bar, which might thus remain undiscovered for months.

The old people of the house went to bed very early, and were sleeping soundly when my wife's young helpmate gave the signal agreed on. She stealthily left her room and the cottage, and met the young man, a butcher's boy. It was past ten, and the night dark and gusty—a night made for such an undertaking.

The prison was reached about eleven o'clock, and my deliverers could hear the regular steps of the sentries on the wall, where they had been placed only a few days before, making my wife's task still more dangerous.

Protected by the darkness of the night, my courageous wife approached the wall, and creeping along in the ditch running at its foot, she soon arrived at the all-important air-holes. Her companion remained behind, for she would not involve

him any further in an undertaking which might make him unhappy for life.

She commenced her work quickly whenever the sentry above her head was at the other end of his walk, deadening the sound of the saw in the manner I had indicated to her. To saw an iron bar of about an inch and a-half in thickness with a flexible spring saw is, however, not so easily done as Alexander Dumas, for instance, represents it to be in his novels, and as Mad. Corvin imagined it to be. In her anxiety, and in the darkness, she succeeded but very indifferently with these small flexible saws, and cut deeper into her fingers than into the iron; at last, after an hour of useless efforts she left off work, and rejoined her companion; not quite disheartened, for she had seen how negligently the house was guarded, and that it really was possible to succeed with better tools and more skill.

On her return to Frankfort, she spoke to the man who had made the keys for me, and told him her adventure. He laughed much, and gave her instructions how to proceed, together with a more substantial saw, which he boasted would cut iron like wood. After this my wife spoilt all the bars in the cellar air-holes in her father's house, to try whether she could cut them without noise, and how much time she would require.

Whilst my brave wife was thus employed, to my great vexation I was removed to another wing of the prison, but fortunately succeeded in taking

with me my keys and other tools, which I concealed in rather an ingenious manner in my bare cell, where scarcely a mouse could have found a hiding-place.

One afternoon, being very unwell and low-spirited, one of the two head-overseers, who carried a new prisoner's suit on his arm, made me follow him to a neighbouring cell, and there he requested me to exchange my clothes for those he had. At first I had no misgivings; but on a sudden it struck me that, in the seams of a woollen underjacket, a few bank notes were concealed, and in the seam of my waistcoat a little note to Kate, with a bank-note in it, which she was directed to give to one of the overseers.

I usually wrote such notes with lemon-juice; but this time I had neglected to do so, expecting as I was every moment my confidential overseer; but he stayed away that day. Though I had not mentioned any name in the note, and had not signed it, it would have been very unpleasant to see it in the hands of the director.

Whilst changing my clothes, my cell was searched by the second head-overseer; but I had concealed my things so well that he did not discover anything.

When summoned next day to appear before the new director, who had before been our physician, I had already determined on a story to tell him, which probably would not satisfy him, but by which neither Kate nor any overseer

would be betrayed. I told him that a person in the town had offered to enter into communication with me, and that I had accepted on the express condition that I never must know who were the persons who carried my letters, or who brought me anything from outside the prison. For this purpose, I said, I every night hung my jacket before the wicket, through which we received our food, and placed my letters in its pocket, from which they were taken in the night! The things brought to me were also put into the pocket. Therefore, I could not betray any one, even if I should be willing to do so.

"Then," said the clerk, who noted down my statement, "you received the thirty guilders found in your under-jacket in the same manner?"

From this question, I saw that my letter in the waistcoat, containing another bank note, had not been discovered, and foolishly asked rather quickly, "Thirty guilders?" by which the clerk suspected that there was more concealed. The clothes were searched again, and my letter found. The director was greatly excited; but as no names were mentioned he was none the wiser.

The cause of this calamity was Kate's imprudence. She trusted prisoners who did not deserve confidence, and the authorities became suspicious of her. Her house was searched, and several letters of prisoners were found which the foolish girl had kept, notwithstanding my oft-repeated

request to her to burn every scrap of paper that came from the prison. Vanity, or some kindlier thought, induced her to keep scraps from each of us; probably to show that she was a friend to men who were then very popular.

The poor girl was severely punished for her imprudence. Her whole family were arrested, and as much could not legally be done to them, they were ruined in another way. Kate's father was a butcher, and furnished meat for the soldiers; this privilege was not only taken from him, but even the soldiers, and other people connected with the government were forbidden to use, or at least were induced to keep away, from his shop. Kate was confined for some time in prison. My wife paid the law-expenses, and gave help out of her own pocket, although I had nothing to do with the detection of Kate's doings. The poor girl did not recover from her fright, and died a few years afterwards, followed very soon by her father, who ended his days a ruined man.

From that time I was determined to induce no person inside the prison or outside, to endanger himself for my sake. Others were not so conscientious, and the director had no less than forty-six overseers discharged in about three years, most of them only on suspicion.

Two or three months later, I was summoned again to the director of the prison, where I found a higher employé from Carlsruhe. On a table in a room I saw all my keys, etc., which had been

discovered in my former cell by accident by my successor. As I repeated my story about my jacket, the government became no wiser from my examination. Writing materials were taken from me for half-a-year, because I had misused them. This was hard for me; but, on the other hand, my behaviour in the whole affair was so much appreciated by all the overseers, that they felt implicit confidence in me, and always applied to me in any difficulty, though they were forbidden to enter my cell under a fine of five guilders.

CHAPTER III.

Prison life—Curious effects on the mind—Madness—Work in prison—How I employed my time—My overseer—Prison enjoyments—My sparrows—A wagtail story—My canary birds—Drawing and writing—The English language—Hopes—A letter of the Prince of Prussia—Interview of my wife with the Prince Regent of Baden—Baron Wechmar—Release—The first days—Hard times—Voyage to London—An English gentleman—A Bishop's family—Flight from London—My Memoirs—Hamburgh—The Hamburgh police—Escape from Hamburgh—Return to London—Arrest of Mad. Corvin—She joins me in London—End of the chapter.

It is said that the first year of solitary imprisonment is the worst to bear. In my case the first year was made the most endurable, by the incessant occupation of my brain in planning an escape. When the hope of escape was first removed, I found it the worst time for me. The busy brain must be quieted, the energies must be repressed, the man must submit to years of being buried alive during that period of life when manhood is most active.

It was October when I first entered my cell as a political prisoner at Bruchsal, and very soon afterwards the heating with hot air began. There

were no means of shutting the opening through which it came in a constant blast like the sirocco. The window could not be opened by the prisoner himself; he must, if he wished to have it open, ring for the overseer, who came with a long stick. My hair had been cropped so close that I felt every draught, and became almost mad with headache and toothache; my feet were chilled by the cold current of air coming through the ill-fitting door and window, whilst my head was always in a steam—worse than steam, for it was not moist, but hot and dry, thirty degrees Reaumur.

When my turn came to go down to the walking-yard, I was obliged to go whether it poured with rain or not. The same linen dress was worn summer and winter, and we were more acutely sensitive to the inclemency of the weather, because we were not only parched by the heat indoors, but also fed upon the very lowest diet that would maintain life. They gave me a small cast-off soldier's great-coat, very short and threadbare, which I should have been glad to use as a protection against the rain, if I had been permitted. This, however, was for wear in the cell, not in the court-yard; that was quite out of the question.

When the doctor of the prison saw me so cast down during the first few days, and regretting that I had not been shot, he said, in a light manner, "Oh, I have seen people here who would at first run up the wall, but who very soon became

quite contented: 'Probably you will become blind but that is nothing; it will soon be over."

Indeed, such blindness is often produced by the bad food in the prisons. The prisoners call it the night-fog, and it is cured by better food—flesh meat or liver.

In my time, the doctor became director of the prison, and was most zealous in behalf of order. In this he was, with yet greater zeal, assisted by the new head-overseer, who was generally running about the house with a brush and a varnish-pot. It was their whim that all the cells should be exactly alike in their arrangement.

In the eyes of the new director, the person who rented the purveying of the prisoners with the food allowed, was a very horror. She was a most respectable, substantial-looking burgher-woman, the wife of a baker of Bruchsal, who understood the business, and cared very little about the self-conceited officials, or their minute instructions, which contradicted each other. This stout lady was befriended by the burgher members of the Board of Control—whose control seemed in itself degrading to the official conceit; but the director was determined to get rid of her, and in this he succeeded.

The Grand-Duke himself was our next chief of the kitchen, and we were pretty nearly starved by him and his administration. They must needs experiment upon retrenchment, and reduced the daily expenditure for each prisoner, for breakfast,

dinner, and supper, altogether to *a penny!* When I asked one of the officers what it could matter to them whether we had a little more or less food, and why the manager was not suffered to stay, he answered that her removal was a victory for the officers of the prison.

From these savings, extra gratifications were allowed to certain officers by the government. The prisoners became lean and weak, and there was hunger in the house like that in a beleaguered fortress on the eve of surrender.

By the Prussian physician, who was for a time in the house when my regular medical adviser chanced to be ill, I was allowed daily two chopins of milk, and, instead of the pound and a half of black bread, six ounces of white bread. This had for a long time been almost my only food, in addition to the two ounces of meat every other day, given in morsels on a skewer, like the London cats'-meat, but not half so nice. But, after the new order, even this failed me. The bread was as bad as possible, and the milk—more water than milk—smelt so intolerably, that I turned sick only at the smell. The milk was, in truth, kept in a barrel that could not be cleaned.

There was nobody in the kitchen who understood anything. All kitchen-work, under the economical rule, was done by prisoners, for no woman was again suffered to enter the house as a servant.

Often I was so hungry that I could not sleep,

and was driven to appease my cravings with bad water. The worst time was when winter was just over, and the hot air which had lessened my appetite was gone. I then often begged a bit of bread of my overseer, who gave it me with tears in his eyes; but it is right also to say that if I asked the doctor for a little augmentation of my diet, a piece of black bread was never denied me.

I must needs talk of eating; meals are even greater events in the life of a lonely and hungry man than in the life of one who is cheerful and well fed.

The results of such diet were soon apparent. I became more depressed in mind than I had ever been before. Sometimes I was weak enough to hope, on going to bed, that I might not awake again; and when, at half-past four, that dreary bell marked the beginning of a new day, I sat wretched upon my miserable couch, and silent tears rolled down my pale and hollow cheeks.

It is a hard thing to see before one a long day, which offers nothing but sorrow and vexation; not even the shadow of a joy, such as the most unhappy, the poorest of free men may obtain. They can go into the field or the wood, and there God gives to all under his sky a great many sources of enjoyment, one of the least of which would have tinged even my dismal cell with a rosy hue.

Sometimes, not caring much for the Prussian muskets which were fired at those who peeped out, I looked through the window to see, in its bloom,

a large cherry-tree which was beyond the prison-wall, or to watch the men, women, and children on the road, and to hear their voices.

The only liberty I had was during the night, when I was sleeping; for, by the emaciation of the body, the more subtle faculties of the soul, fettered by it when it is strong, appeared to be set free. From my earliest youth I had had a great propensity to vivid dreams. These dreams were now my greatest pleasure, and it was almost as good to me as if I had been every night at a play.

The most lucid dreams one has always occur towards the morning, and then, say the old women, and great philosophers too, they assume the character of visions. In the prison I often had dreams of this kind, and sometimes they might almost have passed for revelations.

I received no newspapers, and the officers of the prison were strictly forbidden to give us political intelligence. Since the new régime in the house, this order had been so strictly adhered to, that it was not until the year 1855 that I heard of the war with Russia. Of the accession of Napoleon the Third I first heard from an almanac, in which I read his name in the list of the sovereigns!

My nerves were so much excited, that every uncommon noise or cry in the house caused my heart to beat more quickly; and sometimes the pain in my head—especially in the temples, which

seemed pierced by a red-hot iron—made me fear for my reason.

One evening, lying in my bed, I was alarmed by an almost unearthly roaring, which continued for some time, and came nearer and nearer to my cell. It was made by a mad prisoner, who had pushed past the overseer when opening his door, and was running about the house. A curious, dismal sensation crept over my whole body, and I felt an almost irresistible inclination to roar in the same manner. I believe I was very near madness myself at that moment.

Through the overseers I learnt that in this prison cases of madness very often occurred, and almost always came to an outbreak in the night. They told me that it was something frightful to enter the cells of such prisoners, and that they rarely ventured to go alone.

Bad, and especially insufficient food, is dangerous to the state of mind of solitary prisoners. By more recent regulations, convicts condemned to several years' imprisonment in this prison, are punished with an additional fast of sixty or seventy days in the first year, which they have to pass in an absolutely dark dungeon!

A prisoner punished with "hunger-diet" has only one chopin of the above-mentioned dogs'-soup twice a day, and neither bread nor anything else. The cell for the dark-arrest is in the ground-floor of the small round towers, which are in each of the eight angles of the external wall. It is a

cell without a window or bed, with only a narrow slit in the wall to let in a little air; when there is no prisoner in the cell it is darkened and closed.

To the common prisoner, work is a relief; without it, most of them would become mad. They are interested in their work in more than one respect. They had done, whilst free, the same, or about the same; and their work is not humiliating to them. They have, moreover, an opportunity of learning several new trades, which they could not afford to do when free; and they understand very well how in this manner their means of gaining a livelihood is increased. When they have done their day's work, one-third of a penny is paid daily to each; and if he is industrious, and does surplus work, he may earn twopence daily. This is not much; but, after an imprisonment of perhaps three or four years, a prisoner receives a little stock of money which helps him greatly.

Of course I felt my solitude deeply, but it was not so oppressive to me as the society of common prisoners had been; and the visits of the officers of the house were quite sufficient for my general want of society.

By the regulations of the house, drawn up by the ministry, who understand nothing at all about prisons and prisoners, every prisoner is to receive daily six visits from officers and employés of the house. This is impracticable. Six visits a day would have driven me mad, and I was perfectly

contented that the director should come to see me once a week, and the administrator, teachers, and head-overseer occasionally.

There were a small number of books in the library of the house, which were lent out to the prisoners, who (Bible and school-books included) were not allowed to have more than five books in their cell.

After sundry changes from permission to restriction, I was allowed to receive from Frankfort English and French, but no German books, and no newspapers and reviews, except "Dinglers' Polytechnical Journal." My principal political intelligence I got, during the last half-year of my imprisonment, from "Household Words," of which I read some thirty volumes of the Tauchnitz edition with an eagerness that sometimes made me ill. German books were not permitted, because reading them was considered to be a mere amusement; whilst I read English and French under the pretext of studying these languages.

But books were not enough to satisfy the craving of my mind for occupation. Sometimes I amused myself with the mental execution of some difficult plan. I was for a very long time occupied in the arrangement of a colony in South America, founded upon moderate communistic principles; then I had very much to do with air-balloons, and invented a new manner of steering them. Having always meddled a little with chemistry, electrotype, etc., I was indefatigable in inventing new

things, and I have many hundred ideas of this kind set down. I invented there, amongst other things, the inlaying of mother-of-pearl, or other material, in metal, by means of electrotyping, for which I afterwards took out patents in England and France.

When I wished to give myself a great treat, I indulged in day-dreams, supposing this or that situation, and working out all its consequences.

We were permitted to write one, or, in urgent cases, two letters a month, and to receive the same. These letters were indeed a great comfort; but the thought that they would be read, not only by the persons to whom they were addressed, but also by the director, and the parson, and all other prison officers who had a mind to do so, made me often so angry that I could not forbear writing things very disagreeable to intrusive eyes. This was very unwise, doubtless; for such letters as were objectionable, from the nature of their contents, were sent, not to my wife, but to the ministry at Carlsruhe. But no doubt I had the spirit of a rebel.

In almost all my letters passing through the hands of the officers of the house, there was some invisible writing traced with lemon-juice, or sulphuric acid, much diluted. It was the same with the letters which I received from my wife. The writing appeared when I heated the paper over the funnel of my lamp. Very important things were written in cryphographical characters.

Knowing from history how much mischief has come from intercepted letters, and from the decyphering of such as have been written in imperfect cryphographical characters, and having heard that an Englishman had once offered a large sum for the invention of an absolutely safe system, I invented one which is perfect in every respect. It is easy to learn, and may be used by any one; yet though its rules be known to everybody, letters written according to my system may be printed in all the papers; nobody will be able to decypher them except the person to whom they are addressed.

Out of prison we were very poor; we had lost all. My wife had sold her trinkets to pay the expenses of her vain efforts to procure my freedom. The government of Baden even laid its hands on my inheritance from my father's sister, Baroness Arnim, who died whilst I was in prison. My wife proudly refused assistance from a party to which people belonged who had been base enough to slander her husband. She preferred to make use of her little accomplishments, worked with her skilful tapestry-needle like a grisette, and painted flowers on china. Thus she lived in frugal, proud independence, respected by friend and foe, until she was requested, by the guardians of a large family, to replace both parents, who had died. In this respectable position she was protected from want, and earned much praise and love. She came to see me sometimes—every year once; the journey from Berlin to Bruchsal was rather

expensive; and though we could not deny ourselves this interview of half-an-hour every year, it made both of us wretched for a time. There she stood, several paces distant, behind a narrow wire screen, where I could scarcely distinguish her features. The first half of the allotted time passed almost without a word. She wept silently, and I ground my teeth, and held the bars of my cage, as if I would try to break them. The half-hour past, she went away without having even pressed my hand—went away for a long, long year!

I have said before, that with the change of directors our position became more and more disagreeable. The merciless manner in which the new director sent away every overseer whom he suspected, made our keepers very shy. No overseer was permitted to enter a cell without the knowledge of his comrade to whose section it belonged, as he was responsible for any disorder.

During the last four years I remained in the same wing, and had but one overseer, my good and brave Sebastian Matheis. Has any one ever read a history of a prison without a kind gaoler? Mine was very kind. His father had been maimed by a fall of stones in a quarry, and had died of his wounds. He himself had also worked hard as a quarryman, and by working in the heat of the sun with uncovered head, he had lost nearly all his hair. His father left him a small freehold in a village not far from the Neckar, where he

lived until he must needs become a soldier. He had learned basket-making, but the failing of the potato crop for several consecutive years pressed too hard upon him, and he found it difficult to keep himself and family, therefore he tried to get a place as overseer in the House of Correction.

Having no other occupation, and being accustomed to observe my fellow-men, I studied this man, and at last knew him so well, that he could not even conceal a thought from me. Very often I amused myself with telling him his secret wishes, to his utmost wonder. His heart was as open to me as if he had been made of glass; but indeed this honest soul could bear to be made of glass; the more one saw the more one loved him.

Of course I studied the other officers of the house also, and not being able, in my position, to carry out any plans outside the house, I employed all my energy and leisure to attain my ends within the house—never trying impossibilities. I worked steadily and patiently for years to obtain certain little comforts, and I never failed, although it was sometimes Sisyphus-like work, because the director was changeable.

This gentleman, however, improved with years; and if I had reason to complain of him, I would not do so, knowing very well that I often provoked him unnecessarily—impelled to do so by my irritable state. He made me very angry; but he was not ill-natured, and his

behaviour was always gentlemanlike. He has written several works on prisons and on the solitary system. The last work of Dr. Fuesslin was published in 1855; he has died since then. His book is very well written, and there are many valuable things in it. I will, however, remark, that all such books, written by government officers while still in service, ought to be read with the utmost caution.

My prison-life would furnish me matter for a separate work, which might perhaps be interesting to many; but having already presumed so largely on the patience of the reader, I must hasten to bring these memoirs to an end.

My first rule for overcoming the horrors of solitary confinement is to throw away, as soon as possible, every hope.

> "Hope, eager hope, the assassin of our joys,
> All present blessings treading under foot,
> Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair."

One only attains a settled state which permits even a kind of enjoyment when all is over with hope. Accepting then the years of solitude as perfectly inevitable, one must consider how to pass them; how to keep oneself amused and occupied. Recollections of the past are soon exhausted as a means of killing time. Sometimes, however, one is not disposed for anything else. In such a frame of mind I wrote down more than four hundred names of young men who had

been with me in the cadet-house, and was absorbed in this occupation for several weeks. Very often I rose in the middle of the night to write down with chalk any name which I had been endeavouring for days to recollect. This will do only for a short time; and one must needs try to create little joys where great ones are denied.

In our court-yard were many interesting objects—there were flowers, birds, mice. I love flowers; but I am not quite so sentimental about them as the prisoner in "Picciola." I was more attracted by the little mice which played beneath the wood piled for a long time round our walking-yards, and by the birds. A host of sparrows lodged under the roof of the house, and in spring one could see the young couples sitting on the gutter.

To give bread to the sparrows was prohibited, but I did not care about this; and hungry as I was, always allowed them the whole crumb of my small white roll. They knew me very well, notwithstanding my vizor; they watched for my coming, and, as soon as I stepped out of the door, flew around me, and begged for their food. When they missed me, and sat upon the roof, I had only to make a sign to them with my hand, and down came the whole army in the greatest hurry. They would sit almost on my feet, and would have been much tamer, but for some prisoners, who could not forbear trying to catch, or to kill them! When they had little ones, they led them into my

yard, and the whole family came close to my feet, the young things fluttering, and with their yellow beaks wide open, and the parents slily looking at me, and catching the soft crumbs with which to feed their little ones. My sparrows were the wonder of all the overseers. And we had not only sparrows, but redtails and wagtails also. The latter I loved very much, and once observed a little scene which I cannot forbear to tell. Had Shakespeare seen it, he would never have used the word wagtail as a by-word for the cowardly fellow cudgelled by brave Kent.

For a long time I had noticed a poor cock-wagtail which had lost half a foot, and could not run after the insects as his comrades did, but could only hobble slowly beneath the edges of the flower-beds, to see what he could catch. This poor invalid had an enemy who pursued him everywhere. One day he was attacked quite unexpectedly, and had to prepare for battle as well as he could. He did this cleverly, spreading out his tail and wings, and supporting himself against a piece of turf. The miserable aggressor stood in the middle of the way, a few yards off, and advanced step by step in the manner of a fencer. He seemed much stronger than my little friend, who looked ill and weary. I was sorry for him, and was considering whether I should play the part of fate or not, when there came through the air like a flash of light, another male bird, which, shrieking with fury,

charged the dastardly ruffian, put him speedily to flight, and followed in pursuit. I could not see how he plucked him, but it did me good to think that he was giving him a lesson. After some time, my doughty knight came back, and it was pretty to witness the care with which he examined his weak friend, to see whether he had been hurt.

I had been told that several of the prisoners had sparrows or a mouse in their cells, and I wished also to have a comrade in my solitude. Myself a prisoner, I would not have a free bird of the woods, but a canary-bird, which had never known freedom, and was more able to breathe the air in our rooms. After much ado, I obtained leave to keep a canary-bird; my wife's brother brought me one from Frankfort. Of course I was very anxious to possess my little friend, but the bird was kept in the office for more than a day. They sent me the finest bird they could find; his song was not so quavering as that of many other canary-birds, but very sweet and soft, and intermixed with notes of nightingales and other birds, which had been his companions. Used to company, he felt himself lonely in my cell, and became very tame. He ate from my hand, and often sat down on my shoulder, or upon the edge of my book when I was reading, to sing there.

Winter set in, and with it came the usual killing sirocco into my cell. My little bird began to ail, and soon ceased singing. The director

said he had the "House of Correction decline," and indeed it was so. The poor thing coughed and groaned all night. Spring came, and I thought him saved, when the month of May brought with it much cold. The bird had lost almost all his feathers, and must have felt cold; but he was always sitting in the water as if he would quench an inward fire. One morning, when I came from the yard, I found him dead! I would not bury my friend in a gaol, but wrapped him in moss, and laid him in a box, which I sent to Frankfort, where he slept by the side of a faithful dog.

When my wife came in the summer, she brought with her two other canary-birds, a male and female. They were selected from a great many pairs with the greatest care, and were very beautiful. The golden-yellow male was named by me "Hans," and his little wife, who had a beautiful black crown, and was a first-rate beauty, was called after our fair friend "Fritzchen." These two companions were a source of lasting joy and comfort. To watch them, and to become acquainted with all their little peculiarities, was an amusement of which I never tired; and when the dark spirit threatened to possess me, the warbling of my little David smoothed my brow.

I had now friends near me to love, to care for and to nurse. What a pleasure when they began to build a nest! When it was finished, pretty little eggs succeeded.

When I could reasonably expect young birds I looked every morning in the nest, while the young mother was away for a moment to drink, to make a hurried toilette, or to nibble a few dainties which honest Matheis, the overseer, had brought.

At last my hope was fulfilled, and I saw the young bird. When the mother came back to the nest, she took one of the halves of the egg in her beak, and flew with it to the other cage, where Hans was sitting. When he had seen the eggshell, she dropped it, and both flew to the nest, where the father, with evident pleasure, looked at his first-born. For a time there was much soft chatting and billing, and then Fritzchen nestled happily upon their new-born. No king could have been happier than I was in seeing the joy of my little birds. But the two first I lost.

Hans became very tame and learned various tricks. He made a trip into the world, but the poor fellow came badly off. Every Saturday I cleaned my window, and it was always a great pleasure to me, for then I stood upon a step inside my cell, and could look far into the country. Once only, after much entreaty, I was led by an overseer into the school-room, from the windows of which I could look upon the town and the delicious landscape. I enjoyed the sight for five minutes only, but it was one of the greatest pleasures I had in all these six years. Once when I was cleaning my window, Hans got out of his cage and came to me, fluttered a little, and, be-

fore I could close the window, flew through it, and straight over the roof of the house. What hours of anxiety were those that followed! But it was summer-time, and he would not perish from inclement weather.

I was not destined to lose the father of my little family. Having seen enough of the world in an hour or so, he sat down upon the wall near the sentry, and sang. The soldier tried to catch him with his helmet, but failed. However, the bird, who was used to be caught, did not fly away, and when the soldier tried to catch him with his hands, he succeeded. It was a Baden soldier, and he knew that the bird was mine. He gave him to the porter, who permitted him to fly about his room. When the poor fellow was caught again to bring him to me, they must have handled him roughly, for one of his wings hung down, and under it was a blister as large as a hazel-nut.

When Hans came into the cage, and sat there crestfallen, his little wife was glad, though she seemed not to care much about him; but he did not answer some of her questions, and she then became uneasy, looked at him from all sides, placed herself close to him, and with her little beak lifted the hurt wing to look under it. I never saw anything like it in any other bird. Having discovered that Hans was much hurt, she chirped comfort in his ear and kissed him, and he answered her tenderness as languishingly as a wounded man would have answered the soft whispers of his wife.

She was constantly busied about him, and did all she could to show how much she pitied his misfortune.

I bathed the hurt wing the whole day to prevent inflammation, and next day the surgeon of the house performed an operation, which was very painful, but had the best results. I bound up the limb, and, after a few months, poor Hans could fly again, although he always hung his wing, so that Matheis used to say he was carrying a sabre.

Next year I had only one young bird; he was christened "Buebchen." When I left the prison, my birds, of course, went with me. They looked rather sickly, and would not have lived another winter.

But, canary-birds do not afford perfect content. As I said before, I proposed to myself objects that were just attainable, and worked until I attained them.

The first thing I longed for was to throw aside my miserable labour as shoemaker, and to be permitted to draw only. Rheumatism in one arm helped me very opportunely, and I was allowed to draw, by paying to the house more than double the sum I could have earned as a shoemaker. My pen drawings were my own, and I sent them to my wife. I had a permanent exhibition in my cell, for I took an interest in my work, as did many of my visitors. My pen drawings were highly esteemed by the printsellers, and several of them sold tolerably well. One of them was

purchased for the album of the King of Prussia, but without his knowing that it was drawn by me. I was expressly forbidden to sign my name under my drawings, lest people should buy them simply for that reason. One of the dismissed overseers sold a small toy cask in Heidelberg for a considerable sum, pretending it had been made by my hands.

The thought that I might perhaps help my wife in her struggle with the world made me most eager to work, and I did so from sunrise until night. Occupied with a drawing that interested me, I rose with pleasure, and the day passed swiftly away. I was very often in such good spirits that I sang all day long, until entreated by the overseer to hold my tongue. The seriousness of the place was not to be disturbed by joyful notes.

When I got writing materials I began to write; but in this solitude I had so much material in store that too much thronged at once to my pen. Nevertheless, I wrote much, and on various themes: Pictures of the Life of Animals; Letters of a Hermit; on Religion; on Military Art; a great many essays, and recollections of my life. I perceived that deep speculations did not accord with the insufficient food. Sometimes my head was so fatigued, that I could not read more than four or five pages. I deem the learning of languages to be the fittest occupation for a prisoner. When free I could never spare time to learn

English; as a prisoner I had more leisure than I wanted, and was glad to teach myself the language of the free. It was a curious thing, when I came to England, and had to put my lonely prison studies to the test. It was as if I had learnt to play the piano on a dumb instrument. Having forwarded a paper, written in German, to "Household Words," I was requested to write down its substance in English as well as I could. I did so, feeling as if I had to walk with a hundredweight attached to my foot. I was much surprised and pleased when my paper was not only understood, but—of course with some corrections—was published in "Household Words," and I was encouraged to continue my contributions. From that time I have written many papers, not only for "Household Words," and "All the Year Round," but for other periodicals, and was for a time a regular correspondent of the London "Times."

Many of my fellow-prisoners had been dismissed from prison, under condition of emigrating to America. My wife and my friends were very anxious that the same permission should be granted to me, and the government of Baden, at whose head there was then a moderate and sensible minister, was inclined to grant it, but demanded a security to the amount of about a thousand pounds. My late advocate, Dr. Kusel, negotiated the affair, and did so with the utmost kindness and disinterestedness.

Some delay was caused by a dispute between

two of my friends about the security, and when at last all was arranged, some German refugees in London, who wanted to bring their names before the public, issued a most ridiculous manifesto, which served as a pretext for breaking off the negotiations, which had been noticed with a jealous eye by the Prussian government.

My mother had already, in 1850, written to the Prince of Prussia, and had requested him to induce the Grand Duke of Baden to permit me to emigrate to America. She received the following answer :—

"Though you avail yourself of the accident, happily prevented, which threatened my person, to appeal to my sympathy for your sorrow as the mother of a 'Verirrten,'* it was not necessary to do so in order to excite this feeling in me. So much the more painful therefore is it to me to be unable to support your request to the Grand Duke of Baden, that he would commute the punishment of your son into banishment. This answer will not be inexplicable to you, if you consider that I saw the warriors, led by me to battle, fall and bleed before an enemy commanded by your son. The Grand Duke of Baden has already exercised great clemency towards him, as, although, perhaps, only misled himself, he yet belonged to those who carried on the contest to the utmost, so that the possibility of a return from his exile, for the same purpose, is

* One who has gone astray from the right way.

no impossibility. Whether, under such circumstances, a further mitigation is to be attained, I am not able to judge. May God assist you, my lady, in enduring your harsh fate with patience. He does not send more than we are able to bear in accordance to His will.

"PRINCE OF PRUSSIA."

"*Palace Babelsberg, 18th August*, 1850."

Changes occurred in the government of Baden. The minister Stabel resigned, and Baron von Wechmar was appointed in his place.

When, shortly after the death of the Grand Duke, my wife came to Carlsruhe to see the Prince Regent, Wechmar did all he could to prevent an interview. She managed, however, to speak to the Regent's aide-de-camp, and the audience was immediately granted.

On her return to the hotel, she found the police already waiting for her, to see her beyond the frontier of Baden, and it afforded her some amusement to see the silly face of the commissary of police, on hearing that the Regent expected her at eleven o'clock a.m.

The Prince, who was then very young, received her kindly, and bade her hope for the best, but having been called but recently to the government, he was not yet fully acquainted with all the circumstances, and felt bound to listen to the advice of his father's ministers. My case was discussed in a cabinet council; a permission to

emigrate was opposed by Wechmar, and an answer was returned accordingly.

When the marriage of the Prince Regent was spoken of, people generally believed that on that occasion all the political prisoners would be released. The Princess, daughter of the Prince of Prussia, not being yet sixteen, the marriage was postponed, and our release also.

At last, in the autumn of 1855, my wife received news from Dr. Kusel that I was to be released from prison on a certain day. She had already sent her luggage to the station, to travel to Bruchsal, when she received a telegram requesting her to stay until she should receive certain news.

On the second day of October—exactly six years * after my entrance into the model prison—the director announced to me my liberty, and said that my wife was waiting for me. I was, of course, glad, but I had watched too long for this moment to feel so much pleasure as I should have experienced two or three years before. Nevertheless, I stepped into the carriage with a thankful spirit, and when we drove along the streets to the hotel, my withered heart expanded little by little. There were green trees, flowers, carriages, horses, women, and children. All the women appeared to me

Six years of solitary confinement are the highest lawful term in Baden. When a sentence to the House of Correction is changed into solitary confinement, the law reckons two years of the latter equal to three years of the former.

exceedingly pretty, but the sight of rosy children affected me more than anything; and the first thing I did, after my arrival in the hotel, was to ask for one of them, whom I hugged and kissed. The sweet little creature stared wonderingly with her large blue eyes at the pale man, over whose hollow cheeks tears were running. Once more I heard merry voices instead of the whining of the organ, and saw smiling and compassionate faces greeting us everywhere.

In the Post hôtel we were received with a heartfelt welcome by the brave hostess, and were led into her best room, where on the table stood a beautiful bouquet of flowers, her gift to me.

When dinner came in, my wife was touched and amused at my exclamations of delight and wonder, as it presented to me a whole string of delightful surprises. There was a tablecloth as white as driven snow—what a luxury! A fork—I had not seen one for six years! I had almost forgotten the use of it, for I had appropriated a large pin, a relic from my cobbler's work, which I used instead of a fork, and my plate had been a small wooden trencher, which I took with me as a keepsake. To drink again out of a glass was a great pleasure, for even the drop of wine allowed me latterly (at my own expense, of course), I used to drink out of a spare bird-glass.

My wife cautioned me not to eat too much, but I laughed at her fears, and devoured the

whole dinner, together with the dessert, and drank a bottle of Rhenish wine. Such a dinner for two is no trifle in a German hotel; but I felt not the least inconvenience, and enjoyed my cup of coffee and Havannah cigar very much.

I should have liked a walk in the environs of Bruchsal, if only to look at the outside of my prison, but I desisted, because it might have caused some trouble to the director. Thus I contented myself with a walk in the hotel garden.

Good Dr. Kusel called, and I was very glad to have an opportunity of expressing my heartfelt thanks to this brave man, who during all these six years had taken the greatest trouble to assist me and my wife.

Next morning we started for Frankfort, my wife, myself, and my dear little companions, my four canary-birds, who wondered very much at the number of people they saw everywhere. The journey was very fatiguing to me, and I felt uncomfortable, for everywhere people stared at me with amazement and pity. No wonder that they stared, for I looked like a walking corpse; and my great excitement and vivacity must have made my appearance still more strange. It must, indeed, have been very striking, for when we arrived at the house of my brother-in-law, in Frankfort, a servant, who had been in my father-in-law's house when my wife was a girl, and who had known me then, was so much shocked and grieved

at the alteration the long confinement had produced in me, that she ran away, and threw herself on the ground weeping.

The company of my old friends, and all the things I heard and saw, excited me still more; and when I met a friend of mine, a physician, he cautioned me, and positively forbade my going to the theatre, lest one great excitement might cause at once what six years of solitary confinement had failed to do—madness!

When on the next day I met a dear old friend, who had shown me much kindness for twenty years, I could not speak, and sobbed in his arms like a little child.

Much talking produced a curious sensation in my throat, which became swollen and sore. I found some difficulty even in hearing. This was not produced by any defect in the ear, but only from my not being used to hear people speak.

Now I heard for the first time that my dear mother had died four years ago! My wife would not write this sad news to me, and always sent me her love, pretending that she was prevented from writing by rheumatism in her right hand. My stepfather had also died a few months previous to my release, and many other persons dear to me were also dead.

Three days before I left the prison, I was visited in my cell by the renowned Prussian minister of police, M. von Hinekeldey, who some time afterwards was killed in a duel.

Frankfort was then occupied by Austrian and Prussian troops, and the old Diet had been restored in its ancient glory. On the day after my arrival I went to a hair-dresser, and when I left, he was strictly examined by two military-looking gentlemen from the Prussian Legation as to all I had said to him!

The Frankfort police had no objection to my living in their city, for I had a passport from Leipsic; but the Prussians insisted on my leaving the place, and I was compelled to remove to the Duchy of Nassau, where I lived unmolested in the little watering-place of Soden.

Twenty louis-d'or, my dear wife's savings, was all we possessed in this world when I left prison. My family, being all fanatical royalists, of course abhorred me, and I laughed at them. My father-in-law, a man past eighty, had been for several years deprived of the use of his fortune, owing to a lawsuit against a partner whom he had believed to be an honest man. Thus we had no resources but our own industry.

I sighed for a few months of rest, without care or trouble, to recruit my strength of body and mind for the struggle with the world; but in vain. I was, however, in good spirits, and full of hope that I should soon be able to earn a fair competency by my literary productions. I was well known in Germany, and had material enough in store to keep me occupied for years.

The editor of a popular paper requested me to

write an essay on solitary confinement, and I wrote it three days after my release. I imagined I had written it exceedingly well; and was therefore very much astonished on receiving a letter from the editor, in which he declined to publish my "Brandschrift" (incendiary essay) as he could not do so without endangering the very existence of his paper. It was nearly the same with all the German editors. People were cowed; I had remained the same. I became sick of Germany, and many other circumstances occurred which made my fatherland almost loathsome to me.

Being weak, and not yet able to do much myself, my brave wife worked from morning to night, earning perhaps thirty shillings in a whole month, spoiling her dear eyes and injuring her health.

Communicating with some friends in England, I was induced to go there by their promise to procure enough pupils for me in six weeks' time to enable us to live; I, by giving German lessons, and she, by lessons in water-colour drawing. We therefore went over to London in the spring of 1856. Not being acquainted either with the language or with the customs of the country, we felt rather lonely and miserable in our little dingy parlour in some bye-street in Islington.

My London friends procured me, in three months, *one* single pupil; but my wife was intro-

duced into a family by their governess, who, many years before, had been governess to friends of ours in Frankfort.

Although unfortunate in this respect, we were very fortunate in another. Mr. ——, my only pupil, with whom I read German for an hour every morning, was a gentleman such as there are, unfortunately, not many in the world. At first rather stiff, although kind and polite, his manner relaxed after the first two lessons, when he saw that I belonged to his own class of gentlemen. He read and understood my feelings; and even now, when years have passed, I cannot think of him without feeling much affected; for I remember all his little devices to soothe my feelings, and to reconcile me to the "bitter bread of banishment."

Having lived five years in England, and become better acquainted with English customs, prejudices, and oddities, I am far more able to appreciate the exquisite kindness of this true English and true Christian gentleman.

The lesson was fixed at eight o'clock a.m., and I had to start every morning at half-past six from Islington, no omnibus going before eight o'clock, and a cab being too expensive.

I was much struck by the punctuality and order in Mr. ——'s elegant and fashionable house. Being used to punctuality from my youth, I took good care, notwithstanding the great distance, to enter the house every morning as the clock struck

eight; and it amused me very much to find the housemaid always washing the same step. Five minutes before nine, the portly butler entered the library to fetch the family Bible; and when the clock struck nine, and the bell rang, Mr. —— went to the dining-room to read prayers to the assembled household, leaving me in the library to finish my coffee. I left the house quietly before prayers were over.

One morning, Mr. —— wished me to walk with him across the park, as he was anxious to inquire in person for a relation of his who was ill in bed. After having walked a short time, he said, with some embarrassment, and reddening a little, "We Englishmen do not walk like that. Permit me to take your arm." He retained my arm when we returned, even when we entered the house—probably to show the footman that he did not consider me merely as a professional teacher, but as a gentleman and a friend. No kindness I ever received in all my life affected and gratified me more than this.

The family into which my wife was introduced as a teacher in flower-painting was a no less creditable specimen of an English family. I believe, however, one might travel all over the world without finding a family like that of the Lord Bishop of ——. It was a rare treat to see this venerable, kind-hearted gentleman, and his equally kind lady, surrounded by a lovely troop of seven pretty and gentle daughters, all highly educated by a

very able German governess, who had been eight years in the house. I cannot speak warmly enough of the genuine kindness shown by this family to my wife and myself, and only forbear to say more for fear of displeasing them.

When, at a later period, I came alone to London, and called at the Bishop's town residence, the ladies were not at home; but I met the Bishop in the hall, just going to the House of Lords. He shook hands kindly with me, saying, that he should always be glad to see me and my wife at his house. If we did not avail ourselves of this kindness, it was not because we did not appreciate it, but only because we did not think it right, in the position in which we were at that time, to accept civilities which were not in accordance with the English laws of society, and which might perhaps have become embarrassing to this kind family, and disagreeable to us, by bringing us into contact with people not equally refined in feeling.

After we had lived three months in London, our slender stock of money became rather low, and having no reliable hopes for the better, we resolved to return to little Soden before it was too late, intending to resume our lessons next season.

When Mr. —— who was also on the point of going out of town, heard that I was leaving, he sent me a cheque for ten pounds, because he wished to have a running account, which would

compel him to continue his lessons the next year.

Arrived in beautiful little Soden, I also received a cheque for my papers in "Household Words," which enabled me to enjoy a quiet autumn, during which time I arranged my memoir, in which I intended to answer the vile calumnies spread against me. It was at once accepted by one of the first publishers in Germany, who paid for it the moderate sum I asked.

Before Christmas I went therefore to Hamburg, where the book was to be published immediately. In Hamburg, I had the good fortune to find some very good and kind people, who did all they could to make me forget my sufferings, and the injuries done to me by some of our party. The police, however, were not of the same mind; I was summoned before the "Polizeiherrn" (chief of the police), and found in him a queer old gentleman, to whom my presence in Hamburg appeared not only quite superfluous, but a personal calamity.

He asked what acquaintances I had in Hamburg. On my naming some of the most respectable inhabitants, he said, "But will they go bail for you?" I answered, that I had never heard of such bail being required from a traveller with a regular passport, who had business in a city; that I therefore had not even thought of requesting any of my friends to become security for me, but I had no

doubt my publisher, M. Julius Campe, would do so.

When I told M. Campe what had occurred, he chuckled, and wrote a paper, by which he became bail for me, not only for three months (as required) but for any length of time. On this I received a *carte de sejour* for three months, and took private lodgings.

One morning in January about dawn, when I was in bed, seriously ill with a gastric-nervous fever, we heard some one knocking at our bedroom door. My wife rose; two policemen in plain clothes entered, declaring that they had orders to seize all my papers, and to arrest me. On hearing that I was very ill, they proposed to wrap me up, and carry me away.

Whilst these fellows, who did not even show a warrant, ransacked my lodging, my wife managed to send off a servant to our friends. They came promptly to the rescue, together with my physician, who protested energetically against my removal, as it would probably cause my death. All our papers were, however, carried off. The policemen said that my arrest and seizure of my papers had been requested (or ordered) *by the Prussian government.* They had seen the letter themselves.

In the evening one of these two policemen called, and induced my wife, under some plausible pretext, to give up my ticket of permission. Glad of his success, he politely said, "Good evening,

[redacted]me von Wiersbitzki," by which name my [redacted]y was frequently called in Prussia. This [redacted]e made me, excitable as I was then, quite furious, and the policeman rushed down the staircase in the utmost alarm.

Next morning I was visited by a higher officer of the police, who announced to me that as soon as I should be able to move, I should receive my passport viséd for Leipsic. I told that gentleman that I had not the least desire to go to Leipsic, and that it was my intention to return to London. He shrugged his shoulders and answered, "That to Leipsic I *must* go."

I said that I was no Prussian subject, but a subject of Saxony, and that that government might take it ill if the Hamburg authorities should arrest me on the requisition of a government which had not the slightest claim on me. If I had travelled to Leipsic, I should have been compelled to pass through Prussia, where Prussian gend'armes might have arrested me in their own country, and would probably have brought me to Spandau, where I might have pined away for a couple of years, until they found it convenient to discover that there was no occasion for my detention.

This affair was of course mentioned in the papers, and my friends crowded round my bed to show their sympathy. This bed was placed in my large parlour behind a screen, and I had visitors from morning till evening, ladies and gentlemen.

A police spy was placed behind the wind[redacted] a neighbouring public-house to watch the ent[redacted] of my house, without, however, interfering [redacted] my visitors.

Some of my friends, connected with the steamers, pledged their word to bring me safely over to England, if I could only manage to get out of the house.

All was ready for my departure, when it wa[redacted] prevented by the weather. This became so in[redacted] tensely cold, here the Elbe was frozen, and shipping stopped for a time.

Madame E. Wuestenfeld, the wife of a Hamburg merchant, a lady whose name is remembered with blessings, not only by many refugees of all nations whom she has assisted, but also by thousands of mothers and children in Hamburg, for whose welfare she had been toiling incessantly these twenty-five years. It was this excellent lady took my part most energetically. She used her considerable influence to protect me against the police of Hamburg, and nursed me most kindly in my severe illness. To her good care it was that I soon recovered. I became stronger every day, and was afraid lest the police might compel me to travel to—Leipsic.

Just at the right moment a gentleman called, who had been my orderly in Baden in the spring of 1848. He was now proprietor of an hotel in Pennberg (Holstein) close to the railroad. He offered me his services, and placed his house at my disposal, and I resolved to make good my escape

the same evening. When it grew dark, some ladies called whose carriages remained waiting at the door. I rose and dressed behind my screen in a dress of my wife's. With much regret on my part, and much laughter on that of the ladies, my mustachios were clipped, and a bonnet and veil placed on my head. Taking the arm of the most resolute of my lady friends, I went down the brightly-lighted stairs, and stepped with her into her carriage, just before the nose of the police spy. The carriage stopped near some thoroughfare, and we walked to a house, where I again changed my dress, and remained until midnight, when two gentlemen came with another carriage [illegible]ake me over the Holstein frontier. The above-[illegible]tioned resolute lady-friend accompanied us [illegible]til we had safely arrived on Holstein territory, [illegible]d she returned alone after midnight, the snow [illegible]ing a foot deep, to Hamburg, to take hither [illegible]he news of my escape.

Suspecting that the servants and the landlady [illegible]f my lodgings in Hamburg were won over by the police, my escape was kept secret from them for a while; and to make them believe that I was still in my bed, an old lady sat behind the screen at my bedside, and talked as if I were there.

They only became aware of my flight the next day about noon, and the landlady at once informed the police of it. Of course they were unmercifully laughed at.

Though the authorities in Holstein protected

me, it was doubtful whether they would be able to do so always, and after three months I thought it better to go to England. I intended to take a Hamburg steamer, but, knowing very well that I was watched, I drove to Altona, accompanied by my wife and Mad. Wuestenfeld. It was two o'clock a.m. when the steamer arrived from Hamburg. The captain stopped her, and I got safely on board.

It was well that I used this precaution, for when the steamer left Hamburg, a posse of policemen came on board, and all the passengers were roused from their sleep and minutely examined.

My wife remained in Altona, for I did not w to expose her again to the uncertainty of Lond life before I could see my way. In the summ she visited Mad. Wuestenfeld at her country sc near Hamburg. One morning, when sketchin in the park, a servant told her that two gentlemen wanted to see her. Not suspecting anything wrong, she went to the house, and there found the two policemen who had once seized my papers, and who, therefore, knew her.

They arrested Mad. Corvin, and brought her to Hamburg. Under the pretext that she had been in Hamburg territory without its being reported, she was imprisoned in the Winzerbaum, where vagrants and similar people are locked up, and Mad. Wuestenfeld was fined twenty thalers.

My wife was not permitted to see or communicate with anyone; in a word, the police of Hamburg treated her in a shameful manner. She would probably have remained for months in this prison if M. von Scheele, who was at that time Landdrost of Pinneberg in Holstein (not then a Prussian province) had not claimed her, as having a ticket of permission to remain in Holstein. My wife then joined me in London.

I have related this affair at some length, because English readers, living under a real constitutional government, have no idea of the vexations and tyranny to which persons were subjected who had incurred the displeasure of some petty German despot.

I lived as an exile in London until the year 1861, when, as correspondent of the "Times," and of the "Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung," I went to America. From thence I returned as correspondent of the "New York Times" to Germany, after having resigned my appointment in the service of the United States, of which I am now a citizen.

My memoirs, I fear, are already much too long for the patience of the English public, and I cannot venture to extend them so far as to include my experiences in England and in America, though those in the latter country might not be without interest.

Therefore I take leave of the kind reader,

hoping that he will not have found this narrative too tedious, and trust that he will sympathize with the troubles of a foreigner, who must always gratefully remember the hospitality offered him in England.

THE END.

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